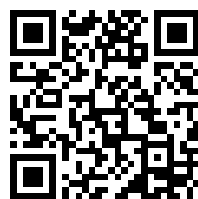

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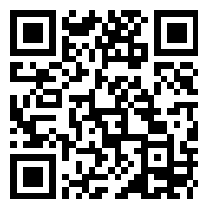
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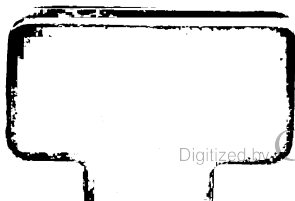
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THE
JOURNAL OF
AMERICAN FOLK-LORE

EDITED BY

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THE JOURNAL OF
AMERICAN FOLK-LORE.

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THE Journal of American Folk-Lore begins its second volume, in the opinion of its editors, under favorable auspices. The American Folk-Lore Society has received as much support and encouragement as during a first year it had the right to expect. In order that such support shall be increased and made adequate, it is only necessary to make the public comprehend the necessity.

The importance of the study of popular traditions, though recognized by men of science, is not yet understood by the general public. It is evident, however, that the mental tokens which belong to our own intellectual stock, which bear the stamp of successive ages, which connect the intelligence of our day with all periods of human activity, are worthy of serious attention. Much of this time-honored currency is rude and shapeless, it may be ore scarcely impressed by the die; but among the treasure, silver and gold are not wanting. An American superstition may require, for its explanation, reference to Teutonic mythology, or may be directly associated with the philosophy, monuments, and art of Hellas.

The papers which this journal has already printed must dispel the fear of any want of material. It has been shown that French and German emigrants, in Louisiana and Pennsylvania, have not only brought with them the popular traditions of their respective countries, but preserved these in a curious and characteristic form. Among the English-speaking population, also exists a mass of superstitions, sayings, and customs, worthy of record, and possessing that character of quaintness and individuality which belongs to all oral tradition. A portion of this ancient stock, no doubt, is rude or even repulsive, scarce worth, it may be thought, the trouble of collecting and preserving. It is, however, now a recognized principle, that higher forms can only be comprehended by the help of the lower forms, out of which they grew. The only truly scientific habit of mind is that wide and generous spirit of modern research, which, without disdain and without indifference, embraces all aspects of human thought, and endeavors in all to find a whole.

As respects native races, it ought to be unnecessary to insist on the importance of using the brief time which remains for record. In our country, by a wonderful association, tribes whose culture remain in the prehistoric period have been in the closest contact with the most advanced modern life. Yet it is not strange that our newer communities are not inclined to take deep interest either in the ideas or in the relics of the Indians. It is only yesterday that they regarded them as wild beasts, whose extirpation was necessary for their safety. They are justly proud of their progress, their energy, and their full share in modern civilization. They do not understand that the time will come, and that soon, when their descendants will regard the Indian with interest and respect. Man is a child of the soil; the figures which labor where he stands, which lie where he will be buried, these spirits which rise and walk in his fancy. The trail by the ocean, the path over the rock, the mound on the prairie, make visible appeal to curiosity. Nor will the race which left these traces remain altogether mute. The Indian, too, had his Phaethon and his Orpheus; in his fancy existed the stuff of the Hellenic mythology, though the career of his race was cut short before it attained to that orderly form and artistic expression which belongs only to the higher stages of certain lines of historic development. What is the reason of the many coincidences between Old World mythologies and the legends of the New World? Do they result from the common procedure of human imagination? Or did the currents of an early tradition flow also through the American continent?

In order even to attempt an answer to such questions, it is necessary to have abundant means for comparison; the report of one collector must be supplemented by the report of others; the material must involve repetition and take up room; it cannot possibly be published in a popular form. Such matter is now awaiting publication, while much more remains to be gathered by collectors, who should at least have the encouragement of knowing that their records will see the light. It is because of the necessity of providing for such emergencies, and in view of the importance of proceeding without delay, in order to save precious traditions from perishing, that the Society of American Folk-Lore appeals to the support of the American public.

DEATH AND FUNERAL CUSTOMS AMONG THE
OMAHAS.

THE approach of death is believed to be foreshadowed in various ways. There are not only intimations received by the person about to die, but there are men and women who are supposed to have a supernatural gift and can foresee death coming to one. Those persons who possess this gift receive it through the medium of visions or by having passed through an apparent death or swoon. This and other powers are sought for by means of solitary fasting and chanting the one tribal prayer to Wa-kan-da, who alone can give the desired gift. Many days and nights are often spent in this way by seekers for the gift, but those who meet with success are very few. The unsuccessful ones are, however, not without comfort, because they have faith and believe that their prayers will be heard by the hearer of prayers, who will not let them go unrewarded. Clay is put upon the head and face, and very little clothing is worn. The time for such sequestration is in the summer time, when all animals are active and in the full power of life, when the sun is hot and the thunder sounds through the air. The supplicant appeals to all the powers that surround him, as through these he expects his cry to be answered.

There are three degrees of powers which come to man through visions :—

First. When the vision takes the form of an animal which addresses the man, he will then have acquired a power which will stead him in danger, and give him success in life.

Second. If the vision assumes the appearance of a cloud, or a human shape having wings like an eagle, and a voice addresses the man, he will have the additional power of being able to foretell events.

Third. When the vision comes without any semblance, and only a voice is heard, then the man is given not only the power to achieve success and foretell events, but he can also foresee the coming of death. Should a man endowed with the third degree so elect, he can in due form join the Ghost Society; or, if he prefers, he can practise his powers individually.

A member of the Ghost Society, or one entitled to membership therein, foretells death in the following manner. He will suddenly see, either by day or night, a man or woman walking, but not touching the ground. A halo surrounds the one who thus treads the air. Sometimes the person so seen walks in a sprightly manner, and the face is joyous. Again, the vision may pass with slow steps and bent head, as in sorrow. The former is supposed to represent a person

about to die a natural death, or be killed in battle, or meet with some accident ; the latter, one whom death overtakes in a quarrel, or who dies in an angry or unforgiving mood. All these visionary persons are always seen walking away from the village, they are never seen entering it or approaching a lodge. The person recognized in such a vision, when he has been told that he has been so seen, can have his death averted by appealing to the man of dreams, who alone has the power to ward off the coming death. This is done in two ways. The seer can turn aside death, by pouring hot water in a line at right angles to the path leading to the tent entrance of the man whose death is predicted ; or he can enter into a sweat-lodge, prepared by the man who is threatened with death, and taking in this man also, sing, during the sweating, sacred songs appropriate to that rite. A bit of flesh is cut from one of the arms of the menaced man, and a lock of hair from the opposite side of his head, and cast into the fire ; and he is rubbed with artemisia dipped in water, as this plant is the food of the ghosts. These rites, omitting the cutting of the flesh and hair, must be performed on four successive nights.

A person who during illness, or from some other cause, falls into a swoon is supposed to pass into the world of spirits, and from that experience to have acquired the ability to see ghosts or spirits. Such an one can foretell death, and can avert it in the same manner as has been already described.

In still another manner this power has been obtained, as the following story, fully believed by the Indians, will show. Ka-hae-num-ba's mother had a quarrel with her husband when the tribe were moving out on the annual summer hunt, and were already some days distant from the permanent village of the people. She determined not to accompany her husband, but to return to her lodge in the village. Her three sons were absent at the time the woman started across the prairie ; when they returned to camp and learned of their mother's departure, they put saddles on their horses and set out in pursuit. They sought in vain for any trace of her, and after a time she was given up for lost. The woman when she left the camp hid by day and travelled by night, for she was afraid of the Sioux, who were at war with the Omahas ; and she also feared lest her relations should track her and take her back to the camp. About this time a large gray wolf appeared, and he accompanied her on her journey, going before her and stopping to look now and again to see that she was following. He would sometimes run far on in advance to mount a hill and scan the country. All seeming to be safe, he would run down and lead as before. This wolf kept her company until he came in sight of the village, when he suddenly

disappeared. At last she reached the village, the lodges were empty, for everything had been cached. She entered her own lodge; she was hungry and weary and lay down on one of the reed platforms which are used as seat and a bed; as she lay she heard some one on the roof shout her father's name, as if to the assembled village, saying that his daughter had returned; she also heard people moving about. Her own lodge, she soon found, was inhabited by ghostly beings. One afternoon, as she sat in her lodge, she heard a child's feet run past and pause near by: then the voice of a little girl said, "Mother, the people are coming this way, right into our house!" Soon footsteps were heard entering the long projecting entrance-way to the lodge, and the number increased until a large company was present. The drum was brought in and put down in its proper place; the ghostly women as they chatted took their seats in the rear, and the men their accustomed stations. By and by the men began to sing and to dance. They belonged to the *Hāe-thú-ska*, a society of warriors only. The woman, as she sat on the platform, heard it all, and she could even see the dust raised from the earthen floor by the men as they danced around the fireplace. As she became familiarized with the scene she tried hard to discern the individuals dancing. At last she was able to distinguish their feet, and finally they became visible as high as the knees. She was never able to see any more of their persons, although they came frequently to her lodge, holding feasts and dancing the *Hāe-thú-ska*. No one spoke to her, though they talked of her, as well as of their hunting and other matters connected with their daily affairs. One morning she heard an old man on the roof of the house calling out that a runner had come in bringing in the news that the Omahas were returning home. Then the ghosts were heard departing, and that afternoon the tribe came back to the village. When the woman heard the ghosts go away she became dejected and homesick, and when her own family found her she would neither eat nor speak. She was very thin and haggard, and no one knew what to make of her conduct. It was noticed that she plucked and ate the wild sage. After a time she was persuaded to partake of some corn, and at last she consented to eat meat. It was some time before she became reconciled and willing to resume her old life, for she still mourned for the company of the ghosts. Finally she narrated her experience to her sons, and the people understood what had happened to change her so much.

There are also signs of death common among the people, as the howling of a dog near the lodge. This, however, is not considered as infallible as that of a dog mounting the earth lodge and looking down through the central opening upon the inmates assembled

within. When the dog's head is seen peering over the edge fear seizes upon the company, and some one is swift to seize the first weapon at hand and chase the little beast until by the forfeit of its life it has averted the impending death. If a sick person sees his dead relatives and hears their voices, this is thought to be a premonition of death, and that the end of his own life is at hand.

When one is in the dying agony the relatives give vent to their grief in loud wails. The crying continues at intervals until death takes place, and also up to the time of burial. This cry has been by some white persons mistaken for a song or chant, but it in no way partakes of that character; it is a genuine expression of anguish and grief. The wail or cry is interspersed with terms which express the relationship between the deceased and the person grieving. The writer has many times heard the cry of Indian men and women, and has seen the tears flow down their cheeks. There is something truly awful in the sound when men and women together lift up their voices in the wail of grief. It is far from being like a song or chant.

The terms of relationship which are mingled with this cry over the dead are some of them peculiar to grief. This is true of the terms used by a husband toward his wife, or a wife to her husband, also of parents toward their child, or an older brother toward a younger brother. It is only at this time of great sorrow that these terms are used, and they partake of the special nature of endearment.

When the breath has left the body of the one dying, the nearest relatives, such as parent or child, brothers or sisters, husband or wife, begin with a mad zeal to strip themselves of every ornament and cut their hair, scattering the shorn locks about the fireplace. The older married women who have borne children clip the hair short to the ear, while the young women part with but an inch or two. Young men do not sacrifice their locks but the older men shear theirs short. The older women pull off their leggins and moccasins and gash the flesh of their legs below the knee, lengthwise and crosswise, till the blood flows freely. All the while they wail and call upon the dead. The young men who are near relations to the deceased remove their leggins and moccasins, and pierce their legs with a sharp knife, until the blood runs fast from the wounds. The old men do not scarify themselves.

With every new arrival, whether the person be of near kin or not, the wailing starts afresh. By this long-continued crying, the excitement of grief, and the pain of wounds, the relatives become exhausted before the time of burial arrives, and unable to speak above a whisper. Soon after death the corpse is placed in a sitting position facing the east and dressed in gala costume, ornaments are put upon the hair and person, and sometimes the face painted in the

same manner as the Hunga in the ceremony of the sacred pipes, that is, if the deceased belonged to one of the gentes owning a sacred pipe. The "Hunga-keunzae," as this mode of painting is called, is done by painting the entire face red with vermilion, then a black line about the breadth of the little finger is marked across the forehead horizontally, and down both cheeks to meet a line drawn across the chin, thus forming a square. A centre line starts from the one across the forehead and falls along the nose to its point. This black paint is made of charcoal and prepared fat. Men, women, and children belonging to the Nenebatan (sacred pipe owners) gentes of the tribe, with few exceptions, are painted in this manner after death.

When a member of a society dies, the body is taken care of by the fraternity, and the burial ceremonies are transferred from the family to the management of the society. For instance, when a member of the Mawadane society dies, the body is taken immediately after death, while the body is yet limber, to the lodge where the society is accustomed to meet. On its arrival it is placed in a sitting posture, facing the east, and decked with the regalia of the society. The face of the corpse is painted in the manner in which the man while living was accustomed to paint when attending the meetings of the society. In his right hand is placed the "Ta-shagae," or deer's hoof rattle, which is carried only by the leader of the society. This preparation of the body is done by the relatives of the deceased and one or two members of the society. When all is complete the crier summons the members, and these wend their way to the lodge where the dead man sits as a silent host. The Mawadane songs which were the favorites of the dead member are then sung and the rhythmic steps taken, while presents are laid on the drum; these latter are offerings toward the funeral ceremonies. As each gift is made, the crier sings forth the name of the giver, that all the village may hear of the deed. While the body lies in state in the lodge, either of the family or the society of which the deceased was a member, if the person or his family are held in high respect by the tribe, the young men, those between the ages of twenty and thirty, gather together to perform a ceremony expressive of their esteem and grief. Having stripped themselves of their garments, except the breech-cloth, a loop is cut through the skin of the arm, midway between the point of the shoulder and the elbow, and the end of a willow twig, about a foot long, having the leaves on, is thrust through the loop of skin. The blood trickles down the willow stem, and spatters the hanging leaves. The young men then walk slowly to the lodge where the dead lies and stand abreast before the tent entrance, singing the funeral song, each man accenting the time by striking together two short sticks of willow. All shed tears as they

sing. This song is an old one, having been handed down from an unknown past. It is the only funeral song in the Omaha tribe. The writer has witnessed this ceremony upon two occasions, and learned the song, which is as follows:—

M. M. ♩ = 100.

1 E ah tha haah-ee tha hae ah ha ah

ah hae ah ah ah e tha ha ah-ee tha hae ah

ha ah ah e tha haah-ee tha ah e ah ha ae ha o e tha hae

hae thoie ha ah o e tha haah-ee tha hae ah ha ah

ah o tha ha ah-ee tha ah e ah ha ae ha o e tha hae tho.

At the close of the song the chief mourner, whether man or woman, steps forth from the lodge, wailing. The young men join in the wail of the mourner, who advances with uplifted hands, and passes along the line, pausing an instant at each person. This act is an expression of thanks and acknowledgment of the sympathy and honor shown. When the end of the line is reached, the mourner retraces his steps, and pulls from each young man's arm the blood-stained willow twig, throwing it on the ground. Some relatives present a horse, the gift being an additional acknowledgment of the honor shown the dead, which is often returned to the donors after the funeral is over. The young men, after being relieved of their willows, return to their starting point, where they dress and disband. This custom was last observed about five years ago.

The burial takes place on the third or fourth day after death. The intervening period is a busy time for those having the funeral arrangements in charge. Goods are collected from the kindred, to be given to the poor at the time of the interment. The grave, never

¹ The words are musical syllables used with the same accuracy as the notes. The music played in octaves conveys a better idea of the effect of the song.

more than four feet deep, is dug by a poor man, who is paid for his labor. The body is borne upon a stretcher made by binding two cross-sticks on two poles ten or twelve feet long; tent poles are sometimes used for this purpose. The bed of the stretcher is woven of willow wands, on which a robe is spread, the hairy side uppermost, and pillows are used to keep the sitting corpse in position, the feet being covered with robes or blankets. The stretcher is sometimes carried by four men, near relatives, or drawn by a horse with a pack-saddle to which one end of the poles is fastened. The horse of the dead, which is to be killed at the grave, is led behind the litter, followed by the crowd, wailing as they walk. When the grave is reached the relatives gather around the opening, the corpse is lifted from the litter and held by the bearers while the robes on which it sat are arranged for its reception in the grave, where it is placed upon them, facing the east, and the articles of value, chiefly ornaments worn by the person during life, are deposited beside the body. If the deceased be a man, his weapons are then laid by his side; if a woman, her sewing-bag containing her awl, quills, and articles used for embroidery; if a child, its playthings are placed beside it.

At the burial of a warrior his favorite horse is decorated as the master was wont to paint the animal; this painting being always in accordance with the man's visions. After the corpse is deposited in the grave, a rawhide rope is loosely tied about the neck of the horse, and two men take hold of each end of the rope and draw it taut until the animal falls dead. For this service each man receives as a fee a robe, a war-jacket, or a pair of beaded leggins. In recent years the horse has been shot. Sometimes when the grave is still open, the concluding ceremonies take place, at other times the body is covered. The weather is apt to decide the order of proceedings. If a storm threatens the grave is at once closed; but should the day be clear and no prospect of rain, then the corpse remains in full view during the entire ceremonies.

The grave is covered in the following manner: A crotched post is thrust firmly into each end of the opening, projecting about two feet above the surface of the ground; a pole is laid in the crotches of these posts, forming a ridgepole; the roof is made by laying closely side by side hardwood sticks, long enough to have one end rest on the ground and the other on the ridgepole. Upon these grass is spread thickly, and lastly earth well tamped, and sod laid on, making a mound four or five feet high. The surroundings are carefully cleared of rubbish and dried grass, so that the grave may be safe from fire.

When the body is deposited in the grave the wailing ceases, and the funeral ceremonies change in character. The poor of the tribe

are assembled on one side and counted. The gifts collected from the kindred are brought forth and equally divided among the poor. In this distribution of gifts, none of the relations of the deceased, near or distant, receive anything. If a horse, or any article equal to the value of a horse, such as a war-bonnet, a ceremonial pipe, an otter-skin, or puma quiver, or an unplucked eagle should be among the articles to be given away, two methods of disposal are customary, in order to prevent any preference being shown in the distribution. The near relatives toss a stick into the air, and the crowd scramble for it as it falls; the one who secures it is entitled to the article it represents. The stick so thrown always represents a horse, or an article its equal in value. This method is called "Zhan-ee-ke-nae," — fighting for the stick. If this method is not used, and the deceased is a young man, then the young men, not relatives, have a foot-race, the winner to receive the gift. Should the dead be a young woman, then young persons of her sex run the race for the horse. In these races, men who have dreamed of animals, which dreams can give speed to a person, are called on to help by their charms toward winning the race. Horses are sometimes pitted against each other, and supernatural expedients are resorted to in order to secure victory.

These ceremonies are considered by the Omahas as showing respect to the dead. They are believed to assist the soul upon its way to the land of spirits, strengthening and encouraging it by scenes of joy and happiness; otherwise the memory of the wailings of sorrow would weigh upon it, making more difficult its inevitable journey.

For four successive nights following the burial the loving mother, or if the deceased was an orphan, then a near female relative, patiently carries wood upon her back, and near the mound kindles a fire, keeping it burning brightly throughout the night to light the dear departed one to the land of happiness. This service is done without weeping, that the spirit may not be arrested or distressed as it travels hence.

Over the grave of a man belonging to one of the secret societies, the insignia of his membership is hung. If he belonged to the "Washiskathin" or Shell Society, his otter-skin bag would be suspended from a pole placed at the head of the grave; if to the Pebble, his eagle-wing fan; if to the Buffalo, his buffalo-tail; if to the Horse, his horse-tail. These are placed at the grave privately, that is, without ceremony, and within a few days after the burial, by the man's immediate family.

There are a variety of beliefs concerning the immediate action of the spirit upon its withdrawal from the body. Some think that the soul at once starts upon its journey to the spirit land; others, that it hovers about the grave as if reluctant to depart. Because of this

latter belief, food and water are placed at the head of the grave for several days after the burial. The spirit is supposed to partake of this food. No Indian would touch any article of food thus exposed; if he did, the ghost would snatch away the food and paralyze the mouth of the thief, and twist his face out of shape for the rest of his life; or else he would be pursued by the ghost, and food would lose its taste, and hunger ever after haunt the offender.

There is a belief in the tribe that before the spirits finally depart from men who died of wounds or their results, they float toward a cliff overhanging the Missouri, not far from the present Santee Agency in Nebraska, and cut upon the rocks a picture showing forth their manner of death. A line in the picture indicates the spot where the disease or wound was located which caused the death. After this record is complete, the spirit flies off to the land of the hereafter. It is said that these pictures are easily recognized by the relatives and friends of the deceased. This place is known as "Ingthun-ghae-ke-ka-gha-ee-thun," where the spirits make pictures of themselves.

A suicide ceases to exist; for him there is no hereafter. A man struck by lightning is buried where he fell, and in the position in which he died. His grave is filled with earth, and no mound is raised over one who is thus taken from life.

Francis La Flesche.

Of the Omaha tribe.

OBITUARY NOTICE.

JOSEPH LA FLESCHÉ, formerly chief of the Omaha tribe, died at his farm near Bancroft, Nebraska, September, 1888. This remarkable man was deeply versed in Indian lore, and had won his honors by a full compliance with Indian customs and superstitions. He was also an acute observer and reasoner, and foresaw the inevitable change which awaited the Indians. As chief, in which function he was confirmed by United States authority, he was a leader of his people in the direction of civilization. At a later period, he discerned that the tribal system was an obstacle to the advancement of his race, and he not only abandoned his official position, but was the means of the overthrow of the office of chief. During his later years he was deeply interested in the preservation of the history and traditions of his race, and rendered invaluable assistance to laborers engaged in the task.

Alice C. Fletcher.

CURRENT SUPERSTITIONS.

I.

OMENS OF DEATH.

THE article which follows is intended to form the first of a series, in which may be collected the numerous superstitions still current among the English-speaking population of the United States and Canada. Contributions toward such collection will be thankfully received and credited to senders. The locality should be indicated, as the only means of determining the extent of diffusion of such beliefs.

The basis of the present paper is a collection made by Fanny D. Bergen, to which have been added contributions by W. M. Beauchamp and W. W. Newell. The notes are by the latter.

A. Omens connected with Funeral Ceremonies.

1. While the corpse is in the house, the looking-glass must be turned toward the wall; otherwise, whoever looks into the mirror will die within the year. This custom is said to be most common among Irish Catholics, but is not confined to these. (Baldwinsville, N. Y.)

The elucidation of this singular practice must be reserved for a subsequent paper on Funeral Customs.

2. The clock should be stopped at the time of death, as its running will bring ill luck. (Baldwinsville, N. Y.)

Stop the clock at the time of death. (New Hampshire.)

The same custom is noted in Great Britain and Germany. The object, no doubt, is not merely symbolic, as might at first appear, but to limit the power of death, by introducing a new period of time.

3. To keep the corpse in the house over Sunday will bring death in the family before the year is out. (South Framingham, Mass.)

4. If the grave is left open over Sunday, another death will occur before the Sunday following. (Boxford, Mass.)

In Switzerland, if a grave is left open over Sunday, it is said that within four weeks one of the village will die.¹

5. If rain falls into an open grave, another burial in the same cemetery will occur within three days. (West New York.)

6. If rain falls on a new-made grave, there will be another death in the family within the year. (Baldwinsville, N. Y.; Poland, Me.)

A common saying, in England, is "Happy is the corpse the rain falls on."² This belief exists also in the United States. Thus,

¹ Wuttke, *Die Deutsche Aberglaube der Gegenwart*, Berlin, 1869, p. 200.

² Gregor, p. 90.

it is said that if rain falls at the time of the funeral, it is a sign that the dead has gone to heaven. (Boston, Mass.) The method of conception is the same as that apparent in the two superstitions above enumerated, but the sign is interpreted in a different manner.

7. If a hearse is drawn by two white horses, death in the neighborhood will occur within a month. (Central Maine.)

If a white horse draws a hearse, another death will soon follow. (Poland, Me.)

In Bohemia, also, white horses are regarded as warnings of death, though to have a white horse in the stable is also said to bring good luck.¹ To dream of a white horse is a sign of death both in the latter country and in England.² In Sussex, white animals, mysteriously appearing at night, are said to be death warnings.³ In the lore of the English peasantry, white horses play an important part, and are variously considered as of good and evil portent, a fact which is plausibly accounted for on the ground that these beliefs are inherited from a time when pagan deities were considered to ride on white horses. Thus in Shropshire, Saint Milburga so rides, as Saint Walburga does in the Tyrol.⁴ Tacitus mentions the spotless white horses, reared in sacred groves by the Germans of his own day, from whose neighing auguries were taken.⁵

In Bohemia, death is considered as a white woman (survival of the death-goddess Morana), whose apparition is a sign of death to the seer.⁶ This explains why, in England and Germany, seeing a white woman is of fatal augury. The original idea doubtless is, that the goddess appears to and selects those whose society she desires. That she should be clad in white indicates her deity; for white, as the color of light, is emblematic of heaven. According to these considerations, it would seem that the presage of a white horse may rest upon the character of such animal as emblematic of the divine being who summons a mortal to the other world. Should this be really the case, much philosophy and much history would be embodied in a superstition apparently frivolous.

It may, however, be thought that there is a simpler interpretation of these omens, — namely, their connection with the custom of robing the dead in white. Thus Artemidorus, in a work on the interpretation of dreams, written in Rome in the second century, considers that to a sick man a dream of white garments is ominous of death, "because the dead are buried in white raiment; but black

¹ Grohmann, *Volks Glaube in Böhmen und Mähren*, Prag, 1864, p. 53.

² C. S. Burne, *Shropshire Folk-Lore*, London, 1883, p. 264.

³ *Folk-Lore Record*, 1878, p. 54.

⁴ J. Krainz, *Mythen und Sagen aus Tyrol*, 1880, p. 79.

⁵ *Germania*, ch. x.

⁶ Grohmann, p. 6.

clothes signify recovery, because not the dead, but mourners use such apparel. This comes very near the notion of the Sussex peasant, above related. In the opinion of the writer, however, it would be a mistake to exclude the higher conceptions already referred to from the associations suggested by white. But the symbolism of color is too extensive a theme to be now considered.

It may be remarked that it is not only in the north of Europe that the messenger of death is represented as riding. Readers will remember that the horse of Death is mentioned in Revelation. In Greek symbolism the deceased person is often represented as riding forth on his journey, conducted by a genius. A modern Greek ballad changes Charon the ferryman to Charos the horseman; the young walk before him, the old behind, young babes are carried on his saddle.

8. It is unlucky to pass through a funeral, either between the carriages or the files of mourners on foot. (Boston, Mass.)

This is a general superstition. The custom, which has become instinctive with many persons, is usually set down to the score of decency and propriety.

9. If any one comes to a funeral after the procession starts, another death will occur in the same house. (Ohio.)

10. Whoever counts the carriages at a passing funeral will die within the year. (Peabody, Mass.)

11. The corpse must not pass twice over any part of the same road. (Baldwinsville, N. Y.)

12. The funeral procession must not cross a river. (Baldwinsville, N. Y.)

"I was first led to notice the superstition about crossing a river, from having to attend funerals on the south side, when they would otherwise have been held on the north side. This is losing ground, owing to the frequency of crossing to reach the cemetery, but I had an instance only last spring." W. M. B.

13. It is unlucky, in a funeral, for those present to re-pass the house where death has occurred. (Baldwinsville, N. Y.)

14. At a funeral, entering church before the mourners means death to some of the entering party. (Boston, Mass.)

15. If one dies, and no *rigor mortis* ensues, it indicates a speedy second death in the same family.¹

The superstition prevails in Great Britain and on the Continent of Europe.²

16. The person on whom the eyes of a dying person last rest will be the first to die. (Boston, Mass.)

¹ Article on "Omens of Life and Death," *Harper's Bazar*, May 14, 1887.

² Gregor, *Folk-Lore in the North-east Counties of Scotland*, London, 1881, p. 211; Grohmann, p. 189.

This seems to be a form of a widely prevalent superstition, that if the eyes of the dying person open of their own accord, one of his relatives will soon follow.¹ It is probable that the importance, from time immemorial, attached to the ceremony of closing the eyes of the dead has for its foundation not merely the natural propriety of a decent usage, but also a belief kindred to the above.

17. The last name a dying person calls is the next to follow. (New Hampshire.)

B. Actions regarded as Ominous of Death.

18. If three persons look at the same time into a mirror, one will die within the year. (Peabody, Mass. ; New Hampshire.)

19. To break a looking-glass is a sign of death in the family before the year closes.

To break a looking-glass is a sign of death, or of bad luck for seven years. This is quite a general belief. Domestic servants, and particularly superstitious persons, are often thrown into a panic by accidents of this sort. (Niagara Falls, Ont.)

"In Clun Forest (as in Scotland) such a breakage is said to be a death token; in North Shropshire it means seven years' trouble, to which, in Cornwall, is added, but no want. It adds to the ill luck to preserve the broken pieces. At Wellington, any one who breaks a looking-glass will never have any luck till he has broken two more—a rule, however, which seems to apply to all breakages. 'When I have broken three I shall have finished.' The folk say, 'the third time pays for all.'"² In Switzerland, when a mirror breaks, he is said to die who looked in last. In Bohemia, it means seven years' distress.³

20. If, during sickness, a pair of shears be dropped in such a manner that the points stick into the floor, it indicates the death of the sick person. (Central New York.)

In Greece, if a pair of scissors is left gaping on a table, it is said that the Archangel Michael's mouth is open, ready to take the soul of some member of the family.⁴

21. To dance on the ground indicates disaster, or death within a year. (Boxford, Mass.)

As such dancing has been a universal custom, it seems fair to conclude that this superstition is local and modern; the informant, however, an elderly person, avers that she has always heard it so said.

¹ Haltrich, *Zur Volkskunde der Siebenbürger Sachsen*, Vienna, 1885, p. 308; Grohmann, p. 189.

² Burne, p. 281.

³ Wuttke, pp. 198, 199.

⁴ *Folk-Lore Journal*, 1883, p. 220.

22. If thirteen sit at table, the one who rises first will not live through the year. (Somerville, Mass.)

If thirteen sit at table, the last one who sits down will not die that year. (Brookline, Mass.)

This superstition is universal in Europe. In Germany, the victim is variously said to be the youngest, the last who sits down, the one who sits under the mirror, the first to eat or arise, the one who seems sad and downcast. In Tyrol, by way of exception, the augury extends only to ill luck. In one Bohemian town it is held to be true only for a Christmas festivity, and the fate is extended to all over the number of twelve. In a recent newspaper, an account was given of a dinner in the interior of the State of New York, where the omen was supposed to be averted by dividing the guests among two tables. In the Netherlands it is said that the one who sits under the beam is a traitor; a statement which points to the Paschal Supper as the origin of the belief; and this is certainly probable, while other explanations are not worth citing.¹

23. A dish-cloth hung on a door-knob is a sign of death in a family. (Deerfield, Mass.)

It is a common practice to indicate death by tying a piece of crape to the door-knob of the house, whence probably the omen.

24. If a hoe be carried through a house, some one will die before the year is out. (Mansfield, Ohio.)

The same superstition is found in England. "It is most unlucky to carry an axe, or any sharp tool, on your shoulder through the house, as it is a sign of the death of one or more of the inmates. Some extend this omen to *any* tool carried on the shoulder through a house. At Pulverbatch and Wenlock a spade is the fatal implement; it is a certain sign that a grave will shortly be dug for some member of the household." The editor observes that coffins were formerly carried "shoulder-high."²

25. Whoever works on a sick person's dress, he or she will die within the year. (Massachusetts.)

26. To put on the bonnet or hat of one in mourning is a sign that you will wear one before the year is out. (Peabody, Mass.)

To tie on a crape hat or bonnet is a sign of mourning before the year is out. (Niagara Falls, Ont.)

Don't try on a black bonnet, it means death.

27. When a woman who has been sewing puts her thimble on the table as she sits down to eat, it is a sign that she will be left a widow, if she marries. (Central Maine.)

¹ See C. Haberland, "Ueber Gebrauche und Aberglaube beim Essen," *Z. f. Völkerpsychologie*, 1888, p. 357. For the Netherlandish belief: Wolf's *Wodana*, cited in Thorpe, *Northern Mythology*, London, 1851, iii. p. 332.

² Burne, p. 280.

28. If you sneeze on Sunday morning before breakfast, you will hear of the death of some person you know before the next Saturday night. (Northern Vermont.)

Exactly opposite seems to be the omen of the Devonshire rhyme:—

Sneeze on Sunday morning fasting,
You 'll enjoy your own true love to everlasting.¹

Similar in force is an American saying for the benefit of children : "The little bird that sings in the morning, the old cat will eat before night." It is said to children who are particularly merry : "You will cry before night." The notion perhaps rests partly on the observed fact of the reaction of excitement, partly on a popular doctrine of averages, as we say that a mild winter is followed by a cool spring.

29. Lie down on a table, and you will die before the year is out. (Mattawamkeag, Me.)

30. If one sings at a table while the family are eating, it means the death of a friend. (Webster City, Iowa.)

In Bohemia it is said that if a boy sings at table he gets a vixen for wife.²

31. A baby should not look into a glass before it is a year old : if it does, it will die. (Deer Isle, Me.)

Hold a baby to a looking-glass, he will die before he completes his first year. (Massachusetts.)

This has been a general belief among mothers and nurses in the United States and in England ; but in Germany the same act is said to make the child proud.³

32. To raise an umbrella in a house is a sign of an approaching death. (Pennsylvania.)

To open an umbrella in the house is a sign of ill luck. An action of this sort seriously disturbed a friend of the informant, an American girl of good family. "I would never dare to do that," she said. (Niagara Falls, Ont.)

In Shropshire it is held to be unlucky to open an umbrella in the house, especially if held over the head, when it becomes a sign of death.⁴

C. Omens from Physical Experiences.

33. When you shiver, it means that some one is walking over the place where your grave is to be. (General.)

34. Ringing in the ears betokens death. (Peabody, Mass.)

¹ W. Jones, *Credulities Past and Present*, London, 1880, p. 543.

² Grohmann, p. 226.

³ Brand, *Popular Antiquities*, ed. Hazlitt, iii. p. 172 ; Bartsch, ii. p. 53.

⁴ Burne, p. 280. So in Portugal, of a parasol : C. Pedroso, *Contribuições para uma Myth. pop. Port.*, in *Il Positivismo*, iii. No. 326.

Ringin in the ears means death before the week ends.

James Hogg (the Ettrick Shepherd) alludes to this superstition:—

“O lady, ’t is dark, and I heard the dead-bell,
And I dare na gae yonder for goud nor fee.”

The poet adds a note: “By the dead-bell is meant a tinkling in the ears, which our peasantry in the county regard as a secret intelligence of some friend’s decease.” He relates how when he was otherwise unable to prevent his serving-maids from undertaking a nightly expedition, he took a drinking-glass, and, approaching the door of their chamber, passed his finger round it in such a way as to produce a tinkling sound. This had the desired effect, both women agreeing that they had never heard the dead-bell so distinct (“the dead-bell,” said one, “went through my ears with such a knell as I never heard”), and also averring that they had never known before of two hearing it at the same time. “I warrant,” cried one of the maids, “that it is my poor brother Wat: who knows whart the wild Irishes may have done to him?”¹ It is curious that the same death-token is mentioned in Portugal,² while the experience is usually interpreted in a different manner.

The same phrase is used in New England. Thus, it may be said by a country woman: “Oh! I have a death-bell!” or, “What a death-bell in my ear! You will hear of a death before the week is out.” In case of a sudden death, such a person might say: “I am not surprised; I heard a death-bell on such a day.”

D. *Miscellaneous.*

35. If a clock long motionless suddenly begins to tick or strike, it is a sign of approaching death or misfortune.

In Shropshire, if a bell rings of its own accord, it is said to forebode a death.³

36. The hearing, in the wall, of the “death-watch” or “death-tick” betokens a death in the house. (Universal.)

A maid who is superior to superstition informs the writer that this sound is only the noise of two spiders who strike against each other in the wall. It is said that the real death-tick must tick *only three times* on each occasion.⁴ The German name is “Dodenvagel,” death-watch.⁵

37. The hearing of three raps is a sign that some member of the family is dead. (Boston, Mass.)

¹ Notes to “The Pedlar,” in *The Mountain-Bard*.

² *El Folk-Lore Andaluz*, Seville, 1882, p. 64.

³ Burne, p. 280.

⁴ Harland and Wilkinson, *Lancashire Folk-Lore*, London, 1867, p. 152.

⁵ Strackerjau, *Aberglaube und Sagen, Oldenburg*, 1867, i. p. 35.

In Scotland it is said that these three knocks, which are a token of death, should be heard at regular intervals of one or two minutes' duration. The sound is dull, heavy, and unmistakable. In Germany, knockings in the wall or in the bed have a similar significance.¹

The original idea is that the spirit of Death, by these raps, is knocking for admission. It is probably not without reference to the superstition that Horace writes of Death as knocking equally at the door of the rich and poor.

An anecdote will illustrate the force of the belief. An American woman described the omens by which a disaster to her family had been, as she thought, foreboded. Some months before the event, in moving, a mirror had been broken; afterwards, the sheets became red as if sprinkled with blood, and finally, as she was sitting at her work, she suddenly heard a loud noise, as if some one had bounced against the outer door of the house. She went to look, and saw nothing. It should be remarked that the red color of the sheets was due to a little fungus (*Monas prodigiosa* of Ehrenberg), which is developed in starch set aside, etc., and which has derived its former Latin name from the character of prodigy which popular superstition attached to its appearance.

38. If sparks are left (unintentionally) in the ashes over night, it is a sign of death. (Cumberland, Md.)

The idea appears to be the same as that of the Shropshire saying: "It is unlucky to turn coals over when poking a fire, for then you turn sorrow to your heart."²

39. If coals fly out of the fire, in the direction of a person, it is a sign of a death concerning the person toward whom it flies. (See Rhymes in "Notes and Queries," below.)

So in Shropshire. But in Prussia and Bohemia the same thing is said to mean a visit.³

40. To see a coffin in the candle is a token of death. (Boston, Mass.)

Our authority considers a coffin in the candle to be the black cinder, which sometimes forms a separate flame near the main one, and can be snapped off with the finger.

41. If the candle burns blue it is a token of death. (See "Notes and Queries," below.)

As for the fire to burn clearly is a sign of joy, dim flames are an omen of disaster. The blue flame of a candle is held to indicate the presence of a spirit. Thus Shakespeare makes Brutus exclaim, as the ghost of Cæsar enters, "How ill this taper burns!"

¹ Gregor, p. 202; Strackerjau, i. p. 35.

² Burne, p. 275.

³ Burne, p. 275; Wuttke, p. 198.

In Germany, fire with clear flame means joy.

42. Three lighted lamps in a row are a sign of death in the house. (Eastern Massachusetts.)

Usually of a wedding. In Derbyshire a funeral, but in Durham greatness. In Germany they indicate a bridal or funeral.¹

43. Three horses of the same color indicate death, but this sign is not very noticeable in a thickly settled community. (Baldwinsville, N. Y.)

44. If a sudden and unaccountable light is seen in a carpenter's shop, it indicates that the carpenter will soon have to make a coffin. (Cape Breton.)

A carpenter generally knows when a death is about to take place, for he hears about him movements and cracking of boards.² This is the "wraith" or genius of the fated person, who is particular about selecting proper timber for the coffin.³

45. When bread, in baking, cracks across the top, it means death. (Ohio.)

Cracks on the top of a loaf of bread indicate the death of a dear friend. (Several localities.)

The baking of bread being necessary to domestic life, it was formerly invested with almost a religious significance, and the events of family history were augured from its outcome, as appears from numerous survivals. In Shropshire, according to testimony given at an inquest, a husband, during the absence of his wife, went to take the bread out of the oven. Finding it cracked at the top, he immediately set out in search of his help-mate, concluding that a fatality had befallen her, which proved to be the case. The same omen is regarded as betokening death or misfortune in many districts of Germany; whereas, if cracked below, a birth is indicated. These auguries may cause a smile; but, from a historical point of view, their significance is profound.⁴

46. If window-shades fall down without being molested, it is a sign of death. (Cape Breton.)

47. The dropping of a hair-pin from the hair indicates losing a friend. (Bucks County, Pa.)

48. It is a sign of death to see a flower blossoming out of season, as, for example, a rose in the fall. This has proved a true omen in several cases, according to the experience of a lady who believes in these signs. In consequence of this belief, when she has seen such a

¹ Burne, p. 275; Henderson, p. 111; Wuttke, p. 198.

² Bartsch, *Sagen, Märchen, und Gebräuche aus Mecklenburg*, Berlin, 1889, ii. p. 95.

³ *Folk-Lore Journal*, 1888, p. 243.

⁴ Burne, p. 275; Wuttke, p. 199; Strackerjau, i. p. 34.

flower, she will pick it off the stem and throw it away, without mentioning the incident to any one. (Niagara Falls, Ont.)

Fruit-trees blossoming out of season, or a single fruit left on a tree when the rest have been gathered, mentioned among English death-tokens.¹ In Oldenburg, Germany, if a fruit-tree bloom in the fall, or put forth new leaves, it indicates the death of an inmate of the house. The blooming of a rose in fall has the same meaning. Sometimes it is only a white rose which is regarded as thus significant.²

49. Deaths do not come single, but if one of a family dies, a second death in the same family will occur within a year. (Cambridge, Mass.)

This belief is entertained by very intelligent persons, and is defended as being sustained by experience. After a decease, intelligence of a second death will be expected ; and if, during the year, a relation of the afflicted family is taken away, it will be said, "It was so and so, then," as if a prophecy had been fulfilled in the person of the latter. It is said to be a belief among train-hands, that one accident on a railroad will be followed by a second. Firemen, in cities, regard certain corners of street, as especially fated, and do not pass them without foreboding. The method of thinking out of which these expectations grow might be expressed mythically, as if Death, having found his way to a certain household, is more likely to arrive a second time.

50. Death takes place at ebb tide. This is a general belief along the coast of New England.

The same superstition prevails along the sea-coast of Great Britain, and is here included as belonging to that system of ideas and expectations embodied in this article. Readers will remember the use made of it by Charles Dickens in "David Copperfield."

The belief also obtains in Portugal.³

It is probable that the omens which have been enumerated in this paper form only a small part of those still surviving in the country. In many respects, these have the characteristics of a true folk-lore ; with few exceptions, they are not the débris of various European systems of tradition, not obtained from recent immigrants, but, on the contrary, remains of beliefs imported by early English settlers, and for centuries received in America. They are held in many places, and common to many persons ; they still continue to influence action and expectation. Nor are they confined to unrefined and ignorant persons ; many a man, who considers himself superior to such

¹ Burne, p. 296.

² Strackerjau, i. p. 27.

³ Pedroso, *op. cit.*, vol. iv. No. 123.

fancies, and has probably never heard of their existence, will be surprised to find that some of them are still received by members of his own family, and have had something to do with the formation of their habits.

Although the importance of the study of superstitions is admitted, and has already served good purpose in the hands of historians of human thought, yet the psychological relations of these beliefs, and the theories which should be applied to their interpretation, are far from being fully elucidated. In order to make the subject clear, the first requisite is complete collection. In this branch of research, a great abundance of material is necessary in order to arrive at any correct conclusions. Above all things, hasty generalization is to be deprecated. Nothing can be accomplished by general speculation, or by discussion of popular beliefs as if they formed a consistent whole. The only possible way of establishing anything is to take each fact separately, and trace it historically and comparatively through the extent of its diffusion. Even where a popular tradition has already been reported in one locality, it is probable that its record in another region will add some additional circumstance, or some new phraseology, which may be of essential importance in determining its relation to the traditions of other countries, and so to its illustration. When a sufficient number of individual cases shall have been successfully explained, then the general principles applying to the whole subject will appear of themselves. Although the lore of the English-speaking race in America has been imported from the old country, yet it will be found that this lore will often contain something which is not matter of record in Great Britain, and will assist in forming the complete chronicle required for successful research.

Among classes of superstitions, which will hereafter be objects of consideration, and respecting which information is desired, are (1) children's superstitions, (2) superstitions concerning good and ill luck, (3) concerning marriage, (4) concerning wishes, (5) concerning the moon, (6) nurses' superstitions, (7) weather superstitions (weather-rhymes, etc.), (8) superstitions concerning animals and plants.¹

¹ This last material forms the subject of a series of articles on "Animal and Plant Lore," by Mrs. F. D. Bergen, now in course of publication in the *Popular Science Monthly*.

FOLK-LORE OF THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMANS.

II.

As before stated,¹ nearly all the food required for home consumption was the product of the farm, and in the endeavor to vary the monotony of dishes some curious combinations resulted.

Among the common people in the rural districts table etiquette was unknown, and even common decency was frequently disregarded. The various members of the household congregated at the table with the servants and hired laborers, each helping himself and totally oblivious of the presence of his neighbor.

The chief dish, whether a roast, fowl, or *shnits un knep*, was common property, and each, after helping himself, would break his bread into small pieces, and sop them in the gravy on the central dish, generally by means of a fork, though sometimes even with the fingers.

Shnits un knep was prepared by first making small dough balls, or dumplings, of flour, and adding thereto a sufficient quantity of sliced, dried unpared apples, and a piece of meat. These, being deposited in a kettle, were covered with water and thoroughly boiled and then served in a large, deep plate.

Saur kraut is now less extensively used. It is prepared by cutting the cabbage into slaw, which is then packed and stamped with salt in a tall wooden vessel termed a *shen'ner*. When filled, and the brine has formed, the mass is kept submerged by means of a piece of board and a heavy stone. The usual accompaniment to saur kraut was mashed potatoes, while apple-butter was eaten with the bread in the belief that the acidity of the former helped to neutralize the grease of the cabbage and meat and prevented liability to nausea from over-indulgence.

The present writer has frequently been told of families who invariably had one of the children to press down the cabbage with the bare feet, as the kraut was, by this method, not so bruised as when stamped with a heavy wooden pestle.

Hot boiled corn meal mush was often used at supper, and served in one large dish. Milk was poured over it, and each helped himself directly therefrom with his own spoon. At such times quarrels among the children frequently resulted on account of encroachments upon the recognized portion or space of a less rapid neighbor.

Rye bread — *shwarts bröd* (black bread) — was generally used, wheaten bread — *wais bröd* (white bread) — being considered a luxury, and served only on Sunday or during the visit of friends.

¹ *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. i. p. 125 et seq.

The corn mills¹ used by the earliest settlers were but a slight improvement upon that of the aborigines, and the early erection of grist mills was considered with as much interest as the construction of houses of worship.

The presence of visitors — generally on Sunday after church service — sometimes necessitated the opening of the parlor or best room, which under ordinary circumstances would remain with closed shutters and locked doors from one year's end to the other. There are many families even at the present day, both in the rural districts and in the towns, who never enter the parlor except upon similar occasions.

The following signs are believed to foretell the coming of visitors : —

If any one drop a fork at the table the visitor will be a man ; if a knife, it signifies a woman (Fayette County).

If a cock crows some one is coming ; if two hens get to fighting the visitors will be women (Eastern Pennsylvania).

If any one helps himself to food of which he still has some remaining upon his plate the visitor will be hungry.

When the cat washes her face it signifies that visitors are coming. This is also a sign of clearing weather.

There are certain days in the year for which special articles of food are prepared in accordance with time-honored customs. One of these is Shrove-Tuesday² — *Fäs nacht* — when peculiarly shaped doughnuts are eaten. The custom appears to have originated in

¹ One of the earliest forms of home-made mills was observed in a private collection in Nazareth, Pa. It had been found in Monroe County, on the northern side of the Blue Mountains, and consisted of grayish, compact sandstone. In shape it resembled a truncated pyramid with rounded corners, measuring about two and a half feet high, two feet across the top and a little less than three feet in diameter at the base. A circular opening extended from the middle of the top surface to within eight inches of the base ; the opening being about six inches in diameter but rapidly narrowing to four inches a short distance from the top, when it again expanded and formed a rounded bottom, the whole cavity resembling an urn in contour. From the bottom of this an opening of two inches in diameter communicated with a square cavity in the base, opening on one side, from which the meal could be removed as it accumulated in grinding.

The "grinder" or pestle consisted of a cylindrical stone which closely fitted into the top orifice, its weight crushing the grains as they passed beneath it. The upper extremity of the pestle was squared, probably for the attachment of a long piece of wood with which to turn it. Twelve years later — in 1885 — the writer saw a similar relic used as a carriage stepping-stone in the yard of a gentleman residing near Liberty, Southwestern Virginia, a region which was early penetrated by German colonists, descendants of whom are still to be found in that vicinity.

² *Shrive* is an old Saxon word (of which Shrove is a corruption), and signifies confession. Hence *Shrove-Tuesday* signifies Confession-Tuesday. *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1790, p. 495.

England, where the eating of "pancakes" was an old one. A correspondent in the "Gentleman's Magazine" ¹ respecting this practice says, "as the Romish religion has given way . . . yet the custom of ringing the great bell in our antient parish churches, at least in some of them, yet remains, and obtains in and about London the name of *Pancake-bell*; perhaps because, after the confession, it was customary for the several persons to dine on *pancakes* or *fritters*. Latter churches, indeed, have rejected that custom of ringing the bell on Shrove-Tuesday; but the usage of dining on *pancakes* or *fritters*, and such-like provision, still continues."

Dances were held on Shrove-Tuesday "for a good yield of flax for that year," or, in other words, the host's crop of flax would be tall in proportion to the height to which the dancers raised their feet from the floor.

The Easter breakfast usually consisted of eggs. Children received presents of dyed eggs, which they carried around to their friends, receiving others in exchange therefor. Sometimes toy rabbits, — or hares, — made of canton flannel and stuffed with cotton or saw-dust, were given as presents. Children were told that the *Osh'ter hds* laid these eggs in the nests which were previously arranged somewhere about the house, a practice similar to hanging up a stocking on Christmas Eve.²

In the rural districts even at this day, pastry, cakes, and preserves are served at almost every meal, and if anything remains over it is served again and again at subsequent meals until it is consumed or unfit for use.

Unusual quantities of pastry are prepared at various seasons, such as when an extra number of laborers are subsisted, during the harvest season, at "apple-butter boilings," quiltings, corn-huskings, and in case there is a funeral.

Saturday was the cleaning-up day of the week, and although the custom of washing pavements was common, and still is so, the writer does not remember to have observed as much importance attached to this practice as stated by a writer in the "Gentleman's Magazine" ³ in the following words: "There is also another custom peculiar to the city of Philadelphia, and nearly allied to the former

¹ 1790, p. 495.

² The belief that the hare lays the Easter-eggs is a singular one, and an explanation is offered by a writer in the *Folk-Lore Journal* (London, i. 1883, p. 123), as follows: "Originally the hare seems to have been a bird which the ancient Teutonic goddess *Ostara* (the Anglo-Saxon *Eastre* or *Eostre*, as Bede calls her) transformed into a quadruped. For this reason the hare, in grateful recollection of its former quality as a bird and swift messenger of the Spring-Goddess, is able to lay eggs on her festival at Easter-time."

³ 1821, p. 401.

[white washing]. I mean, that of *washing the pavement* before the doors every Saturday evening. I at first took this to be a regulation of the police; but, on further inquiry, I find it is a religious rite, preparatory to the Sabbath, and is, I believe, the only religious rite in which the numerous sectaries of this city perfectly agree. The ceremony begins about sunset, and continues till about ten or eleven at night. It is very difficult for a stranger to walk the streets on those evenings; he runs a continual risk of having a bucket of dirty water thrown against his legs: but a Philadelphian born is so much accustomed to the danger that he avoids it with surprising dexterity. It is from this circumstance that a Philadelphian may be known anywhere by his gait."

In connection with the preceding may be mentioned the almost universal custom of white-washing. Fences, out-buildings, cellars, and in the houses of many the rooms, are white-washed at the approach of spring, — the period of house cleaning, — both for the purpose of cleanliness and appearance. In the publication just quoted¹ a writer makes mention of a custom which does not appear to be recognized at the present time. He says: "When a young couple are about to enter into the matrimonial state, a never-failing article in the marriage treaty is, that the lady shall have and enjoy the free and unmolested exercise of the right of *white-washing*, with all its ceremonials, privileges, and appurtenances. A young woman would forego the most advantageous connection, and even disappoint the warmest wish of her heart, rather than resign the invaluable right. There is no season of the year in which the lady may not claim her privilege, if she pleases; but the latter end of May is most generally fixed upon for the purpose." A lengthy and amusing description follows, noting the removal from the house of every article of furniture and ornament, when white-wash is spread over the walls, with a brush, and windows and floors scrubbed.

As before stated, it is customary for the bride to receive from her parents or guardian a wedding outfit, — *haus shtai'er*, — consisting of household linen and other articles necessary to assist in furnishing a house. A case has just been decided in one of the courts in Pennsylvania in which the husband had brought suit against his wife's guardian in default of the latter furnishing the usual gift. The plaintiff was awarded the sum of one hundred and twenty-five dollars.

Professional medical services were seldom demanded, as ordinary complaints were treated by the administration of infusions and decoctions of plants and roots collected and preserved for such purpose.

Lying-in women were generally attended by an old woman of al-

¹ *Gentleman's Magazine*, pt. I. 1821, pp. 399, 400.

leged skill and experience ; and numerous instances are known where no such assistance was at hand at the critical period and the patient successfully passed through it alone.

Infants were disposed of by putting them into a cumbersome cradle, almost smothered in feather beds, and removed only when occasion demanded.

Children were permitted to nurse at their mother's breast for a longer period than is now customary. One instance is known to the writer in which a boy of seven years of age daily earned this privilege by splitting the amount of kindling wood necessary for his mother's use.¹

The following superstitions relate to children : —

The child will have the colic if the empty cradle is rocked.

If any one step across a child it will cease to grow.²

A cat, when left alone with an infant, will strangle it by sucking its breath.

If a child be permitted to see its image in a mirror before it is one year of age it will become proud.

In western counties the saying is that the child will be unlucky if allowed to see itself in a mirror before it is nine months old.

A child will receive lofty thoughts if a louse is placed upon its head and it is carried to the upper story of the house, before it is nine days old (Fayette County).

A more common practice is to put a silver spoon within a child's hand, and then carry the child to the attic. This must be done before the ninth day has passed. In some of the eastern counties the Bible is used instead of a spoon, and there are some persons who believe it of sufficient value to the child to merely mount a chair with it, or anything higher than the floor of the room in which it was born.

To pare an infant's finger-nails may cause it to become a thief in after years.

¹ A parallel instance of an amusing character is given by Dr. Fredrich Krause in his *Sitte und Brauch der Südslaven* (Wien, 1885, p. 544, 545), where, in treating of the Southern Slavs he says : Jede Mutter nährt ihr Kind allein, und zwar reihet sie ihm so lange die Brust, bis sie ein zweites Kind gebärt. Das letzte Kind einer Mutter säugt oft viele Jahre an der Mutterbrust. Vor einigen sechzehn Jahren sah ich, wie ein sechsjähriger, ausgewachsener Junge noch säugte. Es war im Kaptol bei Požega. Das Bürschlein war Schweinetreiber. Früh Morgens wurden die Schweine aus der Hürde herausgelassen. Grunzend und einander herumstossend liefen sie im Gehöfte herum. Da rief jenes Bürschlein : 'Majo, dader sise !' (Mütterchen, gib mir die Brust !) Darauf setzte sich seine Mutter, eine ältliche Bäuerin, auf die Thürschwelle, und der Junge nahm sein Frühstück ein."

² The Magyar superstition is, furthermore, that the danger may be averted by stepping over the child again in the opposite direction. *Folk-Lore Journal* (London), i. 1883, p. 355.

The following superstitions pertain to children's complaints and the methods of treatment.

Slabbering is cured by passing a live fish through the child's mouth.¹ This practice still obtains in Berks County.

To cure pleurisy, pass the child beneath a table to an assistant.²

It is necessary to state, in this connection, that pleurisy is believed to be caused by the attachment of the liver to the ribs; the cure being to break this adhesion by stretching the body. The disease is commonly known as liver grown — *â'gewâk'sa*, lit., grown fast.

A fretful baby is believed to long for something for which the mother herself had an ungratified desire previous to the infant's birth. The only remedy is to ascertain what this is, and to give the infant a taste of it.

Incontinence of urine is cured by whipping the afflicted one with a *hud'l lum'ba*. This is a cloth used to remove ashes from the oven previous to depositing the bread for baking.

When the patient reaches the age of adolescence the alleged relief is obtained by urinating into a newly made grave; the corpse must be of the opposite sex to that of the experimenter.³

Blisters on the tongue (Stomatitis) are caused by telling fibs. When they show no disposition to leave, the following process is adopted: three small sticks are cut from a tree, each about the length of a finger and as thick as a pencil. These are inserted into the mouth and buried in a dunghill; the next day the operation is repeated, as well as on the third day, after which the three sets of sticks are allowed to remain in the manure, and as they decay the complaint will disappear.

The following procedure for the cure of bronchitis is still practised in Berks County. Make a gimlet hole in the door frame at the exact height of the top of the patient's head, into which insert a small tuft of his hair and close the hole with a peg of wood, then cut off the projecting portion of the peg. As the patient grows in height beyond the peg, so will the disease be outgrown.

To cure whooping-cough, administer milk stolen from a neighbor's cow.

¹ According to a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, London, 5th ser. vol. ix. p. 64, a fish was thrust into the throat of a child suffering from whooping-cough. This occurred near Philadelphia, in 1875.

² In Lochee, Scotland, the child is passed under the belly of a donkey to cure whooping-cough. *Folk-Lore Journal* (London), i. 1883, p. 30.

³ An instance of the last named method occurred at Washington, D. C., two years ago, though with unknown result, as the patient was startled at the unexpected appearance of the funeral and fell into the grave, when, after her extrication therefrom, she ran away.

A common remedy for croup is to administer a mixture of goose-grease and molasses, to induce emesis.

One less frequently adopted for the same complaint is to make a poultice of grated poke-root and vinegar and apply to the feet.

In Lehigh County the emetic for this purpose is prepared by boiling three (or five) onions until soft, and mixing the juice therefrom with honey.

In Fayette County an emetic for croup is made by mixing urine and goose-grease and administering internally, and also rubbing some of the mixture over the breast and throat.

For diphtheria a poultice consisting of the fresh excrement of a hog is worn about the neck for one night (Fayette County).

A Lehigh County remedy for ordinary sore throat is made by boiling either three or five onions, pressing out the juice, and mixing it with strong sage tea; this is sweetened with brown sugar. Sometimes a small lump of butter is added while the decoction is still hot.

A common practice for the same complaint is to turn a stocking wrong side out and wear it tied around the throat at night.

For ordinary febrile complaints strawberry leaf tea is administered to produce diaphoresis. Elder-blossom tea is also given in fevers, and especially to hasten the eruption in measles and scarlatina.

For measles, both mare's milk and a tea made of sheep cherries (*gen. et sp. ?*) are given (Mr. Brown, Fayette County).

To cure mumps, the swollen parts must be rubbed against such portion of a hog-trough as has been worn smooth by that animal.

A decoction of dog-wood bark is given as a purgative to adults as well as to children. The same remedy, if properly prepared, is also taken to produce emesis. The belief pertaining to these properties and the special preparation of the bark is as follows: When the remedy is to act as an *emetic*, the bark is scraped from the branches from *below upward* when the sap is rising in the spring. This is put into boiling water and a strong decoction made, which, if taken internally, will readily produce the desired effect. If, however, a *purgative* is wanted, the bark must be scraped *downward*, in autumn, when the sap is believed to *run downward*. The scrapings must be put into a vessel of cold water and boiled for a considerable period of time. If sufficient be taken of the decoction, purging results.

That the desired effect is generally attained by adults may appear singular, but it may readily be attributed to the will and conduct of the patient himself. The decoction, if taken as an emetic, is readily gotten rid of at the first indication of nausea, but when the purpose is to purge, the patient, with some effort on his part, retains the obnoxious mixture until it has passed beyond the control of the stomach into the intestines, when the desired result follows.

Household remedies, usually resorted to for the ailments of adults, will be treated of later.

Several curious customs relating to death and burial are worthy of mention. A death was announced by tolling the church bell, the number of strokes corresponding to the age in years of the deceased. ~~After a short interval the taps of the bell denoted the number of days that would elapse before the funeral.~~

Immediately upon the death of a member of any household, the women of the neighborhood congregated and prepared for the funeral dinner. This was done to feed the friends and relatives who came from a distance. Pastry, cakes, fowl, and hams in great quantity were prepared, and previous to the departure of the funeral a lunch was handed round, followed by hot coffee, and frequently the bottle of whiskey. If it was known to the lovers of ardent spirits that the latter was to be had, there was frequently an unusual number of attendants at the funeral, and some of the mourners consequently failed to accompany the remains of the departed, preferring to await the return to the house of the funeral cortege.

The regular dinner was then served, after which each one returned to his respective home. With reference to the burial custom of the Moravians at Bethlehem, Mr. Rupp says: "The Corpse House, where, on the death of a member of the society, the corpse is deposited for three days, is worthy of a notice. When a death occurs, a part of the choir ascend the church cupola or steeple, where a requiem or funeral hymn is played for the departed, and the melancholy notes as they fall on the ear in a calm morning are peculiarly solemn and impressive. The body on the third day is removed from the corpse house, the mourners place themselves around it, and after several strains of solemn music, the procession forms a line of march to the grave, preceded by the band, still playing, which is continued some time after the coffin is deposited."¹

Coffins were made of walnut or stained wood. Hearses were rarely used, the coffin being placed upon the floor of a large wagon with chairs around it for the chief mourners, the children generally sitting upon the coffin itself.

The eyes of the corpse were closed by placing copper cents upon them, and a small piece of linen with embroidered edges, called a *shwēs duch* (sweat cloth), covered the entire face until the day of the funeral, when both the coppers and the cloth were deposited inside the coffin and buried with the body.

Upon the death of any inmate of a house the mirrors are turned round so as to face the wall, otherwise the first person to see his image in any one of them will be sure to die within a year.

¹ *History of Northampton, Lehigh . . . Counties, Harrisburg, 1845, p. 81.*

If any one wear crêpe when not in mourning, his or her death is sure to follow.¹

The chirping in the house of a cricket, or the clicking of a death-watch, foretell the death of one of the inmates. When horses in pasture are seen running and playing, it is a sign that a funeral will soon be seen.

That a dog howling at night should be a presage of death is a superstition of almost world-wide belief, and is abundantly observed in classic literature.²

A white Christmas makes a full graveyard.³

When apple-trees bloom out of season it is an omen of death to some one connected with the household.

If any one suffering from corns takes a small piece of cotton, rubs it over the offenders and hides it, unobserved, with a body about to be buried, the corns will leave him.

If the hand of a corpse be rubbed over a goitre the afflicted may be certain of recovery.

Under-garments cut out on Friday are sure to be used for a corpse.

It is unlucky to undertake a journey on Friday.

A piece of work begun on Friday will not be finished by the cutter; death is sure to follow.

The custom of casting stones on the graves of suicides, those who had met with a violent death, or bodies buried in canny places or in unconsecrated ground, was extensively practised until a very recent period, if, indeed, it does not still survive. Any passer-by who neglected to throw a stone upon such a grave was in imminent danger of meeting with the spirit of the departed, and the consequences were believed to be most unfortunate.

Many of the more ignorant and superstitious classes firmly believe that nightmare, ghostly manifestations, and similar evidences of uncanny doings are often the direct doings of witches. Nightmare can sometimes be caught,⁴ as is illustrated by the following instance. A hostler in the service of the writer's father frequently suffered from nightmare, and to secure the intruder he procured a small phial which he placed within easy reach of his bed. After two or

¹ The same belief is entertained by the Magyars. *Folk-Lore Journal*, London. i. 1883, p. 356.

² Among many of our Indian tribes the red fox is looked upon as being endowed with impressions of future calamity.

³ In the northern countries of England and the borders, the same idea occurs as "a green yule makes a fat kirk-yard." *Notes on the Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties, etc.* (Folk-Lore Soc. Pub.), Lond., 1879, p. 75.

⁴ The German nightmare is caught by stopping up the hole through which it entered.

three nights the nightmare was caught and bottled, and destroyed by burning. This was stated to have been the spirit of a black cat, under control of a witch with whom the hostler had had a previous misunderstanding.

When one awakes in the morning feeling very tired, the witches have been riding him all night.

Witches are supposed to acquire influence over any one by becoming possessed of anything belonging to the intended victim, such as a hair, a piece of wearing apparel, or a pin. The influence acquired by the witch is greater if such an article be voluntarily or unconsciously handed to her by the person asked for it.

A witch can be disabled by securing a hair of her head, wrapping it in a piece of paper, and placing it against a tree as a target into which a silver bullet is to be fired from a gun.

The following instance was said to have occurred many years ago in northern Lehigh County. A vicious black sow was frequently encountered by people on the highway, but no one knew to whom the animal belonged. One day, as the sow became too aggressive in pursuit of its victim, the person thus annoyed picked up a heavy piece of wood and threw it, breaking one of the animal's legs.

It was learned subsequently that a witch living in that neighborhood had broken her leg at the same day and hour, and it was firmly believed that the witch and the animal — which was never encountered afterwards — were one and the same.

Among the German settlers no trial of witches, by ordeal or otherwise, was practised, and the following was probably instituted by the English colonists, with whom this process was in vogue in other portions of the early settlements. The following appears in the "Gentleman's Magazine" (January, 1731, i. p. 29): "From Burlington, in Pensilvania, 't is advised that the owners of several cattle, believing them to be bewitched, caused some suspected men and women to be taken up, and trials to be made for detecting 'em. About three hundred people assembled near the governor's house, and a pair of scales being erected, the suspected persons were each weighed against a large Bible, but all of them outweighing it: the accused were then tied head and feet together, and put into a river, on supposition that if they swam they must be guilty. This they offered to undergo in case the accuser should be served in the like manner; which being done, they all swam very buoyant, and cleared the accused."

The following is the only instance with which the writer has become acquainted where the power of transforming human beings has been accredited to witches. Although the circumstances are said to have occurred during the early part of the present century,

they are still mentioned as inexplicable and supernatural by the present residents. The story, in brief, is as follows : Near Trexlertown, Lehigh County, dwelt a farmer named Weiler. His wife and three daughters had by some means or other incurred the enmity of a witch who lived but a short distance away, when the latter, it is supposed, took her revenge in the following manner. Whenever visitors came to the Weiler residence, the girls, without any premonition whatever, would suddenly be changed into snakes, and after crawling back and forth along the top ridge of the wainscoting for several minutes they were restored to their natural form. These curious transformations occurred quite frequently, and the circumstance soon attained widespread notoriety. About the end of the third month the spell was broken and everything went on as before.

Of the many ghost stories still related, and generally believed, a great portion appear to relate to boundary lines, and corner stones marking land limits, about which there had been altercations during the life of the principals. In some of these the luminous outline of a human form will be seen, in others only the voice is heard, while in others, still, fiery balls are observed flying through the air and following the true boundary lines.

It is related that a miserly fellow formerly lived near Tulpehocken, Berks County, who during his lifetime had been suspected of removing the "line stones," marking the boundaries of his land, so as to encroach upon that of his neighbors.

Shortly after the death of this individual vague rumors were spread respecting ghostly visitations about the old house and along the borders of the farm. People gathered each evening after sunset to watch for the luminous ghost as it flitted from one corner of the lot to another, apparently searching for something, but upon the nearer approach of one of the bolder visitors he saw that it carried a stone, frequently uttering the words, *Wu sol ich den shiteⁿ hiⁿ duⁿ ?* (Where shall I put this stone?) The remainder of the party observing no harm done to the first one to approach gradually came up so as to be as close as was deemed safe. A half-witted fellow who was in the party finally approached the apparition, and upon hearing the words uttered immediately responded, *Wai, du ferdam'ter nar, du 'n hiⁿ wu d'n grikt hosht.* (Why you d—d fool, put it where you got it.) Whereupon the stone was seen to drop and the apparition was not observed again.

It was believed by the superstitious neighbors that the miser's soul could not rest in peace until directed by a mortal what to do, hence the immediate effect upon the response of the yokel.

Many years ago there lived in that portion of Northampton County — known as the Settlement, *In'sha land* (Indian land) — two

men of selfish nature, and whose farms unfortunately joined. Strife was kept up on account of one of them attempting to remove the corner stones which had been placed to mark the limits of the farms as well as the dividing line. Matters grew worse and worse, and the decisions of the courts failed to produce either harmony or a satisfactory adjustment of affairs, when it was announced by the gossips that the farmers had decided to fight out their differences with "fire and brimstone in the hereafter."

Death put an end to their earthly dissensions, but the report spread that at certain times during the night could be heard the clanking of chains and the swift passage of fiery balls to and fro along the dividing line of the farms. Occasionally the balls of fire would come in contact, when there would be heard hissing sounds, and innumerable sparks of fire would dart out in all directions while the balls ascended, as if in conflict, and finally return toward the ground to continue their course up and down the old line of dispute.

The superstitious ones were, naturally, the *only* ones who were favored with these fiery demonstrations of conflict, and after a few years of fear and speculation as to the nature of the visions their curiosity subsided and the alleged occurrences ceased.

Many years ago there dwelt in the northern portion of Northampton County a man named Kern, who was close and exacting in all transactions with his neighbors. He became very much disliked, and was shunned as much as possible by those with whom he chanced to come in contact. "Old Kern," as he was usually designated, died, and but a short time elapsed before rumors of uncanny things began to be heard. Mrs. Kern was alarmed previous to her husband's death by having crows come to the kitchen window at night, and pecking against the panes of glass. This statement, originating in the house and coupled with subsequent reports, lent new interest and firm belief in the impression that "Old Kern" had been called to the nether regions, or that the Devil had requested his presence elsewhere.

The statements made by neighbors were, that every night there was heard the sound of heavy footsteps going up and down stairs, mysterious knockings were frequently detected, but the most annoying of all was the opening and closing of doors, as if by some unseen hands; and no matter how securely the latches had been fastened, the doors still persisted in swinging open the moment the watchers had gotten back into bed.

Difficulty was experienced in retaining friends to sleep in the house as company for the relict of "Old Kern." Acquaintances were sent for who remained one or two nights, but could not be induced to tarry in the house a longer period. Finally, several young

men, brothers,¹ were induced to come into the house, both as a favor to Mrs. Kern and for the purpose chiefly of ascertaining the cause of the mysterious manifestations. They sat up, for nights at a time, or remained awake in the bed, which was so placed as to permit them to observe any trickery or connivance with outside parties, but in each instance of door-opening, window-rappings, etc., they failed to detect anything which would serve as a clue toward a solution of the disturbances.

This state of things continued for a long time. No one would take possession of the house after Mrs. Kern was compelled to vacate it for her own peace of mind, and the writer is unable to learn how long these visitations and rappings were continued.

Old or deserted lime-kilns are generally accredited as being the abode of ghosts, usually the spirits of "murdered peddlers," or those who are known to have met with a violent death upon the highway. Such localities are avoided by pedestrians after nightfall.

Still another form of unearthly visitors is found in marshy ground and damp wood, for example the will-o'-the-wisp. This is called a *drach* — dragon — and is supposed to follow the timid. Numerous instances of narrow escapes are related.

W. F. Hoffman, M. D.

¹ One of whom is a prominent physician in Pennsylvania, and who gave me the details of the story.

LOUISIANA NURSERY TALES.

II.

III. POSSON DORÉ.¹

YAVÉ inne fois inne jene fille qui té gagnin inne l'amoureux, cété inne bel jene nomme, inne prince, mé papa li té pas oulé jene nomme té fé li l'amour. Li couri trouvé inne vié zombi ki té resté dans bois. Li dit : tan pri, zombi, fé jene nomme là laissé mo fille, mo vé pas yé marié.

Inne jou, jene fille la et jene nomme la té assite coté flève, zombi vini, li fé jene nomme la tournain posson é galopé dans dolo.

Papa li té cré ké jene fille là sré blié jene nomme là, astère li té posson. Li té pli gardé après yé, mais tou les jou jene fille la té couri assite coté flève, et li té chanté ; "Caliwa, wa, caliwa, co ; waco, maman dit oui ; waco papa dit non, caliwa, wa, caliwa, co ; sitôt li té chanté ça dolo té ouvri et inne bel posson rouge avec inne couronne en or en haut so la tête, té vini coté jene fille là ; li té porté li gato, zorange, dépomme, pou li mangé.

Papa la oua ké so fille couri assite coté flève tou lé jou ; inne jour li guetté li et li oua ça li tapé fé. Lendémin li porté so fisi é quand jene fille chanté é bel posson la vini, li tchoué li é li porté li ché li pou tchui li. . . . Yé di jene fille la qué li té gagnin pou tchui posson là.

Quand li prend li pou coupé li, posson commencé chanté : " Coupé moin donc, wa, wa, coupé moin donc, wa, wa. Gratté moin donc wa, wa, gratté moin donc, wa, wa. Brassé moin donc, wa, wa. Mettez di sel wa, wa. . . .

Après, quand posson là té tchui, yé metté li on la table. Jéne fille li té pa oulé mangé ; li tapé crié pou so posson, mais papa li té si gourmand li mangé si boucou qué so vente crévé et plein petit posson sorti la dans é chapé dans flève.

Après dinin jene fille li couri assite la où yé té jété lécaïl so posson ; li crié si boucou ké la terre ouvri et li parti dans trou là pou couri coté so posson. Quand so maman vini cherché li li oua jisse boute so chivé qui tapé sorti dans la terre la.²

¹ This is quite a fairy tale. The most interesting part of it is the songs which the young girl sings to her fish, and those which the fish sings while being cut and salted.

² *Boute so chivé qui tapé sorti dans la terre la.* "When the mother arrived she saw only one lock of her daughter's hair, which was coming out of the earth." A very comical ending to an otherwise pathetic story. This reminds us of the buffoonery in the Miracle Plays of the Middle Ages. Rude and uncultivated people always join the ridiculous to the sublime.

POSSON DORÉ (THE GOLDEN FISH).

There was once a young girl who had a lover. It was a fine young man, a prince, but the father did not want him to court his daughter. He went to see an old wizard, who lived in the woods, and said to him: "I pray you, wizard, make that young man leave my daughter alone. I do not want them to marry."

One day the young girl and the young man were seated on the river bank; the wizard came and changed the young man into a fish, which jumped into the water.

The father thought that the young girl would forget the young man, now that he was a fish, and he did not watch her any more; but every day the young girl would sit on the river bank and sing: "Caliwa wa, caliwa co; waco, maman dit oui; waco, papa dit non; caliwa wa, caliwa co."

As soon as she sang that the water opened, and a beautiful red fish, with a golden crown on his head, came near the young girl. He brought her cakes, oranges, apples, for her to eat.

The father perceived that the young girl went every day to the river bank. One day he watched her, and saw what she was doing. The next day he brought his gun with him, and when the girl sang, and the beautiful fish came, he killed it, and took it home to cook it.

The young girl was told to cook the fish. When she took it to cut it, the fish began to sing: "Cut me then, wa, wa; scrape me then, wa, wa; mix me then, wa, wa; put some salt, wa, wa."

When the fish was cooked they placed it on the table. The young girl did not want to eat, and cried for her fish; but the father was so greedy and ate so much that his belly burst, and a quantity of little fishes came out and escaped to the water.

After the dinner the young girl went to sit down on the river bank, where they had thrown the scales of her fish. She wept so much that the earth opened, and she disappeared in the hole to go to meet her fish. When her mother came to look for her, she saw only one lock of her daughter's hair which was coming out of the earth.

IV. "GIVE ME."¹

Ein foi, yé té gagnin ein jene madame ki té resté dan ein bel la mison. Li té maré dipi lontan, mé li té pa gagnin piti. Ein jou, li té appiyé on balistrade so la garli, li oua ein vié fame ki tapé pacé avé

¹ It is strange to find a story in the Creole patois with an English title; but this is the only thing English it has about it. It seems rather to have had an Oriental origin, as may be supposed from the romantic element and the marvelous which we find in it; it is certainly a tale of some interest, whatever may have been the country which gave birth to it.

ein pagnin dépomme on so latête. Can madame la oua bel dépomme yé, li té envi manzé ein ; li pélé vié fame la et li di li ké li oulé acheté ein dépomme. Vié marchan la té pa oulé vende, mé li donnin madame la ein, et li di li :

“ Mo conin ké vou envi gagnin ein piti ; manzé dépomme la et demain matin vou sra moman ein bel garçon.”

Jene fame la pren dépomme la, li ri et li pliché li. Li jété lapo yé dan la cou é manzé dépomme. Vié fame la té pa menti ; dans la nouite, jene madame la gagnin ein bel garçon, et ça qui plice drole, cé ké ein jiment ki té laché dan la cou, manzé lapo dépomme, et li aussite gagnin ein piti dan la nouite.

Jéne madame la té ben conten gagnin ein piti, et li di ké com piti choal la té né minme la nouite ké so piti garçon, li sré fé li cado li.

Yé tou lé dé grandi ensemb et yé té linmin yé minme boucou. Com ti choal la té né par ein mirac, li té capab sellé, bridé san personne touché li. Can piti garçon la té oulé monté li, li crié : “ Sellé, bridé, mo piti choal,” et li vini tou souite prête pou yé monté li.

Can garçon la vini ein nomme li fatigué resté ché so moman et li parti cherché zaventire. Li pa di personne ou lapé couri, li monté so choal et voyagé boucou, jiska li rivé dan pays ein grand roi.

Ein soi li rivé coté ein bel la mison ; yé di li cété dèmère roi et ké li té gagnin ein ben joli frè.

Jene nomme la té envi oua la princesse ; aussite li descende so choal et fé li disparaite, pasqué mo té doite di vou, ké choal la té capab disparaite can so maite té oulé et li minme té capab chanzé so zabi can li oulé et pren kékéfoi linge ein mendian, et kékéfoi linge ein prince. Jou cila, li pren linge ein mendian, et couri coté la kisine.

Li fé com si li té pa capab parlé ben, et tou ça yé té di li, li té réponne ein frase : “ *Give me.* ” Yé mandé li “ To soif ” — “ *Give me* ” — “ To faim ” — “ *Give me.* ” Yé pélé li “ *Give me* ” et yé permette li couché dans la kisin et dans la cende la chiminin. Li idé domestique lé roi ki té cré li té idio.

Tou la simaine, *Give me* resté dan la kisine, mé can dimanche rivé et tou mounne parti pou la messe, li metté so pli bel zabi, li ordonnin so choal paraite sellé, bridé, et li commencé galopé dans tou jardin lé roi. Li cassé pot fléres, piti nabe, arien té capab rété li.

Même jou la, fie lé roi té malade et li pa couri la messe. Li resté la mison et li gardé dan jardin dan la finéte. Li oua *Give me* et trouvé li ben joli.

Give me rété galopé dan jardin can li cré la messe té presque fini. Li fé so choal disparaite et li couri dan la kisine encor, où li répranne so zabis mendian.

Tan lé roi révini la messe, li té firié oua tou déga yé té fé dan so jardin. Li mandé so domestique layé, mé yé di ké *Give me* té sel

moune ki té resté la mison. Lé roi questionnin li, mé li toujou réponne "*Give me.*"

Dimanche apé ça minme kichoge rivé, et fie lé roi resté encor la mison pou oua *Give me.* Lé roi té si colère ké li di li gagnin pou trapé canaille laki apé bimin so jardin. Troisième dimanche, li pa couri la messe, mé li caché dan la mison, et li trapé *Give me* billé com ein prince, apé galopé dan jardin on so choal.

Lé roi té ben étonnin é li mende bel jene nomme la raconter so listoire.

Give me di li comment li té né, et li fé paraite et disparaite so choal comme li oulé, et li changé so zabis comme li oulé. Li di lé roi ké li amouré so fie et mandé so la main. Lé roi di oui, et *Give me* maté princesse la, et voyé cherché so moman.

Yé vive lontan et yé té benhére pasqué cété ein bon vié zombi ki té donnin moman *Give me* depomme pou manzé.

"GIVE ME."

Once there was a lady who resided in a beautiful house. She had been married a long time, but had no children. One day that she was standing on her gallery, she saw an old woman who was passing with a basket of apples on her head. When the lady saw the beautiful apples she wished to eat one; she called the old woman, and told her that she wanted to buy an apple. The old merchant-woman did not want to sell an apple, but she gave one to the lady, and said :

"I know that you wish to have a child; eat this apple, and to-morrow you will be the mother of a beautiful boy."

The young woman took the apple, laughing, and pared it. She threw the peel in the yard, and ate the apple.

The old woman had not lied: during the night the lady gave birth to a fine boy, and what is very strange is that a mare which was in the yard ate the apple-peels, and she had a foal during the night.

The lady was very glad to have a child, and she said that as the little horse was born the same night as the little boy, it should be his property.

Both grew up together, and they loved each other very much. As the little horse was born through a miracle, he could be saddled and bridled without any one touching him. When the boy wanted to ride, he cried: "Saddle and bridle, my little horse!" and the horse came immediately, all ready to be mounted.

When the boy grew up, he was tired of remaining at his mother's, and set out to seek adventures. He said to no one where he was going, mounted his horse, and travelled for a long time, until he arrived in the country of a great king.

One evening, he came to a beautiful house; they told him that it was the residence of the king, and that he had a very pretty daughter.

The young man wanted to see the princess, therefore he descended from his horse and made him disappear ; for I ought to have told you that the horse could disappear whenever his master wished it, and he himself could change his clothes according to his desire, taking sometimes the clothes of a beggar, and sometimes the clothes of a prince.

On that day, he dressed like a beggar, and went towards the kitchen. He acted as if he could not speak well, and every time they spoke to him he answered but two words : "Give me." "You are hungry?" "Give me." — "You are thirsty?" "Give me." They called him *Give me*, and they allowed him to sleep in the kitchen, in the ashes. He helped the servants of the king, and they thought he was an idiot.

The whole week, *Give me* remained in the kitchen, but when Sunday came, and every one had gone to mass, he put on his best clothes, ordered his horse to appear with saddle and bridle, and began to gallop all over the garden of the king. He broke the flower-pots, the young plants ; nothing could stop him. On that very day the daughter of the king was sick, and she did not go to mass. She remained at home, and looked in the garden through the window. She saw *Give me*, and she found him very handsome.

Give me stopped galloping in the garden when he thought the mass was almost finished. He made his horse disappear, and went back to the kitchen with his beggar's clothes.

When the king came back, he was furious to see the damage which had been done in his garden. He summoned his servants, but they said that *Give me* was the only person who had remained at home. The king questioned him, but he replied all the time, "*Give me*."

The next Sunday, the same thing happened again, and the daughter of the king remained at home to see *Give me*. The king was so angry that he said he would catch the rascal who was spoiling his garden. On the third Sunday he did not go to mass, but he hid himself in the house. He caught *Give me*, who was dressed like a prince and galloping in the garden on his horse.

The king was very much astonished, and he asked the handsome young man to relate his story.

Give me told him how he was born, and made his horse appear and disappear, and changed his clothes at his will.

He told the king that he was in love with his daughter, and asked her in marriage. The king said yes, and *Give me* married the princess and sent for his mother.

They lived a long time, and were very happy, because it was a good old witch who had given *Give me's* mother the apple to eat.

Alc   Fortier.

8

REPORTS OF VOODOO WORSHIP IN HAYTI AND
LOUISIANA.

IN an article entitled "Myths of Voodoo Worship and Child Sacrifice in Hayti," printed in the first number of this JOURNAL, reasons were given for supposing that tales respecting the excesses of the alleged sect of the Voodoos in Hayti were in fact only echoes of mediæval superstitions concerning the Vaudois. A few days before the publication of the article in question appeared the third volume of a history of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages, by Mr. H. C. Lea, in which a like derivation of the name Voodoo is incidentally set forth. Mr. Lea remarks (p. 519, note) that from *Vaudoisie*, become a designation of sorcery, has descended the word Voodooism, "descriptive of the negro sorcery of the French colonies, transmitted to the United States through Louisiana." As to the term there would seem to be no reasonable doubt, and as to the stories the correspondence is such as cannot be explained by accidental coincidence.¹

Respecting the Haytian stories, I have consulted Mr. B. F. Whidden, the first minister of the United States to Hayti, who was sent at the time of the recognition of that government by the United States in order to open diplomatic relations, and who was in Port-au-Prince at the date of the events alluded to in the work of Sir Spencer St. John. Mr. Whidden is of opinion that the accounts of these events were based on popular rumor, sometimes originating in private malice. Mr. Whidden writes :—

"I was present at the trial of Jeanne Pellé, and at the execution of the nine at Port-au-Prince, February 13, 1864. It was not a fair trial; the evidence was extracted by torture. There was a report in circulation. It caused great excitement. Government took it up, and was determined to convict, because it was a seeming stain on their race. The verdict was forced."

Mr. Whidden is of opinion that, if the truth were ascertained, there would be found no more cannibalism in Hayti than in Jamaica. On the other hand, he thinks that there is no doubt concerning the existence of a Vaudoux worship and dance, which latter he has frequently seen and heard.

¹ For example, in the year 1460, Jean Tacquet, a rich citizen of Arras, confessed that Satan, in the witches' gathering, had reduced him to obedience, by beating him with a bull's pizzle (Lea, iii. 525). The Vaudoux priest, in Saint-Méry's account, is described as using the same instrument of correction (St. John omits this feature). If an on-looker is touched by one of the Vaudoux dancers, he is sympathetically affected, and obliged to join the dance, until he has bought his freedom (Saint-Méry, i. 50); but police officers, as Saint-Méry jestingly remarks, are exempt; so, in the Middle Age, officials who arrested the Vaudois were supposed to possess immunity from enchantment (Lea, iii. 509).

The question arises, What was this dance which was so familiar in Port-au-Prince? The orgies of the Vaudoux are represented as taking place in secret, and in remote places. It ought to be easy to obtain the words and description of a public dance, such as that familiar to Mr. Whidden.

As respects Louisiana, the accessible information is small; but the mention of Prof. Fortier, vol. i. p. 138 of this Journal, and that of Mr. Cable in an article on "Creole Slave Songs" ("Century," April, 1886), show the popular belief on the subject to resemble that in Hayti. The sect in New Orleans had a queen, who was one Marie Laveau. So in Spain, according to evidence given before the inquisitors of Logroño, Gracienne de Barrenechea was queen of the sorcerers of Zugarramurdi (Llorente, "Hist. Crit. de l'Inquis.," iii. 448). The festivals of the "Vaudous" were supposed to be annual, and to take place at a lonely spot near Lake Pontchartrain, on St. John's Eve. The same time is fixed for gatherings of European witches, who meet in lonely and remote spots (See Grimm's Mythology). Two gentlemen of New Orleans were present at a negro festival which they believed to be a rite of the sect ("Century," April, 1886), with what reason does not appear in the account. It is very desirable that some one should examine these beliefs, and ascertain whether any form of Voodoo worship can be substantiated in Louisiana.

I am informed by a correspondent that some respectable negroes in Northern cities still believe that such infamous rites exist, and are practised by disreputable members of their own race, even in these towns. Children are also supposed to be stolen and made away with; but the object assigned is a medical purpose: they are imagined to be used as subjects of dissection. The belief seems to indicate that cannibalism originally made part of the evil practices attributed to the "Vaudous" of Louisiana.

By far the most remarkable story respecting Voodooism in Louisiana is to be found in a French work, "Dictionnaire Universel du XIX^e Siècle," by P. Larousse. In this encyclopædia *Vaudou* is defined as (1) "an African worship which negroes have imported into America; (2) as the god who is the object of this worship; (3) as the person who practises the worship. A narration is then given respecting the annual ceremony of the "Vaudous," which ascribes to that sect an important part in the recent history of the State. In 1863, it is stated, the society was brought before a court of New Orleans. The words of the account are curious enough; I cite in translation:—

The great annual ceremony took, this time, a particular stamp from political events, and a great number of negroes, informed of the day on

which it was to take place, resolved, either in the assemblies of an inferior order or in private meetings, to devote themselves to the invocations and superstitious practices prescribed by the chief priestess. But there had been indiscretions, and the police was well informed. On the day appointed, at ten o'clock in the evening, eight police officers unexpectedly entered the inviolable sanctuary, and found themselves in the presence of fifty women in the costume of our mother Eve, of whom two only were white, the latter, as it appears, well known in New Orleans. These were executing at that moment, with frenzy, the dance of the Vaudous, while the great priestess devoted herself to invocations peculiar to the old superstition which counts so many adepts among the peoples of Africa, whence it has spread into the New World. In the middle of the hall, says the police report, "was a vase, of which the contents were at least as varied as those of the caldron of Macbeth, a mixture in part composed of nameless substances." Around the vase, on three dishes of silver, many snakes carelessly reared their heads. The whole was surrounded by many hundred candles, and in the four quarters of the hall burned on hearths stimulating perfumes.

The report goes on to state that twenty persons were arrested, and appeared before "La Cour Prévôtale" on the 30th of July. Two thousand negroes and as many negresses crowded the approaches to the court. The case was brought up again on August 6th, and completed on the 8th. . . . The chief burden of the accusation depended on the testimony of an officer, who affirmed that the meetings had a seditious and secessionist character. All the proofs, on the contrary, went to show that the high dignitaries of the "Vaudous" had contributed powerfully to the maintenance of tranquillity.

The prisoners were discharged with an admonition, which action gives the reporter an opportunity to laud the respect for personal liberty and the rights of conscience observed in the United States.

The source of this improbable story is not mentioned; the inventor of it may have been a correspondent of a French journal, who amused himself by imposing on the credulity of his readers. New Orleans was in the hands of Federal authority; "La Cour Prévôtale" must have been the provost marshal's court. I have not been able to obtain any information on the subject. If the narrative has any foundation, perhaps this publication may bring light.

Where human testimony is so deceptive, it is natural to regard the evidence of language. In an African superstition, one would expect the survival of some African words or phrases. Such survival has been supposed to exist in a word, *wanga*, which in Hayti is "a generic name for poisons, philters, and charms" (St. John, Hayti, p. 221). It is also applied to incantations (p. 210). *Ouangan* in Louisiana is a term for a charm (Cable, "Grandissimes," pp. 134, 340), and *ouanga* means to bewitch (p. 240). Now this word, so African

in appearance, is neither more nor less than the French *onguent*, Latin *unguentum*, ointment. In antiquity, when anointing was a practice of the toilet, it played a great part in medicine, and naturally in sorcery. Thus, Apuleius ("Metamorph.," lib. iii. 138, 139) relates how the sorceress Pamphile kept in her store-chest (*arcula*) certain boxes (*pixides*) containing ointments (*unguedo, unctum*), one of which had the virtue of turning her into an owl. Apuleius, out of curiosity, wished to try the experiment, but got hold of the wrong box, and was metamorphosed into a donkey. The manner of using the ointment was to remove the garments, and apply by rubbing in. In 1324, Dame Alice Kyteler was found to possess powders and ointments (*unguenta*) which she kept in her chests (*cistæ*) in boxes (*pixides*), by means of which she had infatuated or reduced to infirmity her two husbands (Wright, "Proceedings against Dame Alice Kyteler," Camden Soc., 1843, p. 2). Another account states that with these ointments she anointed the staves on which she and her friends flew through the air (p. 47). The French word *Onguent* continues to be used in the same manner. In modern Breton folktales, magicians employ their ointments (*Onguents*) to heal wounds, reawaken the dead, and calm stormy waters, in short, to do all their predecessors could do. (See Luzel, "Contes pp. de la Basse-Bretagne," Paris, 1887.) As these enchantments had always been accompanied with muttered invocations, *ointment* and to *anoint* might become general terms for witchcraft; and it only remained that the name, mispronounced, queerly spelt, and its origin forgotten, should be regarded as a relic of African barbarism, and as indicating that knowledge of dangerous and strange herbs which was ascribed to African sorcerers.

On the other hand, a word used in Louisiana, mentioned by Mr. Cable in "The Grandissimes," is *grigri*, to bewitch. *Gris-gris* is employed in Senegal, as a general name for amulets, of which there are many kinds ("Mélusine," March, 1888, p. 57). The term is therefore African.

In "Mélusine," September, 1888, M. Gaidoz, noticing the explanation of the rites of the Vaudoux as echoes of French superstitions respecting the Vaudois, as proposed in the first number of this Journal, objects that the feature of serpent worship attributed to the former is certainly African. I consider, however, that this trait is a literary addition to the popular belief, resting on nothing better than the account of Saint-Méry, written a century ago. The manner in which this tale may have originated is easy to understand. In the European accounts, the Devil takes the form of a goat, ape, or lamb. In the Haytian, he is endowed with the shape of a snake, because that form was supposed to be natural to African negroes. However,

while cannibalism, licentiousness, etc., are universally ascribed to the alleged sect, I do not find that serpent worship is supposed to be part of their rites, except in the apocryphal narratives, which, like those above alluded to, seem to be merely repetitions of the French relation. Thus has invention the power to propagate itself by perpetual repetition, until it comes to be regarded as a matter of course, and furnishes its own evidence.

M. Gaidoz further remarks that tales of cannibalism, in connection with witchcraft, are common to many countries. This is undoubted; but there is a difference between the reports of such usages among savages, by whom the custom is really practised, as for example, among tribes of British Columbia, as related by Dr. Boas (vol. i. p. 49), and like reports in civilized lands, where such habits are at present mythical. It appears to me that the peculiar stamp of the Haytian tales indicates that they belong to the latter class. It is not supposed that negroes, being free of superstitions of their own, learned them from the whites, but simply that they so far changed their native beliefs as to adopt the particular form of belief respecting witchcraft which they found in vogue among the whites.

The actual occurrence of these crimes is indeed a question of evidence; but the possible mythical explanation renders it necessary to scrutinize evidence. Now the stories respecting the alleged sect are nothing but collections of popular beliefs, to which, as above stated, the collectors have probably added something of their own, which was never included in popular belief. The reports which diplomats in Hayti wrote to their governments are only based on such current rumors.

Whatever opinion may be entertained about the worship, which I consider as probably imaginary, there can be no doubt concerning the habitual practice, even at the present day in the United States, of sorcery under the name of Voodooism. In a subsequent article I shall give some account of the nature and extent of this practice.

Since the preceding paragraphs were written my attention has been called to a new story of Vaudoux excesses quite in the line of the tales, of which an account has been given in the first number of this Journal. According to a correspondent of the "*Allgemeine Zeitung*" of Munich, writing under date of Port-au-Prince, July 12, 1888, the recent fall of President Salomon was owing to the political influence of the Vaudoux priests. Two negroes had consulted a priest as to the manner in which they might become rich. The latter advised them to kill and eat their mother. This the pair proceeded to do, strangled the old woman, made a feast, and, with the addition of horrors not necessary to detail, devoured her. The criminals being denounced by one of the invited guests, the President

caused the priest and the two principals to be shot, the other cannibals going free. Hence the hostility to Salomon. The correspondent adds: "This incident is unfortunately not isolated in our beautiful country. Such cases occur every month, and you can imagine what a state of things exists."

Dr. W. Joest, of Berlin, being interested in researches of this sort, made inquiry of an acquaintance in Hayti, who for many years has occupied "a high German official position, and has become thoroughly acquainted with the country and the people." Dr. Joest communicates the answer to the "*Internationales Archiv für Ethnologie*" (vol. i. No. 6, p. 233), of which he is a collaborateur. His correspondent replies that the whole relation is *verlogenes Machwerk*; as we should say, made out of whole cloth. The fall of Salomon had nothing to do with the Vaudoux; the last Vaudoux process was the well-known trial of 1863, above alluded to. As the gentleman in question is a German, perhaps more regard will be paid to this denial than is usually vouchsafed to such contradictions, the common reply being that the Haytian officials are themselves in league with the alleged sect. It is difficult to endure without indignation the repetition of monstrous fables which are only echoes of mediæval superstition, and the result of which, unless the Haytians, however faulty, were in this respect wiser than their European critics, would be the judicial murder of hundreds of innocent persons.

Dr. Joest adds that remnants of heathenism still exist in Hayti, though he does not believe that the ceremonies are accompanied with cannibalism. On the other hand, the sacrifice of cocks and goats, according to him, is still in full vigor, and such nocturnal gatherings are held even in the immediate vicinity of Port-au-Prince. "To learn anything authentic respecting the particulars of this worship," he says, "is impossible, at least it has proved so to me."

It must be remembered, however, that in France similar nightly gatherings are still attributed to the *Vaudoué* (see vol. i. p. 19 of this Journal; also the "Gloss. du Morvan"). Very likely veritable remains of African worship may be, here and there, mixed up with the mythical Vaudoux ritual; but better evidence than popular report must be adduced to prove this. When it is considered how many confederates must be involved in the existence of a hierarchy and a worship, it seems extremely improbable that the supposed secret order of the Vaudoux rests on any basis of fact.

Within the last few weeks, the state of diplomatic relations between the United States and Hayti having called attention to the matter, reports similar to the German fiction above mentioned have abounded in American newspapers. For example, a correspondent of the New York "Tribune" writes from Port-au-Prince, December

30, 1888 : "Without law, life or property is unsafe in this section. Excesses of every kind are the rule. The horrid cannibalistic rites of Voodooism are revived, and reports reach this city of a meeting of several thousand Haytians Christmas night near Jacmel, and the sacrifice of a young girl and the greedy scramble for some portion of the half-cooked flesh."

The particulars of these relations contain nothing new or calculated to add force to the reports. The correspondent of the "Mail and Express" of New York, February 1, having interviewed a Protestant clergyman in Port-au-Prince, a person of color, said to be a bishop, communicates *in extenso* the account of the latter. Hayti contains 4,000 Protestants, 50,000 Catholics, the rest of the population follow Voodooism, with its cannibalistic rites. To describe these rites, the preacher can find nothing more original than to repeat the eternally echoing account of Saint-Méry. L'égitimé himself is in favor of this heathen religion. The remedy is for the American public to educate a few of the natives. It never seems to occur to the clergyman that a large proportion of the Roman Catholic priesthood of Hayti is educated in France. The correspondent's moral is that the United States ought to step in, and give Hayti a stable government. A day afterwards, the son of his informant publicly declared these stories fabulous !

It will be understood that the scepticism of the writer is based entirely on considerations of evidence. *A priori*, the frequency of cannibalism in Hayti, if true, would not be surprising, considering its prevalence in Africa. Neither would the existence of a religion, whose chief sacrament was based on the partaking of human flesh, be impossible, considering that such secret associations are reported to exist in some African states. The Folk-lore of Europe, from pre-Christian times to the present day, abounds in reference to the power of mystic rites, the validity of which consists in banqueting on human victims. It is very probable that such traditions are the survival of extensive prehistoric practice. But the negro, when brought in contact with whites, assimilates with amazing rapidity the ideas and beliefs of the latter. Whether cannibalism exists in Hayti is a question, not of presumption, but of testimony. Up to the present time, the nature of that testimony is such as to discredit the accusation. That intelligent and trustworthy persons thoroughly familiar with the island have been unable to discover any trace of cannibal or Voodooistic rites is in itself a very strong ground for believing that these have their seat only in the imagination of a credulous people, who are affected by ideas respecting witchcraft, in which remains of African belief strangely mingle with the mediæval European superstitions derived from French immigrants.

W. W. Newell.

POPULAR RIMES FROM MEXICO.

FOR the purpose of studying the few Indians remaining upon the banks of the lower Rio Grande in regard to their language and ethnographic peculiarities, I stayed a few days in Matamoros, a commercial town situated on the Mexican side of that sluggish water-course. Through the kindness of the American consul, Mr. Sutton, I obtained there a number of popular rimes, ditties, and satiric songs current among the people of Tamaulipas, the Mexican state in which the above town is situated. They show the originality, quaintness, and freshness inherent to most productions of the popular mind, and this prompted me to copy the large majority of them for publication and to add an intelligible English translation. Wherever a literal translation was not possible, paraphrasing had to be resorted to.

Tamaulipas and the adjacent states were settled at a later period than the central and southern parts of Mexico. The population mostly came from the south, and even now is not very dense. They brought their popular rimes with them, and what is found below may therefore be considered rather as Mexican than as Tamaulipas poetry. The disturbed condition of Mexican politics and the control of the priesthood over the public schools has considerably hampered the progress of education in the numerous states composing the Mexican confederacy, but better times are now apparently coming. The class of people which produces rimes like these is not of a poetical turn of mind, but sober and prosaic; from educated and college-bred Mexicans we can certainly expect productions of a higher degree.

It is a peculiarity of the Mexican dialect to add the diminutive ending *-ito*, *-ita*, to many nouns and adjectives, where it is perfectly superfluous, and where its use disagrees entirely with that of the literary Spanish. Thus we find it employed in *aguaita*, a small quantity of water; *mansito*, domesticated, when speaking of little or young animals, etc. Some instances of this will be found in the songs, wherever the speaker intends to use a peculiarly kindly or patronizing mode of expression.

Our rimes and ditties may be subdivided into five classes; the first two are sung after well-known, popular melodies.

- A. Satiric rimes and ditties.
- B. Nursery rimes.
- C. Erotic songs.
- D. Riddles and conundrums.
- E. Children's counting-out rimes.

A. SATIRIC RIMES.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Aura pelona
de buen parecer :
agarra la aguja
y ponte a coser
las enaguas de tu mujer ! | You bald-headed vulture,
how nice you appear !
get hold of a needle,
sit down and darn up
the gowns of your spouse ! |
| 2. Don Pedró se casó à noche,
y en la madrugada enviudó ;
en busca de su mujer
un malaco encontró. | At dusk Pedro got married,
and in the morning was a widower ;
when searching for his wife
nothing but hoops he found. |

This stricture upon a very inconsiderate marriage must have originated over thirty years ago, as hoops or "crinolines" of an uncommonly large size were then called malakoffs, in Spanish *malaco*, from the celebrated Malakoff tower of Sebastopol, taken during the Crimean War in 1855.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 3. Levantáte, Bartolito,
por vida de tú nobleza ;
no me hagas que me levante
y te rompa la cabeza. | Get up, get up, lazy Bartolo,
by the honor of your ancestors ;
if you cause me to run after you,
I shall smash your skull to pieces. |
| 4. Pobrecita de Elena,
con que lástima murió !
con tres tiros de pistola
que su marido le dió ! | Helena, O poorest creature !
how terrible was your death !
three times did his pistol fire
your own husband at yourself. |
| 5. Bonito Matamoros
vamos, y lo verás
rodeado de fortines,
y en medio Nicolas.
Colas, Colas,
Colas y Nicolas !
ya no me mando sola,
me manda Nicolas. | Goody town of Matamoros,
let us go there, you will find it
all entrenched and battlemented,
Nicolas sitting in the centre.
Colas, Colas,
Colas and Nicolas.
I the town I do not rule myself,
Nicolas is the real ruler. |

Matamoros is surrounded by a line of small forts on the landside, which are in a rather decayed state at the present time. The above song is sung by the wives of soldiers, who accompany Mexican troops in large numbers, as they have to provide for their nourishment in times of peace and war. Women fulfilled the same office in Mexican armies as early as the epoch of Montézuma and Cortés. Who this Nicolas or Colas was is not known at present ; perhaps an officer or a common soldier.

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|--|---|
| 6. La pata de Santa Ana
la llevan a enterrar ;
con pitos y tambores
la van a acompañar. | The leg of Santa Anna
they carry it off for burial ;
with pipes and drums
the pageant is attended. |
|--|---|

When in 1837 a French fleet besieged Vera Cruz, a cannon ball struck the leg of President Santa Anna, who acted as general in defending the city, and attacked with a small body of soldiers the Frenchmen retreating to their vessels. The leg had to be amputated and was buried at the capital with great display of pomp and festivity. Later on, during a revolt against the government, the populace went in search of this "sacred" relic of a warlike deed, took it out of its place of interment, and threw it upon a dunghill. The term *pata* or *paw* stands for *pierna*, *leg*, and belongs to the vulgar dialect.

7. Secreto de dos
solo Dios ;
secreto de tres
secreto no es.

A secret among two
is possible with God only ;
a secret among three
is no longer a secret.

B. NURSERY RIMES.

8. Allá está la luna
comiendo su tuna,
y echando las cáscaras
en la laguna.

Yonder hangs the moon
eating an orange,
and throwing the peeling
into the lake.

Tuna is properly the fig of the cactus-tree ; but this fruit has no rind, and therefore I have inserted *orange* into the English version.

9. "Señora Santa Ana,
porque llora el niño ?"
"Por una manzana
que se le ha perdido."

"Mistress Santa Anna,
why does the child weep ?"
"On account of an apple,
which it has lost."

"Manzanita de oro,
si yo te hallará,
se la diera al niño
para que callará.

"Little golden apple,
should I discover you,
I would give you to the child
to keep it quiet.

"Vamos à la huerta,
cortaremos dos,
una para el niño
y otra para Dios."

"To the garden we go,
two apples we gather,
one for the baby,
the other for God."

C. EROTIC SONGS.

10. Chiquitita enlutadita,
dime : quién se te murió ?
si se te murió tu amante
no llores, que aquí estoy yo.

Maid, bedecked with blackest mourning,
let me know : whom did you lose ?
if thy lover has gone forever,
weep not ! I will take his place.

11. Cojito si,
cojito no ;
asi cojito
lo quiero yo.

Yes, I think,
no, I think ;
the way I think him
so I want to have him.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 12. Naranja dulce,
limon partido;
dame un abrazo,
que yo te pido. | Sweet orange,
divided lemon;
give me a kiss,
that I request you. |
| 13. Allí viene el cojo
por la ventana,
haciendole señas
a Doña Juana. | Now the limpy
seeks the window,
comes and beckons
to his sweetheart. |

D. RIDDLES AND CONUNDRUMS.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 14. Chito, chito ; que en el monte grita,
y en su casa está calladita ?
qué es ? (El hacha.) | Hush, hush ! what thing makes noise in
the woods,
but is quiet in his home ?
what is it ? (The axe.) |
| 15. Blanca de casa salí,
en el campo enverdecí,
y blanca a casa volví
qué es ? (El maíz.) | White I left my house,
green I turned on the field,
white I returned home ;
what is it ? (Indian corn.) |
| 16. Fué á la plaza,
compré de ella,
vine á mi casa,
y lloré con ella. (La cebolla.) | I went to market,
and bought of it,
I returned home
and wept with it. (The onion.) |
| 17. Largo, largo,
y muy amartillado ;
qué es ? (El camino.) | Broad, wide,
and constantly pounded ;
what is it ? (The road.) |
| 18. Tres aguilillas volando,
tres tiradores tirando,
cada uno mato la suya,
y tres se fueron volando.
(Las balas.) | Three eaglets are flying,
three hunters are firing,
each one kills his game,
though three flew away.
(The balls.) |
| 19. Mas chiquita che una pulga,
y mas fuerte que una mula ?
(La pólvora.) | What is smaller than a flea,
and stronger than a mule ?
(Gunpowder.) |
| 20. Chiquitita como un arador,
y sube a la mesa del emperador.
(La sal.) | Though tiny as a maggot,
it gets upon the emperor's table.
(Salt.) |
| 21. Redondito, redondon
sino tapo ni tapon. (El anillo.) | Round it is, rounded,
has no cover nor stopper. (The ring.) |
| 22. Oro no es, plata no es,
pues qué es ? (No-es : nuez.) | It is not gold, it is not silver ;
what is it then ? (No es : the nut.) |

A play of words between *no es* "it is not" and *nuez* "nut."

- | | |
|---|---|
| 23. Tilin, Tilin está colgando,
Tolon, Tolon lo está mirando;
si Tilin, Tilin se cayera,
Tolon, Tolon se lo comiera. | Tilin, Tilin is suspended,
Tolon, Tolon looks at it;
should Tilin, Tilin fall down,
Tolon, Tolon would eat it.
(Fly and spider ?) |
|---|---|

E. COUNTING-OUT RIMES.

24. Una dedena cadena
zumbaca tabaca
de vidrio vidrión;
que cuenta las horas,
que dice que son.

25. Pin, marin, de don, pingué,
cúcara, macara, pipiré fué.

Both rimes are composed of unmeaning terms.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 26. A la rueda del garbanzo

el que caiga es burro manso. | Who falls into the circle of the chick-peas
is a tame donkey. |
| 27. Este era un gato
con los piés de trapo,
y los ojos al revés;
quieres que te lo cuente
otra vez ? | This was a cat
with feet of rags
and eyes awry;
do you wish to be counted
over again ? |
| 28. La gallina papujada
puso un huevo en el arado,
puso dos, puso tres
puso quatro, puso cinco,
puso seis, puso siete,
puso ocho — tapa coho. | An overfed hen
laid an egg upon the plow,
laid two, laid three,
laid four, laid five,
laid six, laid seven,
laid eight, then closed the lid. |
| 29. Madre y hija fuéron à misa,
se encontraron à un Francés;
y el Francés le dijo à la hija:
"que contara diez y seis." | Mother and daughter went to the mess,
both met a Frenchman;
the Frenchman says to the daughter:
"Count up to sixteen." |

The last line of this rime implies, that the four lines have to be recited while another counts sixteen; this makes *four* to each line.

The two satiric songs below were sent to me after the above collection had been set up in type. Readers will therefore consider them as belonging to the *Satiric Rimes*, inserted after No. 7, and be mindful of the fact, that the first of these supplementary rimes is but the fragment of a series of verses. It is supposed to be addressed to a lady importuned by some dudish admirer and runs as follows:—

Si llegó un burro flaco
à tu ventana,
trátelo con cariño,
que es mi retrato ;
a chinita que sí,
a chinita que no.

When a lean donkey
comes to your window,
treat him lovingly,
for he is my portrait ;
curly-haired love, yes,
curly-haired love, no.

Diablo que anda en Castilla,
con vuelillos y golilla,
con vuelillos y golilla,
quién será ? quién será ?
Jesu Cristo ! que fracaso !
yà está aquí ; dejadle paso,
dejadle paso.

The devil who travels through Spain,
with cuffs on and ruffled collar,
with cuffs on and ruffled collar,
who may he be ?
By Jesus ! what a portent !
Here he is ! let him go in peace,
let him pass gently.
Albert S. Gatschet.

Rhyme, rime. The latter spelling of this word, as etymologically the true form (see the etymological dictionaries), is preferred by our *collaborateur*, as by several modern writers. The case seems to be one in which liberty of choice may reasonably be demanded. — GEN. ED.

LEGENDS OF THE CHEROKEES.

AMONG the Western Cherokees, in the Indian Territory, many ancient songs and legends are still preserved, handed down by verbal tradition, from generation to generation. Many of these traditions are scarcely known, even in name, to the half breeds, but among the old full bloods, still attached to the mountains and forests of their long-lost home, they survive in memory. The subjects of these songs and legends are generally deeds of heroes, and love. Others have a religious character.

During the long winter nights, while the Indians are gathered round the hearth fire of their houses, the voice of the story-teller is heard until late in the quiet night, for however often he has heard them related, the Indian is always willing to listen to tales of the days of yore.

But with the full blood Cherokees, these legends and traditions will pass away forever, unless they are saved from oblivion by some lover of Indian folk-lore ; and soon, or it will be too late.

During a visit to the Western Cherokees, in the autumn of 1883, I obtained a few of these legends. My informant was a prominent Cherokee of mixed blood, by the name of William Eubanks, at the time senator at Tahlequah.

THE STONE-SHIELDS.

In ancient times there lived among the Cherokees two strange beings, — monsters of human form, resembling Cherokees in appearance. These two monsters, a man and a woman, lived in a cave. They were called *Nayunu'wi* (Stone-shields, or Stone-jackets),¹ or *Uilata* (sharp, pointed), because they had sharp-pointed steel (?) hands.

These monsters killed children, and sometimes adults. As they dressed like Cherokees, and spoke their language, it was difficult to distinguish them from this people.

The man generally killed hunters and other people who were alone and far from home, by attacking them. The woman used tricks to procure her victims. She came to the houses, kindly offering her services, offering to nurse children, and do similar things.

As soon as she had a child in her arms, she ran away with it, until she was out of hearing, and pierced the brain of the child with her steel hand, then took the liver from the body and disappeared. The *Nayunu'wi* appear to have lived on the livers of their victims.

The older Cherokees, long tired of the ravages of these monsters, held a council to determine the best way of killing the *Uilata*. At last they resolved to kill them with arrows, not knowing that the *Uilata* were stone clad. As soon as they saw an opportunity to attack the woman, they shot their arrows at her with all their might, but they were very much astonished to see that the arrows did not take the slightest effect.

Then a topknot-bird, which was perched on the branch of a tree close by, said to the warriors: "In the heart, in the heart!"

The Cherokees shot their arrows at the spot where they supposed the heart to be, but no better than before did they succeed in killing the monster.

At last a jay appeared, and said to the warriors: "In the hand, in the hand!"

They shot the monster's hand, and it dropped dead. At the moment it fell its stone jacket broke into pieces. The people gathered the fragments, and kept them as sacred amulets, for luck in war, in hunting, and in love.

The man-monster disappeared; according to tradition, it went north.

¹ A tradition of the Tuscarora Indians also speaks of monsters in human form, man-eaters with a stone-clad skin. They were called Stone giants, (*Oi-ne-a-yar-heh*). See E. Johnson, *Legends, etc., of the Iroquois and History of the Tuscarora Indians*, Lockport, N. Y., 1881, pp. 55, 56.

The Cherokees possess also a legend about flying monsters, having the form of falcons. These caught and killed especially children. They were slain by a brave man, whose little and only son had been captured by them. He followed them to their cave, where they kept their young, and killed the latter. Thereafter the old falcons disappeared forever.

THE HORNED SNAKES.

In ancient times there lived great snakes, glittering as the sun, and having two horns on the head. To see one of these snakes was certain death. They possessed such power of fascination, that whoever tried to make his escape, ran toward the snake and was devoured.

Only great hunters who had made medicine especially for this purpose could kill these snakes. It was always necessary to shoot them in the seventh stripe of their skins.

The last of these snakes was killed by a Shawnee Indian, who was a prisoner among the Cherokees. They had promised him freedom if he could find and kill the snake.

He hunted for the snake during several days, in caves, and over wild mountains, and found it at last high up on the mountains of Tennessee.

The Shawnee kindled a great fire of pine cones, in the form of a large circle, and then walked up to the snake.

As soon as it saw the hunter, the snake slowly raised its head, but the Shawnee shouted, "Freedom or death!" and shot his arrow through the seventh stripe of the snake's skin; then turning quickly, he jumped within the circle of the fire, where he was safe. At this moment a stream of poison poured down from the mouth of the snake, but the fire stopped it. So the Shawnee had regained his liberty.

Four days afterwards the Cherokees went to the spot where the snake had been killed, and gathered fragments of bone and scales of the snake's skin. These they kept carefully, as they believed the pieces would bring them good luck in love, the chase, and war.

On the spot where the snake had been killed, a lake formed, the water of which was black. In the water of this lake the Cherokee women used to dip the twigs with which they made their baskets.

Dr. H. ten Kate.

EUROPEAN FOLK-LORE IN THE UNITED STATES.

THERE is a great deal of folk-lore in the United States, derived from nearly every country in Europe, and belonging to four out of the seven great divisions of the Aryan race: Keltic, Teutonic, Slav, and Latin.

The Keltic and Teutonic divisions are more important, for they are many times larger than the others, and are more accessible to the collector. Kelts and Teutons formed a part of the colonial population of our country, and have been increased by an immigration almost uninterrupted, from the end of the War of Independence to the present day. They are consequently very numerous, and possess much of the material sought for by the Folk-Lore Society. The labors of Dr. Hoffman among Pennsylvanians of German descent and Mr. Mooney's investigations in the field of mythologic medicine among the Irish in Washington and Indiana are sufficient proofs of this.

The Slavs, however, should not be neglected, for the Czechs (Bohemians) and Poles are quite respectable in numbers. The Czechs have a score of newspapers in the United States, and the Poles half as many at least. Both are possessed of a good stock of ancient and interesting beliefs, commonly called superstitions. Especially fortunate are the Poles in this regard, and as a good number of them have congregated in three or four places in the country, they are quite accessible. The proper person would find plenty of folk-lore among them. Buffalo, Chicago, and Milwaukee are the great Polish centres. There are many Czechs in New York and the northern line of large cities, but in particular Chicago, where there are Czech clubs, newspapers, societies, and a very good collection of Czech books in the public library.

The Latin division is represented in Louisiana, while outside the borders of the United States there is a rich field in Canada.

The great point is to take note of curious beliefs and stories whenever we come upon them. I have found folk-lore in a dozen States from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The following is an extract from some notes taken in Washington. An old Irish woman told me the story of Mark Flaherty.

There was a man named Mark Flaherty, who took a horse to pasture one evening after sunset. He drove to the middle of the field, and while taking the bridle from the horse's head felt the presence of some one behind, just near his shoulder, and heard a voice calling to him. The moment he let the horse go, he turned to see who was speaking. No one! Mark was astonished, for the field was smooth,

not a clump of bushes nor a stone in it from one end to the other. There was no hiding-place, yet not a soul was to be seen. The "owner of the voice" had disappeared as if the ground had swallowed him.

After waiting a moment, Mark turned to go home, but with the first step he heard a great noise, as if from the flapping of sails and the whistling of wind through the rigging of a great ship in a storm. Mark looked around on every side; there was n't a living creature in the field barring the horse and himself. The noise was from an unseen power.

Filled with terror, and thinking that his last hour had come, he hurried home, but the noise continued till he entered the house. Mark could hardly breathe; he went to bed but could not sleep, something oppressed him with a weight like that of a heavy man, but no man was there. All night he lay awake, covered with a cold sweat, and in mortal terror from some enemy near at hand.

Next morning his hair was perfectly white, though brown the day before. After that evening in the pasture, whenever Mark was out of doors after sunset, he always heard a voice, and saw a man stealing after him, but when he turned straight on this man he disappeared.

Mark was so troubled by this, that he stopped going out after sunset; he lost his health, and soon was nothing but skin and bone. At the end of three years, when Mark was at death's door, an old beggar came to his house, and said:—

"You must go to the bees, and get honey, enough to anoint yourself from the crown of your head to the sole of your feet. You must leave no part untouched, and you must rub it in well. You must get the first honey of young bees, and get it yourself, for it will not have the power if another gets it for you. The bees go to every flower in the world, and take the good that is in it out of it, and the honey has the virtue of them all; it will cure you and bring back the color to your hair and your face."

Mark got the honey, and spent all one evening in rubbing himself carefully from head to foot, leaving no part untouched. Next morning he was as well as ever, and his hair as brown as it was on the evening he drove the horse to pasture.

Mark heard no more voices, and was never again dogged by the twilight spy.

The woman who told this story declared that she knew Mark Flaherty before the evening of the voice, when his hair was brown; saw him a couple of days later, when it was white; and again after the honey cure when it was brown a second time.

I told the story of Mark Flaherty to an old man of Capitol Hill,

Washington, who listened attentively and with apparent interest but on hearing the conclusion said he could not believe it. He comforted me, however, by saying that he could tell of something which really took place in his own neighborhood at home (in Ireland).

One of his acquaintances died and was buried on the following Sunday. While the funeral procession was on the way to the churchyard two of the mourners, both friends of the narrator, saw the ghost of the dead man playing ball in a field by the wayside. They said nothing at the time but followed on and saw the coffin lowered and covered up in the ground. When the funeral was over they told what they had seen. On the following Sunday the two who had seen the dead man playing ball were buried themselves.

Even in New England curious and interesting material may be found among old people descended from the English colonial settlers. About five years ago an old lady told me that fifty-five years before our conversation the heart of a man was burned on Woodstock Green, Vermont. The man had died of consumption six months before and his body buried in the ground. A brother of the deceased fell ill soon after, and in a short time it appeared that he too had consumption; when this became known the family determined at once to disinter the body of the dead man and examine his heart. They did so, found the heart undecayed, and containing liquid blood. Then they reinterred the body, took the heart to the middle of Woodstock Green, where they kindled a fire under an iron pot, in which they placed the heart, and burned it to ashes.

The old lady who told me this was living in Woodstock at the time, and said she saw the disinterment and the burning with her own eyes.

The same old lady said that her uncle, a physician of good standing and repute, was present, with other physicians, at the opening of a grave in the town of Malone, New York. The reason of the opening was as follows: A "bone auger" had been observed making its way through one of the grave mounds in the church-yard, increasing in height day by day. At length it was determined to dig down and trace this auger to its origin. They dug through the earth to the coffin below, the auger had bored its way through the coffin lid. The lid was removed, and the people found that the "bone auger" was growing out of the heart of a man buried some time before.

These two cases are remarkable enough. The first is a peculiar kind of vampirism quite worthy of some Oriental country. The old lady informed me that the belief was quite common when she was a girl, about seventy-five years ago, that if a person died of consumption and one of the family, that is, a brother or sister, or the father

or mother, was attacked soon after, people thought the attack came from the deceased. They opened the grave at once and examined the heart; if bloodless and decaying, the disease was supposed to be from some other cause, and the heart was restored to its body; but if the heart was fresh and contained liquid blood, it was feeding on the life of the sick person. In all such cases they burned the heart to ashes in a pot, as on Woodstock Green.

Jeremiah Curtin.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

ENGLISH FOLK-TALES IN AMERICA.

II.

JOHNNY-CAKE.

WHEN I was a little girl, in Northern Ohio, the following story of Johnny-cake was often told to me as well as to my sister and brothers. I never heard it elsewhere,¹ and I give it just as nearly as I can in the very words in which my grandfather and my aunts used to tell it to us children, thirty years ago. The chorus of the tale, if I may so call Johnny-cake's answer to the various ones whom he encounters in his wild race, was repeated to us in a sort of hoarse chant and, I remember, gave the impression of being loudly and tauntingly called back to the listener, by the rapidly vanishing Johnny-cake. The final word, too, of this chorus, was always pronounced very slowly, in a specially loud tone. At the climax, when the sly fox grabs the unsuspecting Johnny-cake, the narrator would make a spring at the rapt listeners to the tale and scream OH ! so as to make the children jump. If a very young child was the one to be amused, perhaps he would be caught up in the arms of the storyteller. Even when we had often heard the story of Johnny-cake the harmless scare, although expected, was ever new, and if some child to whom our story was unknown was for the first time present, our attention would be so divided between listening to the story and watching to see our little comrade start, that we were pretty sure to lose guard over ourselves and we too would involuntarily jump and laugh in concert.

Once upon a time, there was an old man, and an old woman, and a little boy. One morning the old woman made a Johnny-cake and put it in the oven to bake. And she said to the little boy, "You watch the Johnny-cake while your father and I go out to work in the garden." So the old man and old woman went out and began to hoe potatoes and left the little boy to tend the oven. But he did n't watch it all the time, and all of a sudden he heard a noise and he looked up and the oven-door popped open, and out of the oven jumped Johnny-cake and went rolling along, end over end, towards the open door of the house. The little boy ran to shut the door, but Johnny-cake was too quick for him and rolled through the door, down the steps, and out into the road, long before the little boy could catch him. The little boy ran after him as fast as he could

¹ Since I have prepared this nursery tale for print, I have learned that in *St. Nicholas*, for May, 1875, there appeared a very different version of the story under the title of "The Gingerbread Boy."

clip it, crying out to his father and mother, who heard the uproar and threw down their hoes and gave chase too. But Johnny-cake outran all three a long way and soon was out of sight, while they had to sit down, all out of breath, on a bank to rest.

On went Johnny-cake, and by and by he came to two well-diggers, who looked up from their work and called out : "Where ye going, Johnny-cake?"

He said : "I've outrun an old man, and an old woman, and a little boy, and I can outrun you too-o-o!"

"Ye can, can ye? we'll see about that!" said they, and they threw down their picks and ran after him, but they could n't catch up with him, and soon they had to sit down by the roadside to rest.

On ran Johnny-cake, and by and by he came to two ditch-diggers, who were digging a ditch. "Where ye going, Johnny-cake?" said they.

He said : "I've outrun an old man, and an old woman, and a little boy, and two well-diggers, and I can outrun you too-o-o!"

"Ye can, can ye? we'll see about that!" said they, and they threw down their spades, and ran after him too. But Johnny-cake soon outstripped them also, and seeing they could never catch him they gave up the chase and sat down to rest.

On went Johnny-cake, and by and by he came to a bear. The bear said : "Where ye going, Johnny-cake?"

He said : "I've outrun an old man, and an old woman, and a little boy, and two well-diggers, and two ditch-diggers, and I can outrun you too-o-o!"

"Ye can, can ye?" growled the bear; "we'll see about that!" and trotted as fast as his legs could carry him after Johnny-cake, who never stopped to look behind him. Before long the bear was left so far behind that he saw he might as well give up the hunt first as last, so he stretched himself out by the roadside to rest.

On went Johnny-cake, and by and by he came to a wolf. The wolf said : "Where ye going, Johnny-cake?"

He said : "I've outrun an old man, and an old woman, and a little boy, and two well-diggers, and two ditch-diggers, and a bear, and I can outrun you too-o-o!"

"Ye can, can ye?" snarled the wolf; "we'll see about that!" and he set into a gallop after Johnny-cake, who went on and on so fast that the wolf, too, saw there was no hope of catching him and lay down to rest.

On went Johnny-cake, and by and by he came to a fox that lay quietly in a corner of the fence. The fox called out in a sharp voice, but without getting up : "Where ye going, Johnny-cake?"

He said : "I've outrun an old man, and an old woman, and a

little boy, and two well-diggers, and two ditch-diggers, and a bear, and a wolf, and I can outrun you too-o-o !”

The fox said : “I can’t quite hear you, Johnny-cake, won’t you come a leetle closer ?” turning his head a little to one side.

Johnny-cake stopped his race, for the first time, and went a little closer and called out in a very loud voice : “*I’ve outrun an old man, and an old woman, and a little boy, and two well-diggers, and two ditch-diggers, and a bear, and a wolf, and I can outrun you too-o-o !*”

“Can’t quite hear you ; won’t you come a leetle closer ?” said the fox in a feeble voice, and he stretched out his neck towards Johnny-cake and put one paw behind his ear.

Johnny-cake came up close, and leaning towards the fox screamed louder than before : “I’VE OUTFRAN AN OLD MAN, AND AN OLD WOMAN, AND A LITTLE BOY, AND TWO WELL-DIGGERS, AND TWO DITCH-DIGGERS, AND A BEAR, AND A WOLF, AND I CAN OUTFRAN YOU TOO-O-O !”

“You can, can you ?” yelled the fox, and he snapped up Mr. Johnny-cake in his sharp teeth in the twinkling of an eye.

Fanny D. Bergen.

In the version printed in “St. Nicholas,” above referred to, the old woman, who is childless, bakes her gingerbread in the shape of a little boy. When she opens the oven door to see if the cake is done, the “Little Gingerbread Boy” jumps out, and runs away, pursued by the aged couple. The Gingerbread Boy outruns them, and also threshers, mowers, a pig, and a cow, but is finally caught by the fox, for “foxes can run very fast.” The challenges which he addresses to the men or animals whom he successively passes in his wild flight are rhythmical, ending with his defiance of the fox : —

I’ve run away from a little old woman,
A little old man,
A barn full of threshers,
A field full of mowers,
A cow and a pig,
And I can run away from you, I can !

No version of this nursery tale is known to have been recorded in England. But R. Chambers, in the “Popular Rhymes of Scotland” (London, 1870, pp. 82–87), gives three variants in Scotch dialect. Instead of “Johnny-Cake” or “The Gingerbread Boy,” it is the “Wee Bannock” (dialectically Bunnock) which figures in the race. The first form of the story is the most characteristic. Two oatmeal bannocks, after having been baked, are set at the fire to harden. The “auld man,” coming in, takes up one, and snaps it through the middle. The bannock, terrified by the fate of its comrade, “rins off” as fast as it can, and the point of the tale consists in the vain efforts of the fugitive to find shelter. It visits one after another, tailors, weavers, millers, and smiths, but is everywhere alarmed by

significant invitations. The miller, for example, who is sifting meal, remarks, as the Bannock runs into the mill: "Ay, it's a sign of plenty when ye 're rinning about, and naeboddy to look after ye. But I like a bunnock and cheese. Come your wa's ben, and I'll gie ye a night's quarters." The association with cheese is too much for the Bannock, who incontinently departs, but finds no safety, until at nightfall, being unable to see clearly, it goes into the hole of a "tod" (fox), who has had nothing to eat for two days. "O welcome, welcome," cries the fox, and at once seizes it. The story has a moral: the weans are not to be "owre lifted up," nor "owre sair cuisten down" (cast down); for the folk were all cheated, and the poor fox got the bannock.

The second version has characters similar to those in our variant, "well-washers," "barn-threshers," and "dyke-diggers," with a rhyme nearly identical with the second American form.

I fore-ran,
A wee wee wife and a wee wee man, etc.
A wee-wee pot and a wee-wee pan,
And sae will I you an I can.

The third Scotch story, on the other hand, deals entirely with animals, and has a humorous ending, the fox undertaking to carry the bannock over the burn, and improving the occasion to indulge in shy bites.

It is not to be imagined that the American nursery-tale is derived from a Scotch form; on the contrary, it represents an old English narrative.

An expression in the beginning of the "Little Gingerbread Boy" is to be noted: "There was once a little old man and a little old woman, who lived in a little old house in the edge of a wood." Similarly, in the tale given in the last number (vol. i. p. 229), occurs the phrase, "A log cabin in the edge of a woods." The quaint expression, genuinely English, refers to a time when the hamlets of England were surrounded by forests, where fairies might be met, and which were the scene of romantic adventures.

WASTE-BASKET OF WORDS.

BUTTERMUNK. — Bittern. South Berwick, Me. "Moäst loike a butter-bump." Tennyson, "Northern Farmer." — *W. A. Hayes, Cambridge, Mass.*

COAST (see No. 1, p. 78). — The word was common in my boyhood, — passed in Wayne and neighboring counties of New York State, — though the sense was usually the riding over fences, etc., upon the hard crust formed upon the surface of snow. "Sliding down hill" was the term assigned to riding in or upon the highway. No one taught us the distinctions, yet they were generally observed. The people were second and third generations from New England. — *A. S. Roe, Worcester, Mass.* — The word appears to have been a local term of the neighborhood of Boston. — *W. W. Newell.* — In Canada (Toronto) *slide* or *ride* is said to be the common term, though *coast* is sometimes heard. — *A. F. Chamberlain, Toronto.*

DIDDLEDEES. — This seems a curious instance of a strictly local word. At Hyannis, in my boyhood, it was the universal name for the fallen pine-needles that carpet the ground in the woods. They were gathered by the cart-load, and largely used for kindlings. I never heard the word outside the village, and persons in adjacent towns did not know what it meant. — *Sylvester Baxter, Boston, Mass.*

DREEN (see No. 1, p. 78). — To this day, in Wayne County, N. Y., this form is more common than *drain*, both as noun and verb. — *A. S. Roe.*

GAS. — This word, considered as slang, has not been accepted by lexicographers. In the United States it is much used in the sense of idle talk, windy eloquence, — a signification influenced by a supposed derivation from *gas*, air; as we say *gas-bag*. But an older meaning of our word is *boast*, or brag. "That is all *gas*," it's nothing but bombast; a *gassy* man, one who boasts of his prowess; "none of your *gassing*," none of your nonsense. In England the use is more idiomatic. Holten, in his "Slang Dictionary," London, 1874, has: "GAS, to give off superfluous conceit, to bounce or brag; 'his game is GAS.' To give a person GAS is to scold him or give him a good beating; synonymous with 'to give him Jessie.'" The word doubtless comes from the mediæval French *gab*, *gas*, mockery, raillery. "Ce n'est pas *gas*," it is not a joke. It is also used in the sense of insult or derision: to say *gas* to any one; "children will give you *gas*," will mock you, as a blind man in the street (Godefroi, Dict.). Hence the English word, which has nothing to do with *gas*, an aeriform fluid, a word made up by Von Helmont in the seventeenth century. — *W. W. Newell.*

TO-NOON. — In my boyhood, at Hyannis, Cape Cod, it was common to say *to-noon* in the same sense in which *to-night* is used. For instance, "Where are you going *to-noon*?" I remember the astonishment expressed by some friends from Boston at my using it, and that was the first time I learned that the word was not as correct as *to-night*. That was in 1865 or 1866, and I do not know whether the expression is still in use in that part of the world. — *Sylvester Baxter.*

FOLK-LORE SCRAP-BOOK.

DAKOTA LEGEND.—"The Messenger," of Worcester, Mass., July 28, 1888, contains what purports to be a Dakota legend of the Creation, ultimately derived from a missionary, Father Bushman. It exhibits a mixture of the teaching of the priest with Indian myth. If any part of the story is not free invention on the part of the Indian narrator, but of genuine Dakota origin, it may be suspected that it formed part of the myth of some Bear gens, and not of the whole Dakota nation.

According to this narrative, among beings created by the Great Spirit, the most perfect were bears. There were two bears living together, an elder and a younger brother. The elder persecuted his weaker brother, and took away from him his share of the wild plums on which they fed. The Great Spirit took pity on the younger brother, and promised him that if he ceased crying he would make him his brother's master. The younger ceased weeping, and fell asleep; on which the Great Spirit changed him into a man, and also took a bone from his fore-arm, out of which he made a female helpmate like himself. As the little bear was told by the Great Spirit not to cry, Indians do not shed tears. When the little bear, having become a man, saw his helpmate, he rushed to embrace her, but the Great Spirit forbade it as immodest; wherefore Indians never caress their wives in public. The Great Spirit now told the younger brother to walk on two feet in order to show his superiority, and at the same time forbade him and his mate to eat plums, which had been the cause of the original trouble. The elder brother, seeing his brother's beauty and upright walk, became jealous, and attempted to beat him, but found the latter his superior in force. Therefore, he resorted to artifice, picked some fine plums, and offered them to his brother, who declined, pleading the prohibition of the Great Spirit. The bear now went to the female, and showed her the fruit; when she was told that her husband had formerly partaken of the fruit, she accepted it. On account of this disobedience, the Great Spirit made her the slave of her husband. He also drove the bear into the mountains, and forbade him in future to associate with mankind.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

At a late meeting of the Council of the Folk-Lore Society, London, much interest was expressed in the advance of the study of Folk-Lore in the United States, and the Honorary Secretary was deputed to express the satisfaction felt by the Council in the progress of the American Society. The Folk-Lore Society, established in 1878, was the first of the European organizations of the sort; and, as was stated in the first number of this Journal, must be regarded, in an especial sense, as standing in a parental relation to the American Folk-Lore Society.

17- MR. JOSEPH LA FLESCHÉ, of the Omaha Tribe of Indians, who, in the first article of this number, gives an account of the funeral customs of his people, is a son of Francis La Flesché, whose remarkable life is noticed on page 11. Mr. La Flesché, following his father's footsteps, is actively interested in preserving the traditions of his tribe, and is now assisting Miss Alice C. Fletcher in her work of collecting and transcribing Omaha songs. Between one and two hundred songs have been obtained from native singers, and the music noted, which, having been repeated to Indians of the tribe, has been recognized and pronounced correct. The work upon this has led (as we are informed) to many interesting discoveries concerning time, rhythm, pitch, and melody, as well as the scale. The material includes sacred and secular songs, songs of love, war, of death, of derision, and of triumph, and songs devoted to religious ceremonies. This work is the product of the labor of six years. To these must be added songs of other tribes, and of societies kindred to the Omahas, which offer interesting comparisons.

An account of the sacred pole, and of the tradition given to its keepers, has been secured, as well as a detailed account of all the ceremonies connected with it, and their bearing upon tribal autonomy. A full statement has also been obtained of all the forms indispensable in order to gain admission into the inner circle of chiefs, and those connected with the sacred pole and pack, which have never before been fully recorded. These, together with other rites and ceremonies, will render the forthcoming monograph a complete picture of the life of the people.

BRIDES DANCING BAREFOOT. [See vol. i. p. 235.]—I am indebted to B. W. Green, Esq., of Norfolk, Va., for calling my attention to a passage in Grose's little work on "Popular Superstitions," appended to his "Provincial Glossary," which explains the practice of dancing barefoot at weddings. Grose says (2d ed. 1790, p. 45): "If in a family the youngest daughter should be married before her elder sisters, they must all dance at her wedding without shoes; this will counteract their ill-luck, and procure them husbands." It is, therefore, evident that, in the passage cited by me, it was not as a bride that Sally was to have danced barefoot; but that the younger sister had expected to be a bride first, and to see the elder sister perform that act of self-humiliation. — *T. W. H., Cambridge, Mass.*

To this citation may be added the following:—

"It is an old Shropshire custom, kept up in humble life, that if a younger sister should be married before her elders, the latter must dance at the wedding in their 'stocking-feet.' This was actually done at a wedding at Hodnet in 1881. And in the same year a maid-servant, who omitted to do so at a younger sister's wedding, was thus accosted by her aunt, who met her accidentally in the town of Wellington next day. 'So I hear you didna dance barfut! I'm ashamed of you. If I'd a been there I'd 'a made you do it.'" — *Shropshire Folk-Lore*, ed. by C. F. Burne, London, 1883, p. 291.

The editor further quotes from Chambers' "Book of Days," to the effect

that if the younger sister marries before the elder one, the elder must dance in the hog's trough. The practice was actually kept up in Shropshire. Perhaps the dancing in a copper kettle mentioned by Mr. Higginson (vol. i. p. 235), and which occurred in some Western State, was a more elegant form of the same practice.

CHEROKEE AND IROQUOIS PARALLELS. — In the third number of the Journal I find several interesting points of correspondence between the Cherokees and the more northern Iroquois and Hurons. The agreement is all the more remarkable from the fact that it is only recently that the Cherokees have been proven to be of the same stock as the other tribes named, from whom they are separated by a distance of about eight hundred miles. In the Huron account of the creation, as given by Mr. Hale, corn, beans, and pumpkins are said to have sprung from the body of the first woman, whose death resulted from the birth of one of her twin sons. This is almost identical with the incident in the Cherokee story of "Kanati and Selu," published by the writer in the second number of the Journal. In this story two brothers, one of whom is especially active and malignant, kill their mother, cut off her head, and drag the lifeless body over the ground, and corn springs up wherever her blood drops upon the earth. One of the brothers in the Huron story is Tawiskarong, "meaning flinty, or flint-like." This name would be at once understood by a Cherokee, and its mention would probably provoke a smile at the recollection of one of their most popular myths. Tawiskalû (or Tawiskarû in the lower dialect) is one of the mythologic heroes of the Cherokees, but is finally worsted by the rabbit and *blown to pieces*, which accounts for the fact that fragments of flint are still found scattered about everywhere. Tawiskalû is invoked by the Cherokee shamans in many of their secret formulas.

In Smith's paper on Iroquois witchcraft he mentions the fact that the tobacco used on ceremonial occasions "is not the ordinary tobacco of commerce, but the original tobacco of the Iroquois, which they still cultivate for that purpose." On page 196 Beauchamp refers to the same fact, and identifies the plant as *Nicotiana rustica*, called by the Onondagas the "real tobacco." In most of the formulas against witches, and in many of their medical prescriptions, the Cherokee shamans use *tsâlû gâyd'nî*, or "old tobacco," which, from specimens furnished him, Professor Ward of the Smithsonian identifies as the same plant used by the Onondagas, as stated by Beauchamp. The adjectives were probably added to the name after the Indians had become acquainted with the tobacco introduced by the whites. There can hardly be a doubt that this "old tobacco" gave the name to the Tobacco Nation of Georgian Bay.

It is further stated by Beauchamp that the Onondagas call violets "Da-keah noowidus, *two heads entangled*, as in the way so often seen where the heads are interlocked and pulled apart by the stems." The Cherokees have seized upon exactly the same characteristic, call violets, *dindaskwâteski*, which means "they pull each other's heads off." — James Mooney.

HUMAN BONES. — The early Mohawks habitually kept their nails long to tear the flesh of captives, but if they did this with their disinterested friends, the fact has escaped my attention. Except in the case of the Nanticokes the evidence seems slight for any such practice in New York, or the use of a bone-house. The Nanticokes came from the South in the last century, and their usage was noted as remarkable there. Loskiel says: "The Nantikoks have this singular custom, that about three, four, or more months after the funeral they open the grave, take out the bones, clean and dry them, wrap them up in new linen, and inter them again." At the same time the New York Indians occasionally used small human bones as ornaments. These might have been from enemies, but I have a perforated human tooth from a recent Indian site, which may have been a memento of a friend.

Very seasonably for Mr. Gatschet's observations on this comes the supplemental note on the "Burial Customs of the Hurons," in Professor Cyrus Thomas's "Burial Mounds of the Northern Section of the United States," pp. 110-119, Fifth Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology. The Huron belief was explained to Brebeuf ("Relations des Jesuites," 1636), at the Feast of the Dead. "Many believe that we have two souls, both divisible and material, and yet both rational; one leaves the body at death, but remains, however, in the cemetery until the feast of the dead. . . . The other soul is attached to the body; it marks the corpse, as it were, and remains in the grave after the feast, never to leave it," unless in case of metempsychosis. "Here is a grand philosophy. This is why they call the bones of the dead *Atisken*, 'the souls.'" The whole account is of high interest, and is in connection with the well-known description of the Huron Dead Feast. — *W. M. Beauchamp.*

A SACRED WELL of uncommon interest is situated in the western portion of Kansas, about a quarter of a mile from Salomon River, which runs in a southeastern direction, and joins Kansas or Kaw River at Abilene, Kansas. This curious water-receptacle is situated on the top of a hill, and has a nearly circular form with about thirty feet diameter. All the hunting tribes of the prairie regarded it with a religious interest mixed with awe; the Páni called it, or call it still, *Kitch-Wálushti*, the Omahas *Ní-wáxube*, both names signifying "sacred water." The miraculous quality of this pool, which chiefly astonishes the Indian mind, consists in a *slow rising* of the water, whenever a large number of people stand around the brink. The water of the pool is perfectly limpid and considered to be bottomless; it harbors an aquatic monster which engulfs all the objects thrown into it, and never sends them up again. Indians offered to it beads, arrows, kerchiefs, earrings, even blankets, and all this sinks down immediately. Before putting clay or paint on their faces, the Indians impregnated these substances with the water of the well. They never drink of this water, but to allay their thirst go to the neighboring Salomon River. Before buffalo-hunting became a thing of the past, large hunting parties of natives often gathered around this pond-source, and the following narrative circulated

among them as a truthful report of what really occurred : "Two Pánis once returned with their horses. Having dismounted near the 'sacred water,' one of the men stepped upon a turtle of the large species frequently found in the vicinity, about three feet long. The man's feet stuck to the turtle ; he could not disengage himself from its treacherous shell, and when the turtle ran with his charge into the pool, the Indian was soon beyond possible rescue. His stupefied companion had seen the occurrence, and went home to tell the tale." The story also occurs in the traditions of the Dakota tribes, as Mr. Dorsey affirms me. — *A. S. Gatschet.*

KELTON'S INDIAN PLACE-NAMES. — The first volume of this linguistic work gives evidence of considerable research, especially in relation to some western Algonkin dialects, in which the majority of the local names are worded, which are investigated by Captain Kelton. The title confines the subject-matter to the Great Lakes,¹ but we find also many names treated in it pertaining to the Atlantic slope, and introduced as parallels ; many personal names are explained also, and at times it is difficult to understand how these could find their way into the alphabetically arranged collection. The author mentions, wherever it is feasible, the Indian form of the local name, and then quotes the Indian term which gave origin to it. There are some names which give room to some critical remarks. Thus, "Eskimo" cannot be derived from the Ojibway form of the name, Eshki-bod, but from Eski-mâwâw, the name as worded in the Naskápi language in the interior of Labrador : *eski raw*, *mâwâw to eat*, said of certain kinds of food only. Ottawa, the tribal name, is derived from the obsolete Ojibway word *odawáwe*, *he has fur*, in the sense "he trades in peltry" ; the usual interpretation of the name is "Short Ears," but this Kelton declares to be an incorrect translation of Otawag *kishkakosag*, which really means, "of the short-tailed bear-totem." The most original form of "Algonkin," a name which Kelton does not attempt to explain, is Agoummeekin, and not Algoummeekin, as he states ; it is related to Accomac and other like names, and is explained by J. H. Trumbull as "on the other side ; opposite to." Missouri River is derived from *meshonid*, "one who owns a large canoe," but the dialect to which this word belongs is not stated (in Ojibway *large* is *kítchi*, *mitchi*). The most ancient form for the Missouri tribe, from which we have to start, is Ouemissourites (*Ou-*, demonstrative pronoun : *he, they*) ; *-on* really appears in compound words in the sense of *canoe* in Ojibway, but the change of *n* to *r*, which Kelton declares to occur frequently, is by no means easily explained, for *r* is a rare sound in Indian languages, and why the Indians should have changed Missúni into Missouri, has first to be accounted for. Kelton thinks that Mandan could be explained in the same way, by mangoni, "he has a large canoe" ; here apparently *n* was not changed into *r*. On the whole, the book is quite instructive, and we look forward with interest to the appearance of the second volume. A. S. G.

¹ Captain Dwight H. Kelton, *Indian Names of Places near the Great Lakes*. Vol. i. Detroit, Mich. 1888. 8vo. 55 pages. Can be ordered for one dollar from Kelton & Co., Quincy, Michigan.

FOLK-LORE FROM THE EASTERN HEMISPHERE. — Over thirty subjects of anthropology, ethnology, and folk-lore of primitive nations recently studied are presented partly by their authors, partly by the editor in Dr. Adolf Bastian's latest publication: "Allerlei aus Volks- und Menschenkunde," Berlin, Mittler, 1888, pp. 513, 8vo. (illustrated). This is only the first volume of a publication composed of original contributions, and may be continued *ad infinitum* if the enterprise is crowned with success. Asia and Polynesia are the countries which are chiefly referred to in this volume. We find in it an article on "The Religion of the Pelew Islanders," by Kubary; another on "Mangaia," by Gill; on "Siberian Spirit Worlds," by Nil; on "Devil Worship," by Caldwell; "Australian Ceremonies," by Gason; "Duk-duk" (a ceremony-club on New Britannia Island), by Parkinson; "Cannibalism in British North America" (after Jacobsen); "Religion of the Yakut People," after Priklonski; "Australian Medicine-Men," by Howitt; "Initiation of Males," "Miracles of Witchcraft," extracted from Ad. d'Assier; "Maori Cosmogony," by Shortland; "National Soul;" "Good and Bad Odors;" "Air and Odor;" "Spiritistic Theosophy;" "Society for Psychical Research;" "Chinese Spirit Writing;" the last six apparently from the pen of Dr. Bastian himself. — A. S. G.

FUNERAL CUSTOMS IN THE MOHAWK VALLEY, A. D. 1802. — Rev. John Taylor in his *Journey through the Mohawk Valley*, in 1802 (vol. iv. N. Y. Doc. History):—

"The character of the Dutch people, even on first acquaintance, appears to be that of kindness and justice. As to religion they know but little about it, and are extremely superstitious. They are influenced very much by dreams and apparitions. The most intelligent of them seem to be under the influence of fear from that cause. The High Dutch have some singular customs with regard to their dead. When a person dies, nothing will influence the connections, nor any other person, unless essentially necessary, to touch the body. When the funeral is appointed, none attend but such as are invited. When the corpse is placed in the street, a tune is sung by a choir of singers appointed for the purpose, and continue singing until they arrive at the grave, and after the body is deposited they have some remarks made, return to the house, and in general get drunk, Twelve men are bearers — no carriers — and they have no relief. No will is opened, nor debt paid, under six weeks from the time of death." — W. M. Beauchamp.

THE CHINESE LEGEND OF RIP VAN WINKLE. — Mr. H. Pomeroy Brewster, of Rochester, N. Y., a member of the American Folk-Lore Society who has taken an active interest in its growth, writing in a journal of that city, recently remarked on the existence of a Chinese legend similar to that of Rip Van Winkle, as set forth by N. B. Dennys, in the *Folk-Lore of China*. The Chinese story would scarcely be suitable for theatrical purposes, inasmuch as seven generations have intervened between the departure and return of the hero, who has crossed the bridge into fairy land, and eaten

the fairy food. The land he visits is known as the Jaspur City, and to call a Chinese young lady by the title of nymph of the Jaspur Lake is the greatest possible compliment to her purity and beauty. This elegant and decorous turn of the legend is highly honorable to the Chinese ; indeed, it may be observed that whoever is desirous to retain the popular American prejudice against that nation, as a nation, had better not read Chinese folklore. Dennys remarks, as is well-known, that the tale is also Irish, Gaelic, and Teutonic. — *W. W. N.*

ONONDAGA METAPHOR. — In an annotation to Zeisberger's "Essay of an Onondaga Grammar," reprinted from "The Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography," it is remarked that hearts and flames are used by the Onondagas, as among ourselves, to express the passion of love. To inflame the heart with love, *Schungara Aweriachsacu*.

A RHYME FOR DIVINATION BY MEANS OF APPLE-SEEDS. — At gatherings of young people in the country, one of their means of merry-making is to take an apple and name it secretly or openly after one's sweetheart, and use the following rhyme for divination purposes, chanting it as the seeds are counted.

One I love, two I love,
Three I love I say ;
Four I love with all my heart,
Five I cast away.
Six he loves,
Seven she loves,
Eight both love.
Nine he comes,
Ten he tarries ;
Eleven he courts,
Twelve he marries.

C. L. Pullen, Memphis, Tenn.

This rhyme appears to be universally known in the United States. In New England, at the beginning of the present century, it was repeated with the addition of three more lines :—

Thirteen wishes,
Fourteen kisses,
All the rest little witches.

See "Games and Songs of American Children," collected and compared by W. W. Newell, New York, Harper & Bros. 1883, p. 109. This addition, however, probably did not belong to the original formula.

On the Hudson River, it is used by children to tell fortunes on daisies, by successively pulling off the petals, the last number indicating the lot. For this piece of information we are indebted to Miss Mary H. Skeel, Newburgh, N. Y., who communicates other children's superstitions, which will hereafter find a place in our pages.

SUPERSTITIONS CONCERNING DEATH-SIGNS. — If any evidence were needed that the America of the last century was as full of popular superstitions as other lands, it would be found in the following doggerel, contributed by a member of the American Folk-Lore Society, Mrs. Davies Wilson of Cincinnati, who learned the rhyme from the lips of her mother, and knows it to have been also familiar to a previous generation. It is not known that the lines have been printed : —

As Betty and Billy were courting one night,
 "Gramercy!" cried Billy, and turned with affright.
 "Gramercy! dear Betty! A funeral is near,
 For the death-bell is tolling e'en now in mine ear."
 Now Betty applied her left ear to his right;
 Pit-a-pat went her heart, and her hair stood upright.
 While Betty was listening, it happened just then
 That the clock in the parlor began to strike ten.
 "I hear it!" cried Betty, and panted for breath.
 "'T is surely a death-watch, — a token of death.
 Alas for us all! What terrible signs!
 Tray howls every night, and the tabby cat whines;
 To-day, while a-spinning, out flew a live coal,
 And here in my petticoat burned a great hole.
 Three times in the candle a coffin I've seen,
 Which signifies death; or pray, what does it mean?"
 "To be sure it means death," replied Will, with a groan;
 "Some one in this house will be dead very soon;
 At this moment the peach-tree is in second bloom,
 And the grass is decayed on the family tomb.
 Last night, as I passed by the churchyard alone,
 A whippoorwill sat on the marble tombstone,
 And just at that moment a shooting star fell
 Plump into the graveyard and sparkled like —"
 "Don't swear!" exclaimed Betty, and seized Billy's arm.
 "God forgive me!" cried Will, "I don't mean any harm;
 But as I was saying, a death will take place,
 For the signs are as plain as the nose on my face.
 While riding old Dobbin (old Dobbin ne'er skeers),
 At the gate of the churchyard he pricked up his ears,
 And started aside with a terrible snort,
 And gazed at the yew-tree, and breathed very short.
 So I mumbled a prayer and my bosom I crossed,
 For I knew that old Dobbin was spying a ghost."
 "Lord! Billy!" cried Betty, "don't frighten me so!
 Good lack! don't you think that the candle burns blue?"
 "As blue as my hat: and I wish I may die
 If I don't smell brimstone." "Oh, Law! so do I!"
 And while they were sniffing and snuffing in fright,
 A puff from the window extinguished the light.
 The lovers both started, and sad to relate,
 Their stool was capsized on the tail of the cat.
 The cat screamed aloud; the lovers both roared,
 Which roused up a dog in the corner, that snored.

And now there was spitting and barking and biting,
And squalling and screaming and scratching and fighting.
At this moment old Cuffy ran into the room,
And snatched up a firebrand and waved through the gloom.
They saw him, half naked, and blacker than night,
With red rolling eyeballs and teeth grinning white,
And both in a panic fell down on their knees,
Crying, "Sweet Mister Devil! oh, pray! if you please!"
Old Cuffy replied, with a ludicrous stare,
"I'll war'nt I'll tell Massa what debils you aire."
And thus ends the uproar, and thus ends my song;
In brief, to be short, one should never be long.

BIBLIOGRAPHY OF ZOÖLOGICAL AND BOTANICAL FOLK-LORE. — Having undertaken the preparation of a bibliography of zoölogical and botanical folk-lore, I should be glad to receive titles of books, pamphlets, or magazine or other articles relating in whole or in part to the subjects of natural history superstitions, or folk-medicine. The fullest possible statement of the title, number of pages, edition, and publisher of any book reported would be desirable. Address, Mrs. Fanny D. Bergen, 17 Arlington Street, North Cambridge, Mass.

RECORD OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE.

FOR NATIVE RACES.

GENERAL: F. Borsari. *La Letteratura degl' indigeni America.* Napoli, L. Pierro. 8vo, pp. 76.

CANADA. — Émile Petitot. *Traditions Indiennes du Canada Nord-Ouest* (1862–1882). *Textes Originaux et Traduction Littérale.* Alençon, 1888. 8vo, pp. vi., 446.

In 1887 Mr. Petitot published an extensive collection of traditions obtained among the Indian and Eskimo tribes of the Mackenzie Basin. The present volume forms a valuable supplement to this publication, of interest to the philologist as well as to the student of folk-lore. It is almost impossible in a free translation to render the characteristic features of traditions, more particularly of mythologic tales, and for this reason original texts are of the greatest value. It is unfortunate that Petitot has not given in his book some details on his method of collecting and reducing to writing these tales. Their style is so uniform and civilized that we cannot help thinking the collector had some influence upon the narrator. As a rule, Indian tales contain certain formulas which are always told in the same way while the text of the rest of the tale is the work of the story-teller. These formulas are of the greatest value to the student, and ought to be carefully recorded.

While in this respect the work is not free from deficiencies, it must be welcomed as a most valuable contribution to our knowledge of the folklore of Northwestern Canada. In conjunction with the author's monographs of the Tchiglit and of the Dene-Dindje and with his amusing little book "*Les grands Esquimaux*," it shows how good use he has made of his long residence in these inhospitable regions, and how intimate his knowledge is of its inhabitants.

E. Petitot. *En route pour la mer glaciale* (Paris: Letouzey), treats of the same author's experiences in the Mackenzie Basin, and contains incidental notes on customs, legends, and beliefs.

ESKIMO. — In the "*Verhandlungen der Berliner Gesellschaft für Anthropologie, Ethnologie und Urgeschichte*," p. 398, Dr. F. Boas has published a few traditions which were collected in Baffin Land. The same author contributes notes on the game of cat's cradle as played by the Eskimo and the Indians of British Columbia to the "*Internationale Archiv für Ethnographie*," p. 229.

ALASKA. — Lieutenant H. T. Allen. Report of an Expedition to the Copper River in 1885 (Washington, 1887) contains some scanty information on the natives of the Copper and Yukon Rivers.

BRITISH COLUMBIA. — The "*North Star*" (Sitka, Alaska, December, 1888) contains a description of a great Tsimshian dance, well worth being recorded.

Mr. J. B. McCullagh, an English missionary, near the Alaska boundary, writes: "The Indian medicine men when the case of sickness prove obdurate hold a medical consultation after a few days, at which it is demonstrated that one of the doctors has inadvertently swallowed the sick man's soul at dinner! The suspected gourmand is forthwith led into the house, attended by his brother doctors, who make him stand over the patient while they set about producing the effect necessary for the recovery of the lost object. One practitioner with his fingers sounds the depth of the greedy brother's throat, another kneads him with his knuckles about the region of his stomach, while a third seconds their efforts by thumping him soundly on the back. Should this not succeed, another doctor is compelled to disgorge, and yet another, until the whole school has been inquired of. Should the patient still continue in a critical condition, a more extensive search must be made.

"It is now the Min-alaid¹ or chief doctor's turn — the lost soul is in his box! A party of doctors therefore call upon him at his house, and request him to produce his alaid box. He accordingly spreads a new bark mat upon the floor, takes his box, and arranges the contents thereof upon the mat. This done, his subordinates take him and hold him up by the heels, with his head in a hole in the floor where it (his head) is washed and rubbed, after which he is allowed to resume an upright position; and any

¹ Properly Wihalaît (= the great dance).

water remaining from the ablution is taken and poured upon the sick man's head.

"Should the man continue sick after this operation, his soul must be sought elsewhere: it was evidently not in the Min-alaid's box.

"The only place where it *can be* now is in the anmalga — the Min-alaid's dead predecessor. When that chief died his flesh was consumed over a slow fire, and his bones carefully laid under some sticks in an out of the way locality. To this place the medicine men now prepare to set out, and all the people are warned to sit silently by their firesides. But before leaving, the doctors make a decoction of some kind, which they pour out at the four corners of the village to keep away the evil spirits during their absence.

"The medicine men now reach the anmalga, scrape away the snow and sticks, lay bare the dead man's bones, and prepare to call out the lost soul from its hiding-place. One man crawls in among the bones with his eyes closed (it is only with closed eyes that they can see a soul), and hands outstretched ready to seize it. Another member of the party offers a sacrifice to the departed chief, by pouring some enticing fish oil on a heated poker. And no sooner do the other medicine men inhale the savory odor than they begin to rattle and yell like — well, exactly like wild Indians. Any form of sound that comes to mind is put into a yell, and sent bounding over the snow into the ears of the superstitious groups sitting silently by their fires in the village. The chorus is He! he-e-e! They look a weird company as the torch-light reveals them, yelling, whooping, gesticulating, and rattling around these few senseless bones. After a time, he who is on the watch for the soul sees it sitting among the bones. He seizes it stealthily, and holds it gingerly in the hollow of his hands and bears it back in triumph to its owner."

Mr. James Deans, who is so well conversant with British Columbian folk-lore, contributes a brief note on a Haida legend referring to the origin of the "potlatch" to the November number of the "American Antiquarian," p. 377. Dr. F. Boas has concluded his series of articles on myths from British Columbia which were published in "Globus." He has treated successively the creation myths, the legend referring to sun and moon, those of the secret societies and dances, and the clan legends. In his concluding article (see also "Science," No. 299) he summarizes his views on the diffusion of these myths on the North Pacific Coast. In the "Zeitschrift für Ethnologie," p. 231, we find some tales of the Tsimshian collected by the same author. In the "American Antiquarian," p. 366, a series of myths of the Çatloltq of Comox is continued.

SARCEE. — George Demanche, in the "Revue Française de l'Etranger et des Colonies," No. 58 (Le Canada et les Peaux-Rouges), describes his visit to the Sarcee Reservation and the sun-dance of the Blackfeet.

ZUÑI. — A preliminary notice of some results of the Hemenway expedition has been given by Mr. Sylvester Baxter in a pamphlet entitled: "The Old

New World" (Salem, Mass., 1888). This great expedition, although undertaken for archæological purposes, does not fail to be of interest to students of folk-lore, as the findings show the close relationship between the customs and beliefs of this ancient people with those of the Zuñi.

At this place we have to notice Mrs. Tilly E. Stevenson's paper on "The Religious Life of the Zuñi Child," which forms the last among the papers accompanying the "Fifth Annual Report of the Director of the Bureau of Ethnology." In the introduction, Mrs. Stevenson gives a brief sketch of Zuñi mythology, so far as it is of importance for understanding the numerous customs relating to the life of the Zuñi child. The paper describes more particularly the customs and festivities incident upon the initiation into the Kōk-kō, one of the secret societies of the Zuñi, which every male child, before reaching the age of four years, must enter. At the first initiation, the vows of the child are taken for him by sponsors; but later on they have to be renewed by the boy himself when he is considered worthy to do so. The former ceremony occurs only every fourth year, while the latter takes place annually.

In his Report, the Director of the Bureau refers to the investigations of Frank H. Cushing, the publication of which is anxiously expected. Mr. Cushing has devoted his time so long and incessantly to studies of the Zuñi, that the material collected by him must be of the highest value. It seems from Major Powell's notes, that Mr. Cushing has arrived at important conclusions regarding the origin of Zuñi myths. He explains the idea that the halo around the sun is supposed to be the house of the Sun-God by the following analogy. A man seeks shelter on the approach of a rain-storm. "As the sun circle almost invariably appears only with the coming of a storm, the Sun, like his child, the man, seeks shelter in his house, which the circle has thus come to be." Indian myths are generally growths of very complex origin, and it will be of great interest to observe the origin of certain of their elements; therefore Mr. Cushing's collections are of special theoretical value.

NAVAJO. — The same volume contains Dr. Washington Matthews's important paper on "The Mountain Chant; A Navajo Ceremony." This paper and the one by Mrs. Stevenson are models of ethnological investigations on aboriginal customs. Very few of these can be understood without a detailed knowledge of the folk-lore of the natives, on which almost all of them are founded. The mere observation of customs seldom explains their significance, which will almost invariably be found in certain myths. Dr. Matthews's paper is the more valuable, as he gives the original texts of the songs of this chant with literal and free translations. It is impossible in this place to give even a brief sketch of the contents of this interesting paper, but we will confine ourselves to citing the author's explanation of the purposes of the ceremony. "Its ostensible reason for existence is to cure disease; but it is made the occasion for invoking the unseen powers in behalf of the people at large for various purposes, particularly for good crops and abundant rains. It would appear that it is also designed to per-

petuate their religious symbolism. Some of the shows of the last night are undoubtedly intended to be dramatic and entertaining as well as religious, while the merely social element of the whole affair is obvious. It is an occasion when the people gather to have a jolly time. The patient pays the expenses and, probably in addition to the favor and help of the gods and the praise of the priesthood, hopes to obtain social distinction for his liberality."

It is to be hoped that Dr. Matthews will find occasion to publish certain parts of the myth and ceremony which have not been embodied in the present work.

In addition to this contribution to Navajo folk-lore we have to note two papers in the "Proceedings of the United States National Museum," one by Dr. R. W. Shufeldt describing certain superstitions connected with deer hunting (p. 59), the other by A. M. Stephen describing the origin of the art of shoemaking (p. 131).

ENGLISH.

Mr. Henry Phillips, Jr., contributes to the "Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society" (Philadelphia) a paper entitled, "First Contribution to the Study of Folk-Lore of Philadelphia and its Vicinity." ("Proceedings," 1888, pp. 159-170.)

This paper was read before the society March 16, 1888. It contains local popular superstitions to the number of 211, classified under the following heads: Birth, Death, and Marriage; Weather and Seasons; Folk Medicine; Signs and Portents; Omens and Superstitions. With regard to distribution, locality does not have the same importance in America, where settlers from many districts have been brought together, as it has in Europe; nevertheless, it is worth while to record carefully the extent to which certain superstitions have been diffused. Philadelphia seems to be a city in which a considerable quantity of such material has been preserved. The sayings and beliefs are characterized by much quaintness. We quote a few of these: "To kill a lady-bug will produce a thunder-storm." "It is wrong to spit towards the sky." "A baby's nails should never be cut, as it will make the child light-fingered." "Sparks flying toward one from a fire denote money coming." Some of the more notable Weather Rhymes are reserved for insertion in a subsequent number.

To the "Popular Science Monthly," July, 1886, Mrs. Fanny D. Bergen contributed an interesting paper entitled, "Animal and Plant Lore of Children." The writer observed that children do not reason deeply, do not understand the caution necessary in the use of the terms effect and cause, and have quick eyes for fanciful resemblances. She cited a number of myths and superstitions of child-life, and requested further information from her readers. The material received in response to this request has been so considerable that Mrs. Bergen has been led to extend her plan into a series of articles. The second of this series in the "Popular Science Monthly," for September, 1888 (pp. 656-663), gives a variety of beliefs and medicinal practices still active in the United States, and attests the aston-

ishing strength and vitality of popular superstition. In various parts of New England it is commonly supposed, even by persons of intelligence, that rheumatism and sprains may be relieved by wearing a dried snakeskin about the part affected. The cow-boys of the West often wear the rattles of the rattlesnake in their hat-linings as a cure for or prevention of headache. In many parts of the United States it is believed that biting into a live black snake secures sound teeth. An interesting Tennessee notion is, that the first thunder in the spring wakens the snakes, and from that time forth one must beware of meeting them.

Among contributions to English folk-lore in America during the year 1888 may be mentioned a collection of "Games of Washington Children," by Mr. W. H. Babcock, printed in the "American Anthropologist" (vol. i. No. 3, pp. 243-284). Mr. Babcock collected his material, with few exceptions, from the lips of the children themselves. It appears that more of this lore survives in Washington than in Northern cities. It is surprising to see how large a portion of the old English stock of games Mr. Babcock has found. Not all of the games, however, are of this character; some are recent importations, or are vulgarized almost past recognition. In other cases the quaintness and grace of the old song still remains.

OTHER LANGUAGES.

LOUISIANA. — Bits of Louisiana Folk-Lore. By Alcée Fortier. [Extracted from the Transactions of the Modern Language Association of America, 1887.] Baltimore. 1888.

A year ago Professor Fortier, of the Tulane University, read before the Modern Language Association at Philadelphia the paper which has recently appeared in the third volume of the Transactions of the Association, and has also been reprinted separately. The paper is an interesting and valuable contribution, not only to the dialect of the Negroes of Lower Louisiana, but also to American folk-lore. Professor Fortier gives ten tales and a number of proverbs, sayings, and songs. The tales only are of interest to us at present, and are as follows: I. *Piti Bonhomme Godron* ("Uncle Remus," II., IV.); II. *Compair Bouqui and Compair Lapin*, No. 1 (cp. "Uncle Remus," XV., XX., and Dasent's, "Popular Tales from the Norse," 3d ed. p. 429); III. *Choal Djé*; IV. *Compair Bouki and Compair Lapin*, No. 2 ("Uncle Remus," XX., XXXIV.); V. *Compair Bouki and Compair Lapin*, No. 3 (cp. Arabian Nights, "Forty Thieves," episode of cave); VI. *Compair Bouki and Compair Lapin*, No. 4 ("Uncle Remus," VI.); VII. *Compair Bouki and Compair Lapin*, No. 5 (Jones's "Negro Myths from the Georgia Coast," XXXVIII., cp. "Uncle Remus," VII.); VIII. *Compair Bouki and Compair Lapin*, No. 6 (Jones's "Negro Myths from the Georgia Coast," XLI., "Roman de Renart," ed. Méon, Paris, 1826, I., p. 29, Bleek, "Reynard the Fox in South Africa," p. 16); IX. *Ein Vit Zombi Malin* (Crane's "Italian Popular Tales," p. 314, "Crab," Jones, XLI.); X. *Ein Fame Ki tournin Macaque*. We have found no parallels to III., *Choal Djé* (The Horse of God), which has, however, a rather close resemblance to the Fable of the Wolf and Fox in partnership with the

Lion, see Robert, "Fables inédites," I., p. 32; or to X., the story of a woman who was turned into a monkey and ate her husband's peanuts.

The most interesting of the above stories is the first, which is an elaborate version of Uncle Remus's "The Wonderful Tar-Baby" story. The version in Professor Fortier's paper is almost exactly like the South African story in [South African] "*Folk-Lore Journal*," vol. i. p. 69, "The Story of a Dam," except that in the South African story it is a tortoise covered with "bee-glue" who catches the jackal. We may remark here in passing that a version of the "Tar-Baby" story has just appeared in Nery's "*Folk-Lore Brésilien*," p. 213, where the "Tar-Baby" is a wax image placed in an orange tree to guard the fruit.

We trust Professor Fortier will continue his researches into Louisiana folk-lore. His recent paper and Mr. Jones's "Negro Myths from the Georgia Coast" have proved in the clearest manner the African origin of our Negro fables.

BRAZIL. — Folk-Lore Brésilien. Par F. J. de Santa-Anna Nery. Paris, Perrin & Cie. 1889. 16mo, pp. xii., 272.

Considerable interest was awakened some years ago by the publication of Prof. C. F. Hartt's "Amazonian Tortoise Myths" (Rio de Janeiro, 1875), which led to a comparison between the myths of the negroes of our own Southern States and those of the Brazilian Indians and the establishment of their identity. This identity and the strong probability, not to say certainty, that it was the result of the common African origin of these myths, are so important for the question of the diffusion of popular tales that any further collection of Brazilian animal stories is most welcome. Besides those in Hartt's little book we know only a few additional ones given by Mr. Herbert Smith in his "Brazil, the Amazons, and the Coast" (New York, 1879). M. Nery has divided his book into four parts: popular poetry; stories and legends; fables and myths; poetry, music, dances, and beliefs of the Indians. We cannot dwell at present on any but the third, fables and myths, although the others offer subjects for more than one interesting remark. The first chapter contains twelve "jaboty" or tortoise myths, three were collected by M. Nery, five by M. S. Romero (collector of the "Contos populares do Brazil" published by Braga, at Lisbon, in 1883), two by Professor Hartt, and two were furnished by a young Indian. The first is a variant of Hartt, p. 20; Smith, p. 545; "Uncle Remus," XXVI.; in Hartt and Smith the tapir takes the place of the elephant, in "Uncle Remus" Brer Terrapin brags that he can outpull Brer Bear, and borrowing Miss Meadows's bed-cord, he gives one end to the Bear, and diving down under the water, fastens his own end to a big root, and the Bear soon gives up pulling against Brer Terrapin. In the second story the Jaboty and the Fox wager that they can remain buried alive for seven years. The Jaboty tries first and is nourished by the fruits which drop near him, the Fox of course dies of hunger. The second is Hartt, p. 33; the third is Hartt, p. 7; the ninth is Hartt, p. 30; the tenth is Hartt, p. 34; the eleventh is Hartt, p. 26, and the twelfth is the ending of the last mentioned

story of Hartt. Besides these, the eighth is "Uncle Remus," VI. Of the others we do not know any parallels. The other animal stories in which the monkey, vulture, and ounce are the principal characters are very interesting but cannot be analyzed here; one, "The Monkey and the Wax Figure" (p. 213), has a distant resemblance to Uncle Remus's "The Wonderful Tar-Baby" story. Several episodes of well-known popular tales are found in the stories in chapter V. We trust some day to return to this interesting volume and direct attention to the animal stories which do not resemble those current among our own negroes.

VENEZUELA. — Dr. A. Ernst, in the "Verh. der Berl. Ges. für Anthropologie" (p. 274), publishes a few tales on "Tio Tigre and Tio Conejo," which belong to the cycle so widely spread among American negroes, and of which Professor Fortier gives examples from Louisiana in the article already mentioned.

NOTICES OF THE FOLK-LORE OF OTHER CONTINENTS.

IRELAND. — "The Funeral Customs of Ireland" is the title of a very interesting paper read before the American Philosophical Society (Philadelphia), and reprinted from their "Proceedings."¹ After a discussion of ancient customs, Mr. Mooney proceeds to describe modern beliefs and practices, which he says are still in full force in the remoter districts along the west coast and especially in Connemara. In the latter district it is common when a dog howls at night to send some one outside to see in which direction the animal is facing. On the west coast when a man is drowned, and his friends fail to recover the body, it is known that he has been taken by the fairies and is still alive in the caves at the bottom of the ocean. Such persons are sometimes seen by their former friends on their fishing trips, and in a few instances have been allowed to return to the land of the living. When it is suspected that the dead man has really been carried off by the fairies, his friends are accustomed to leave food or milk where he can get it during his nightly visits in company with the "good people," in order that he may not be obliged to partake of the fairy food. According to the writer, the food which, on certain nights, is left outside the house is for those who are imagined to be living in this duress. One November night, however, food is left in readiness for the spirits of the dead, who then revisit their former homes, while it is a common thing to propitiate the fairies in like manner at all seasons of the year. "Immediately after death the soul appears before the judgment bar, and is sometimes compelled to return and reanimate the body during a further term of sickness until by suffering it has been rendered worthy to enter heaven. The fairies take advantage of its tem-

¹ *The Funeral Customs of Ireland*, by James Mooney. Reprinted from the *Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society*. 1888. Pp. 56.

porary absence to put one of their own number into the body, so that when the soul returns it finds its place occupied, and is obliged to go with them. When this is thought to be the case — as evidenced by the lingering, although plainly hopeless, nature of the illness — the friends of the sick man put a piece of *lus-mór* (pronounced lusmore, Gaelic 'great herb') or foxglove under his bed. If he be a changeling, the fairies will be at once compelled to restore, in good health, the person taken away. If the invalid be really present in his own person, he will not recover, but die." . . . "Properly speaking, the fairies have no power to take life. But there is another class of spirits altogether malignant, which haunt particular localities, hovering invisible in the air overhead, and visit destruction upon all who come within their reach. Should an unaccountable sickness or death occur in a new house, it is ascribed to the presence of one of these spirits, and the owner will tear down the house and rebuild it in another place."

After death, "two evil spirits known as the *Maistínid Mór* (Mawshchenee Moer), or Great Mastiffs, are constantly waiting to seize the soul before it can reach the judgment bar of God. They are asleep, but spring up at the first sound of grief. For this reason the corpse is laid out as soon as possible, and no cry or lamentation is raised, *in theory*, for three hours after death, by which time the soul stands in the presence of its Maker, and is safe for the time being. It is there weighed in the scales of the Archangel Michael, and receives its sentence of reward or punishment according to the measure of its iniquity." These extracts will suffice to show the valuable and striking character of Mr. Mooney's essay, the facts of which are based on personal inquiry.

FRANCE. — In the "Revue des Traditions populaires" for November, M. Paul Sébillot, General Secretary of the Société des Traditions populaires, notices, in terms of high praise, the collection of superstitions in Philadelphia, made by Mr. Henry Phillips, which has been mentioned above, remarking that many large books contain less material of good quality. M. Sébillot marks no less than 75 out of these 211 numbers as current in France. It may be observed that a large share in the interest taken of late years in the collection of popular traditions in France is due to the activity of M. Sébillot. A few years since there were few collections of folk-lore in French countries; whereas, at the present time, a collection must be marked by some special characteristics in order to attract attention.

GERMANY. — Dr. Edmund Veckenstedt has founded at Leipsic a folk-lore journal entitled, "Zeitschrift für Volkskunde." In his preface, he remarks on the singularity of the fact, that in spite of the interest taken in the study of popular traditions, there is in Germany no periodical especially devoted to the subject. In addition to German folk-lore, the first number contains also Lithuanian. The journal will appear monthly. (See under "Journals.")

ITALY. — According to a graceful custom, which has not yet obtained in this country, Prof. G. Pitre, by a little treatise, pays honor to the wedding ceremony of a friend and colleague. The dedication, dated on the 23d of December, 1888, recites that "To the most gentle Signorina Teresina Deodato and to the Professor Salvatore Salomone Marino, on the most joyful day of their life, Checcina and Giuseppe Pitre fraternally offer this record." The little work relates to the marvellous power possessed by certain families to cure certain diseases. (*Mirabili facolta di alcune famiglie di guarire certe malattie.*) One story will illustrate the power in question. Near the town of Foligno lived a certain family by the name of Cancelli, who were supposed to possess the gift of healing sciatica, by making over the patient the sign of the cross, accompanied with a suitable prayer. According to tradition, this power had been conferred on them and their descendants by the Apostles Peter and Paul, when passing by Cancelli. At the end of the sixteenth century, the Bishop Marco Antonio Bizzoni, being sent from Rome to regulate the diocese of Foligno, had certain doubts concerning this rite, which, as he thought, savored of superstition, and interdicted its practice in future. Shortly afterwards, the good bishop suffered from a severe attack of sciatica, and the ordinary remedy proving unavailing, resolved to send for one of the Cancelli. These performed their usual ceremonies, and the bishop was cured on the spot. Needless to say that he changed his mind on the score of the propriety of the exercise of so marvellous a gift, and left the mountaineers free to exercise their power, as did also the bishops who succeeded him. Probably this narration will not strike a believer in the "faith cure" as anything out of the common. There is good hope that, in time, we in America may come to possess families equally gifted.

POLAND. — Of all the journals including in their scope folk-lore and anthropology which reach us as exchanges, the most attractive in appearance is the "Wisla (Vistula)" of Warsaw. The first three numbers for 1888, which lie on our table, contain 672 octavo pages! The journal, too, is exquisitely illustrated, with a true artistic feeling. The colored sketch of a peasant woman of Ratulowa, in costume, which serves as frontispiece for the second volume, might cause envy to the best contributors of the London illustrated journals. It is to us a regret that the contents, being wholly in Polish, are at present inaccessible to us, but we insert, under the head of "Journals," a note of some of the titles. The editor is Dr. Jean Karłowicz, of Warsaw, well known by excellent studies in this branch. The review is published by M. Arcta, Warsaw, Norvy-Swiat 53. Subscription (in Poland), 7 rubles.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

BOOKS.

[Books relating to folk-lore or mythology will receive notice, provided that a copy be sent to the editors of this Journal. Such copy may be addressed to the care of the publishers directly, or to the General Editor.]

MASTER VIRGIL. The author of the *Æneid* as he seemed in the Middle Ages. A series of studies by J. S. TUNISON. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 1888. 8vo, pp. vii., 230.

The myth of Virgil as developed during the Middle Ages affords one of the most interesting examples of the rise and growth of a legend within comparatively recent times, and about a perfectly well-known historic character, whose individuality was at no time wholly obscured. The rôle attributed to the great poet by mediæval fancy was twofold — prophet and magician. The former can be easily explained by the fourth eclogue, the latter is more difficult to understand and has been investigated at various times by many scholars. In 1872 Professor Comparetti published his remarkable work on “*Virgil in the Middle Ages*,” in which he gave an exhaustive history of the vicissitudes of the poet’s fame during that period among the learned and the unlearned. The author was careful to distinguish between literary and popular tradition, and attributed the fame of Virgil as a magician to the influence of Neapolitan local traditions. Comparetti’s views have generally been received without dispute, although more than one German scholar has impugned his conclusions.

No systematic attack upon Comparetti’s theory has, however, appeared until now, and it is highly creditable to American scholarship that it should appear in this country. Mr. Tunison has thrown the results of his studies into nine chapters or essays in which he treats of Virgil and the Devil, Virgil in literary tradition, Virgil’s book of magic, Virgil the man of science, Virgil the Savior of Rome, Virgil the lover, Virgil in later tradition ; and explains in a prefatory essay how the book came to be written.

Mr. Tunison’s studies soon convinced him that the legends of Virgil were literary rather than popular, and were due not to Neapolitan local traditions, but to the tendency of the Middle Ages to attribute a magical character to great learning. There was also much in Virgil’s works to encourage this latter notion, while his reputation as a prophet of Christ was early established by his fourth eclogue.

We have not space to show how Mr. Tunison has taken up the various phases of Virgil’s character and shown in them the relation between his contemporaries and early critics and the various legends. The author has, we think, clearly proved his theory and at the same time has produced a most readable and interesting book. He has classified and arranged all the numerous legends relating to Virgil and presented them in an attractive form while making a solid contribution to the history of myth. We can very heartily commend “*Master Virgil*” to our readers as both a scholarly and entertaining work.

T. F. C.

POPULAR TALES FROM THE NORSE. By SIR GEORGE WEBBE DASENT. With an Introductory Essay on the Origin and Diffusion of Popular Tales. Third edition. New York : G. P. Putnam's Sons. Edinburgh : David Douglas. 1888. 8vo, pp. cli., 443.

In 1842 P. C. Asbjørnsen and J. Moe published at Christiania a collection of Norse popular tales, which next to Grimm's are the most perfect of their class. The collectors, especially Asbjørnsen, were gifted with a genius for their work which no one has since possessed ; knowing intimately the heart of the people, and fully alive to the value of popular traditions, they have given their stories not exactly as they were told but as they would have been told by themselves. They have altered no feature in the tales, have changed nothing of the artlessness of the narrator, and yet have communicated to their collection an incomparable glamour. With them can be compared only the tales of Grimm, and the numberless collections of late years seem pale and lifeless when read after them. Still every collector cannot be a Grimm or an Asbjørnsen, and it is better that popular tales should now be collected exactly as they are recited, even stenographed like those of Imbriani.

The collection of Asbjørnsen and Moe fortunately fell into the hands of Sir George Dasent who published in 1859 forty-six of the sixty tales in A. & M.'s first collection ; in the second edition published soon after thirteen tales were added, as the translator said, to complete the collection. This statement was not exact, as he omitted two stories, A. & M. 59 and 60, and made two out of No. 17. The missing stories were afterwards translated in "Tales from the Fjeld" (London, 1874), which contained the second collection of Norse tales made by Asbjørnsen alone in 1845. The praise we have bestowed upon the original we can also bestow upon the unrivalled translation of Sir George Dasent, which will always remain a model for such work. The translator also appended an interesting, although brief, collection of *Ananzi* or "Spider" stories from the West Indies, and has prefaced his work with an elaborate introduction upon the origin and diffusion of popular tales and upon Norse mythology. Sir George Dasent holds to the Grimm theory, and as no change has been made in his introduction since 1858, no account has been taken of recent theories. In spite of this defect we welcome most heartily this new edition of a charming book, which has been out of print for some time, and which will long be a delight to readers of all ages. T. F. C.

KALEVALAN TOISINNOT (LES VARIANTES DU KALEVALA). Suomen Kansallis-epoksen Ainetus. [Epic Songs of the Finnish People. Published by the Society of Finnish Literature.] First Series. Liv. I. Helsingfors. 8vo. Pp. iv., 172. Price 6 francs.

The programme of this edition of the variants of the "Kalevala" set forth that the epic poem known under that name was composed by Lönnrot out of folk-songs, but with many alterations. Different versions were united, parts transposed or even added, language and metre reformed,

with æsthetic ends, and in order to form a more homogeneous whole. For scientific purposes, therefore, the poem is in its present condition useless. Accordingly the Finnish Literary Society has resolved to publish the MS. which served as the basis of Lönnrot's composition, as well as all the variants which are known to exist. The task has been committed to J. Krohn and A. Borenius, and is to be divided in such a way that the latter shall have charge of the songs of the province of Archangel, and the former the remainder, which are more primitive in form as one proceeds southwest. Both series will be published in parallel order. In the western series, with which the work is now begun, there exists no whole, as is the case in that of Archangel, but the connecting songs have not been added. The first section contains the Creation, Forging of Heaven, and Contest of Song. As the text is unaccompanied by a translation, it is not possible for the English reader to judge of the results likely to be reached by this most interesting undertaking. At a later time, when these results shall be accessible, we shall have occasion to notice at greater length the famous national epic.

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(See also "Record of American Folk-Lore.")

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THE thanks of the American Folk-Lore Society are due to the authors of the following works, which have been received by the secretary:

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NOQOÏLPI,¹ THE GAMBLER: A NAVAJO MYTH.

IN the cañon of the Chaco, in northern New Mexico, there are many ruins of ancient pueblos which are still in a fair state of preservation, in some of them entire apartments being yet, it is said, intact. One of the largest of these is called by the Navajos Kintyèl or Kintyèli, which signifies "Broad-house." It figures frequently in their legends and is the scene of a very interesting rite-myth, which I have in my collection. I have reason to believe that this pueblo is identical with that seen and described in 1849 by Lieut. J. H. Simpson, U. S. A.,² under the name of *Pueblo Chettro Kettle*. Although his guide translated this "Rain Pueblo," it seems more probably a corruption of the Navajo Tseçqa or Tceçqa (Englished Chethra) Kintyèl, or Broad House among the Cliffs, — *i. e.* in the cañon. This story of Noqoilpi was not related to me as a separate tale, but as a part of the great creation and migration legend of the Navajos. When the wandering Navajos arrived at Kintyèli, this great pueblo was in process of building, but was not finished. The way it came to be built was this: —

Some time before, there had descended among the Pueblos, from the heavens, a divine gambler or gambling-god, named Noqoilpi, or He-who-wins-men (at play); his talisman was a great piece of turquoise. When he came, he challenged the people to all sorts of games and contests, and in all of these he was successful. He won from them, first their property, then their women and children, and finally some of the men themselves. Then he told them he would give them part of their property back in payment if they would build a great house; so when the Navajos came, the Pueblos were busy build-

¹ In spelling the Navajo words the alphabet of the Bureau of Ethnology is used; *l* is aspirated.

² In *Journal of a Military Reconnaissance from Santa Fé, New Mexico, to the Navajo Country*, etc., Ex. Doc. No. 64, 31st Congress, 1st Session [Senate]. "Reports of the Secretary of War," etc., Washington, 1850, p. 79.

ing, in order that they might release their enthralled relatives and their property. They were also busy making a race-track, and preparing for all kinds of games of chance and skill.

When all was ready, and four days' notice had been given, twelve men came from the neighboring pueblo of Kinçolij (Blue-house) to compete with the great gambler. They bet their own persons, and after a brief contest they lost themselves to Noqoilpi. Again a notice of four days was given, and again twelve men of Kinçolij — relatives of the former twelve — came to play, and these also lost themselves. For the third time an announcement, four days in advance of a game, was given; this time some women were among the twelve contestants, and they too lost themselves. All were put to work on the building of Kintyeli as soon as they forfeited their liberty. At the end of another four days the children of these men and women came to try to win back their parents, but they succeeded only in adding themselves to the number of the gambler's slaves. On a fifth trial, after four days' warning, twelve leading men of Blue-house were lost, among them the chief of the pueblo. On a sixth duly announced gambling-day twelve more men, all important persons, staked their liberty and lost it. Up to this time the Navajos had kept count of the winnings of Noqoilpi, but afterwards people from other pueblos came in such numbers to play and lose that they could keep count no longer. In addition to their own persons the later victims brought in beads, shells, turquoise, and all sorts of valuables, and gambled them away. With the labor of all these slaves it was not long until the great Kintyeli was finished.

But all this time the Navajos had been merely spectators, and had taken no part in the games. One day the voice of the beneficent god Qastcèyalçi was heard faintly in the distance crying his usual call "hu' hu' hu' hu'." His voice was heard, as it is always heard, four times, each time nearer and nearer, and immediately after the last call, which was loud and clear, Qastcèyalçi appeared at the door of a hut where dwelt a young couple who had no children, and with them he communicated by means of signs. He told them that the people of Kinçolij had lost at game with Noqoilpi two great shells, the greatest treasures of the pueblo; that the Sun had coveted these shells, and had begged them from the gambler; that the latter had refused the request of the Sun and the Sun was angry. In consequence of all this, as Qastcèyalçi related, in twelve days from his visit certain divine personages would meet in the mountains, in a place which he designated, to hold a great ceremony. He invited the young man to be present at the ceremony, and disappeared.

The Navajo kept count of the passing days; on the twelfth day he repaired to the appointed place, and there he found a great assem-

blage of the gods. There were Qastcèyalçi, Qastcèqogan and his son, Niltci, the Wind, Tcalyèl, the Darkness, Tcàapani, the Bat, Klietsò, the Great Snake, Tsilkàli (a little bird), Nasísi, the Gopher, and many others. Beside these, there were present a number of pets or domesticated animals belonging to the gambler, who were dissatisfied with their lot, were anxious to be free, and would gladly obtain their share of the spoils in case their master was ruined. Niltci, the Wind, had spoken to them, and they had come to enter into the plot against Noqoilpi. All night the gods danced and sang, and performed their mystic rites, for the purpose of giving to the son of Qastcèqogan powers as a gambler equal to those of Noqoilpi. When the morning came they washed the young neophyte all over, dried him with meal, dressed him in clothes exactly like those the gambler wore, and in every way made him look as much like the gambler as possible, and then they counselled as to what other means they should take to outwit Noqoilpi.

In the first place, they desired to find out how he felt about having refused to his father, the Sun, the two great shells. "I will do this," said Niltci, the Wind, "for I can penetrate everywhere, and no one can see me ;" but the others said, "No, you can go everywhere, but you cannot travel without making a noise and disturbing people. Let Tcalyèl, the Darkness, go on this errand, for he also goes wherever he wills, yet he makes no noise." So Tcalyèl went to the gambler's house, entered his room, went all through his body while he slept, and searched well his mind, and he came back saying, "Noqoilpi is sorry for what he has done." Niltci, however, did not believe this ; so, although his services had been before refused, he repaired to the chamber where the gambler slept, and went all through his body and searched well his mind ; but he too came back saying Noqoilpi was sorry that he had refused to give the great shells to his father.

- One of the games they proposed to play is called *çaka-çqadsàça*, or the thirteen chips ; it is played with thirteen thin flat pieces of wood, which are colored red on one side and left white or uncolored on the other side. Success depends on the number of chips, which, being thrown upward, fall with their white sides up. "Leave the game to me," said the Bat ; "I have made thirteen chips that are white on both sides. I will hide myself in the ceiling, and when our champion throws up his chips I will grasp them and throw down my chips instead."

Another game they were to play is called *naⁿjoj* ; it is played with two long sticks or poles, of peculiar shape and construction (one marked with red and the other with black), and a single hoop. A long many-tailed string, called the "turkey-claw," is secured to the centre of each pole. "Leave *naⁿjoj* to me," said the Great Snake ; "I will hide myself in the hoop and make it fall where I please."

Another game was one called tsínbetsil, or push-on-the-wood; in this the contestants push against a tree until it is torn from its roots and falls. "I will see that this game is won," said Nasísi, the Gopher; "I will gnaw the roots of the tree, so that he who shoves it may easily make it fall."

In the game of tcol, or ball, the object was to hit the ball so that it would fall beyond a certain line. "I will win this game for you," said the little bird, Tsilkáli, "for I will hide within the ball, and fly with it wherever I want to go. Do not hit the ball hard; give it only a light tap, and depend on me to carry it."

The pets of the gambler begged the Wind to blow hard, so that they might have an excuse to give their master for not keeping due watch when he was in danger, and in the morning the Wind blew for them a strong gale. At dawn the whole party of conspirators left the mountain, and came down to the brow of the cañon to watch until sunrise.

Noqoilpi had two wives, who were the prettiest women in the whole land. Wherever she went, each carried in her hand a stick with something tied on the end of it, as a sign that she was the wife of the great gambler.

It was their custom for one of them to go every morning at sunrise to a neighboring spring to get water. So at sunrise the watchers on the brow of the cliff saw one of the wives coming out of the gambler's house with a water-jar on her head, whereupon the son of Qastcèqogan descended into the cañon, and followed her to the spring. She was not aware of his presence until she had filled her water-jar; then she supposed it to be her own husband, whom the youth was dressed and adorned to represent, and she allowed him to approach her. She soon discovered her error, however, but deeming it prudent to say nothing, she suffered him to follow her into the house. As he entered, he observed that many of the slaves had already assembled; perhaps they were aware that some trouble was in store for their master. The latter looked up with an angry face; he felt jealous when he saw the stranger entering immediately after his wife. He said nothing of this, however, but asked at once the important question, "Have you come to gamble with me?" This he repeated four times, and each time the young Qastcèqogan said "No." Thinking the stranger feared to play with him, Noqoilpi went on challenging him recklessly. "I'll bet myself against yourself;" "I'll bet my feet against your feet;" "I'll bet my legs against your legs;" and so on he offered to bet every and any part of his body against the same part of his adversary, ending by mentioning his hair.

In the mean time the party of divine ones, who had been watching from above, came down, and people from the neighboring pueblos

came in, and among these were two boys, who were dressed in costumes similar to those worn by the wives of the gambler. The young Qastcèqogan pointed to these and said, "I will bet my wives against your wives." The great gambler accepted the wager, and the four persons, two women and two mock women, were placed sitting in a row near the wall. First they played the game of thirteen chips. The Bat assisted, as he had promised the son of Qastcèqogan, and the latter soon won the game, and with it the wives of Noqoilpi.

This was the only game played inside the house ; then all went out of doors, and games of various kinds were played. First they tried na'joj. The track already prepared lay east and west, but, prompted by the wind god, the stranger insisted on having a track made from north to south, and again, at the bidding of the Wind, he chose the red stick. The son of Qastcèqogan threw the wheel : at first it seemed about to fall on the gambler's pole, in the "turkey-claw" of which it was entangled ; but to the great surprise of the gambler it extricated itself, rolled farther on, and fell on the pole of his opponent. The latter ran to pick up the ring, lest Noqoilpi in doing so might hurt the Snake inside ; but the gambler was so angry that he threw his stick away and gave up the game, hoping to do better in the next contest, which was that of pushing down trees.

For this the great gambler pointed out two small trees, but his opponent insisted that larger trees must be found. After some search they agreed upon two of good size, which grew close together, and of these the wind-god told the youth which one he must select. The gambler strained with all his might at his tree, but could not move it, while his opponent, when his turn came, shoved the other tree prostrate with little effort, for its roots had all been severed by the Gopher.

Then followed a variety of games, on which Noqoilpi staked his wealth in shells and precious stones, his houses, and many of his slaves, and lost all.

The last game was that of the ball. On the line over which the ball was to be knocked all the people were assembled : on one side were those who still remained slaves ; on the other side were the freedmen and those who had come to wager themselves, hoping to rescue their kinsmen. Noqoilpi bet on this game the last of his slaves and his own person. The gambler struck his ball a heavy blow, but it did not reach the line ; the stranger gave his but a light tap, and the bird within it flew with it far beyond the line, whereat the released captives jumped over the line and joined their people.

The victor ordered all the shell beads and precious stones and the great shells to be brought forth. He gave the beads and shells to

Qastcèyalçi, that they might be distributed among the gods ; the two great shells were given to the Sun.¹

In the mean time Noqoilpi sat to one side saying bitter things, bemoaning his fate, and cursing and threatening his enemies : " I will kill you all with the lightning. I will send war and disease among you. May the cold freeze you ! May the fire burn you ! May the waters drown you ! " he cried. " He has cursed enough," whispered Niltci to the son of Qastcèqogan. " Put an end to his angry words." So the young victor called Noqoilpi to him, and said, " You have bet yourself and have lost ; you are now my slave and must do my bidding. You are not a god, for my power has prevailed against yours." The victor had a bow of magic power named Eçi^a Çilyil, or the Bow of Darkness : he bent this upwards, and placing the string on the ground, he bade his illustrious slave stand on the string ; then he shot Noqoilpi up into the sky as if he had been an arrow. Up and up he went, growing smaller and smaller to the sight till he faded to a mere speck, and finally disappeared altogether. As he flew upwards he was heard to mutter in the angry tones of abuse and imprecation, until he was too far away to be heard ; but no one could distinguish anything he said as he ascended.

He flew up in the sky until he came to the home of Bekotcize, the god who carries the moon, and who is supposed by the Navajos to be identical with the god of the Americans. He is very old, and dwells in a long row of stone houses. When Noqoilpi arrived at the house of Bekotcize, he related to the latter all his misadventures in the lower world and said, " Now I am poor, and this is why I have come to see you." " You need be poor no longer," said Bekotcize ; " I will provide for you." So he made for the gambler pets or domestic animals of new kinds, different to those which he had in the Chaco valley ; he made for him sheep, asses, horses, swine, goats, and fowls. He also gave him *bayeta*, and other cloths of bright colors, more beautiful than those woven by his slaves at Kintyèli. He made, too, a new people, the Mexicans, for the gambler to rule over, and then he sent him back to this world again, but he descended far to the south of his former abode, and reached the earth in old Mexico.

Noqoilpi's people increased greatly in Mexico, and after a while they began to move toward the north, and build towns along the Rio Grande. Noqoilpi came with them until they arrived at a place north of Santa Fé. There they ceased building, and he returned to old Mexico, where he still lives, and where he is now the Nakài Çigini, or God of the Mexicans.

Washington Matthews.

¹ What finally became of these great shells is ingeniously told in another myth.

FOLK-LORE OF THE CAROLINA MOUNTAINS.

THE mountaineer of western North Carolina belongs to a peculiar type which has been developed by environment and isolation into something distinctively American, and yet unlike anything to be found outside of the southern Alleghanies. Ever since his ancestors wrested this region from the aboriginal lords of the soil a century ago, and established themselves along the beautiful streams which pay tribute to the broad, rolling Tennessee, his life has been a continual struggle with adverse circumstances. In the old days befo' de wa' the great planter east of the Blue Ridge, with a thousand acres of cotton and half as many slaves, could well afford to live a life of luxurious ease, while his sons were at some aristocratic military institute, and his daughters in attendance at one of the innumerable select schools of the South. In the mountains, on the other hand, the very nature of the country made large farms out of the question, and cotton, rice, and sugar, the great money-making crops of the lowlands, could not be produced. Slavery was unprofitable, and the unfortunate owner of a narrow strip of bottom land, shut in on the one side by the mountain and continually washed away on the other by the river, found himself obliged to do his own work and keep his boys at home to help, while his girls stayed in the house to take turns with their mother at the spinning-wheel and the hoeecake. Corn was the only crop that could be raised to advantage, and even then he could not reach a market with his surplus for want of roads. The country was, and still is, undeveloped, and there were no other industries to take the place of farming, and although the schoolmaster might be abroad in more favored regions, he steered clear of the mountains. Under such a load of discouragements it is not to be wondered at that the mountain "tarheel" gradually drifted into a condition of dreary indifference to all things sublunary but hog and hominy, or the delights of a bear hunt and barbecue.

A few years ago he was in the condition of the Georgia youth who grew up on a farm within twenty miles of Augusta without ever in his life having been so far as that ancient city. On arriving at man's estate he resolved to celebrate the momentous event by a voyage of discovery, and accordingly, after bidding an affectionate farewell to all he loved best and dearest, he turned his back on familiar scenes and began making barefoot tracks along the old road that led to Augusta. One, two, three days passed, and at length the wanderer returned, footsore and weary, and withal wearing a dazed expression, like one just awakened from a dream. To a dozen anxious questions from father, mother, and the rest, he made no reply, but sat thought-

fully regarding the fire, with his face buried in his hands, until supper was ready. Under the grateful influence of fried bacon and corn pone, however, he gradually thawed out, and at last, drawing a long breath, looked round upon the group of expectant faces and summed up his experiences: "Well, if the world's as big the other way as it is from here to 'Gusty, it's a darned big thing!"

Before the late war few of the mountaineers had ever been out of their native mountains, or had any higher conception of a city than could be obtained from the collection of twenty or thirty frame houses, called the county town, which they occasionally visited on ceremonial occasions. Even now many of them have never seen a brick house or a railroad, and but dimly realize how such things can be. Illiteracy is the rule. The man who can write his own name is the exception, and the woman who can do as much is nothing less than a prodigy. It must be understood that these remarks apply to the mountaineer proper, and not to the inhabitants of the villages and small towns along the main roads passing through the country.

Living thus isolated, the mountaineer has little use for money, and produces at home almost everything that he requires, including his clothing, which the women still spin and weave on the old-fashioned wheels and looms of our grandmothers' days. His house is a log cabin, chinked with mud in the cracks, and generally consisting of two small rooms and a loft, the latter used as a sleeping room and reached by a ladder. The furniture consists chiefly of a home-made bed and table, a spinning-wheel, and a few split-bottom chairs, not to mention an old flint-lock rifle as tall as an ordinary man, and half a dozen or so of wild-eyed, white-headed children. For some unexplained reason the children invariably have white hair, just as the negro has wool and the Chinaman a pigtail.

At one end of the cabin is the chimney, built up on the outside with stone or logs crossed in cobhouse fashion, and plastered inside and out with clay. The fire is built up with a great pine backlog for a basis and smaller sticks piled up in front. At meal time a hole is scooped out in the coals for the pot, and another by its side for the old-fashioned Dutch oven, a sort of pot, having a lid made with a high rim in order to hold the coals which are heaped upon it. The corn-cake is placed in this pot, the lid put on and covered with live coals, and between the two fires the bread is soon baked. Corn bread, hominy, bacon, and black coffee make up the bill of fare. Wheaten bread is an unknown luxury, and anything that cannot be cooked in a pot or fried in a pan must go begging in the mountains.

In politics they are about equally divided between the two great parties. In religion they are Baptists and Methodists, of the shouting variety. Some of the Baptists were greatly surprised on being

told that their denominational brethren in other parts of the country did not meet at stated periods for the purpose of washing each other's feet, as these foot-washings are an important event in the Baptist calendar in the mountains. The great occasion of religious awakening is the "association," which takes place in the fall. This is a camp-meeting without the tents. Preachers and exhorters come from the neighboring villages, and the people come from all the country round, prepared to spend several days with their friends in the vicinity. The meetings are held in the open air, with the groves for temples and the everlasting hills for a background. Everybody is there, and devotion is at fever heat for a few days. It must be remembered that, in the absence of the theatre and the circus, the yearly association affords almost the only relief from the gray monotony of this lonely mountain life. Of late years Mormon missionaries from Utah have reaped a rich harvest in this region, and in parts of Swain and Haywood counties a peculiar sect, known as Castellites, has arisen, whose exercises seem to be of a highly emotional character, as it is a common remark that every one who joins the Castellites goes crazy.

The folk-lore notes here given were picked up incidentally while engaged on other work, and are but stray leaves of the volume which the industrious collector may yet gather among this primitive people, as yet unchanged by immigration and uncontaminated by the modern civilization.

The dialect is well marked. The *R*, instead of being elided, as is the case in other parts of the South, is sounded as distinctly as on the banks of the Wabash. Ginseng is *sang*, the service tree is *sarvice*, and peanuts are *goobers*. *Gwine* and *obleeged*, *tote* and *holp*, are universally used, and many words obsolete or almost unknown in other sections of the country are still retained here. Among these are *tolldish*, a measure equivalent to one fourth of a peck, and so called because this is the amount deducted as toll by the miller from a bushel of grain; and *poke*, a small wall sachel, generally used as a comb-bag, recalling to memory the old proverb about buying a pig in a poke.

When one is strong and brave he is said to be "much of a man," and when he feels sure that he will dislike a new acquaintance he knows in reason that he can't neighbor him. Contrary to the general impression, such forms as *we-uns* and *you-uns* are not common in western North Carolina, at least upon the headwaters of the Tuckaseegee. "You-uns" was heard but once in the course of about eight months, and in discussing the subject with an intelligent gentleman at Webster, Captain James Terrell, he expressed the opinion that the proper home of "we-uns" was in upper Georgia. In support

of this view he instanced the case of a friend resident in that section, who had a bright little boy about six years old, who was very imitative and always anxious to show off before strangers. On one occasion one of the family, wishing to draw him out before a visitor, said to him, "Now, Johnny, tell us how they ask for an auger in Georgia." The little fellow had evidently heard and noted such a request, for quick as a flash came the response, "You-uns ain't got ary auger, ar' ye?"

On one occasion, while riding in company with a friend, we "met up with" a man who had just come from the railroad station a few miles away. My friend, who was expecting letters, asked if any mail had come. As an example of the emphatic negative the reply would be hard to match, — "There did n't come nary bit o' mail for nobody."

The sparseness of population and the roughness of the country prevent frequent gatherings for social enjoyment, and the result is seen in the scarcity of holiday customs and observances. The few which survive from earlier days are mainly love charms pertaining to May morning. The children still hang up their stockings in the chimney on Christmas Eve, but the Christmas-tree, introduced into this country by the Germans, is as yet unknown in the mountains. On the night or eve of "Old Christmas," January 6th, perhaps better known as Twelfth Night, the cattle in the stable kneel down and pray. One informant positively asserted the truth of this belief, because in order to test the matter she had once gone down to the stable on this night, and sure enough she found the cows kneeling on the ground and making "just the masterest moanin'." It is also said that whatever one does on New Year he will be doing all the year — but it is to be hoped that this is not intended in the literal sense.

If a young girl will pluck a white dogwood blossom and wear it in her bosom on May morning, the first man met wearing a white hat will have the Christian name of her future husband. Her handkerchief left out on the grass the previous eve will have his name written upon it in the morning, and from analogous beliefs in Ireland and elsewhere it is presumable that the writing is done by a snail crawling over it. If she will take a looking-glass to the spring on May morning, and, turning her back to the spring, look into the mirror, she will see the figure of her lover rise out of the water behind her. A child may be cured of the thrush by holding it up on May morning so that a ray of light from a crack may enter its mouth.

There seem to be but few beliefs in connection with the days of the week. The women say that if a dress be begun on Wednesday or Saturday it must be finished the same day, otherwise the maker will never live to wear it. It is wrong to sew on Sunday, unless the precaution be taken not to wear a thimble. It may be remarked here

that Friday, instead of Monday, is wash-day, the washing being done at the spring, and the clothes hung upon the bushes to dry.

The girls have a number of love charms in addition to those already mentioned, most of them being practised also in Europe on Hallow Eve, a celebration which appears to have dropped out from the mountain calendar. If an egg, placed in front of the fire by a young woman, be seen to *sweat blood*, it is a sign that she will succeed in winning the sweetheart she desires. By giving to a number of mistletoe leaves the names of her several suitors, and ranging them in line before the fire, she can test the affection of each sweetheart. The leaf which the heat causes to pop over nearest to where she is standing will indicate which lover is most sincere in his professions, and in the same way will be shown the relative ardor of the others. If a girl will take out the yolk from a hard boiled egg, fill the cavity with salt, then eat the egg and go to bed, her destined husband will appear in the night and offer her a drink. Another way is to eat a mixture of a thimbleful of meal and another of salt, and then, being careful always to observe a strict silence, walk backwards to bed with the hands clasped behind the back, take off the clothing backwards, and get into bed. The apparition of the future husband will come as before and give her a drink of water.

Liverwort is known by the appropriate name of "heart leaf," and the peculiar shape of its leaves has suggested their use as a love philter. A girl can infallibly win the love of any sweetheart she may desire by secretly throwing over his clothing some of the powder made by rubbing together a few heart leaves which have been dried before the fire. She may, if she wish, have a score of lovers by simply carrying the leaves in her bosom. It is to be presumed that the recipe would be equally efficacious if used by one of the opposite sex.

There are doubtless a number of astronomic and meteorologic beliefs, although but few were noted. Crops of corn must be planted with a growing moon, but shingles must be nailed on the roof when the moon is on the wane, as otherwise they will warp upward at the edges. It is a bad omen to see the new moon through bushes or the branches of a tree. On one occasion the writer heard a man say, while looking up at the moon, —

"I see the moon and the moon sees me."

This was all he knew, but it is part of an old couplet well known in Ireland, the other line of which runs thus, —

"God bless the moon and God bless me."

It is said that the cattle will not go to sleep in the springtime with a full belly until the Seven Stars (the Pleiades) set at nightfall. A

sun shower is caused by the devil whipping his wife, the raindrops presumably being her tears. Feathers and dogs draw the lightning, and one must keep away from a feather-bed during a thunder-storm and drive the dog out of the house.

Cats suck the breath from sleeping persons. It is unlucky to take one from a house, and it bodes ill fortune to a child when the cat appears to be unusually attached to it. When a dog lies with his eyes looking out the door it is a sign that a friend will die within the year. It is a bad omen to meet a squirrel, but a good sign for a flock of birds to fly past.

The rabbit's foot is esteemed a powerful talisman to bring good fortune to the wearer and protect him from all danger. As this belief is more or less common throughout the South, it may be well to state how the charm is prepared, for the benefit of those who wish to be put on the royal road to health, wealth, and prosperity. It must be the left hind foot of a graveyard rabbit, *i. e.*, one caught in a graveyard, although one captured under the gallows would probably answer as well.¹ It must be taken at the midnight hour, the foot amputated, and the rabbit released, if not killed in the capture. The foot must then be carried secretly in the pocket until by chance the owner happens upon a hollow stump in which water has collected from recent rains. The foot is then dipped (three times ?) into this water and the charm is complete. Among the negroes and the uneducated whites of the South the reputed possessor of this potent talisman is at once feared and respected. The phenomenal success of General Fitzhugh Lee of Virginia in his gubernatorial race was attributed by the negroes to the fact that he carried a rabbit's foot and a bottle of stump water. A rabbit's foot was also sent to President Cleveland, together with other fetiches, by a Texas admirer, at the outset of his administration.

There are quite a number of beliefs and omens in connection with birds. If quails fly up in front of a man when on his way to consummate a bargain he will do well to abandon the trade. When a rooster crows in at the door it is a sign that a visitor is coming, in Carolina as well as in Europe. If one hear the first dove of the year above

¹ An account of a late execution in Georgia, taken from the *Atlanta Constitution* of date about February 8, 1889, begins thus: "A man hanging in mid-air, writhing in the agonies of death, 3,000 people scattered over the hill-sides and safely ensconced in the top of trees, a thousand men and boys chasing a rabbit scared nearly to death, yelling, laughing, screeching as they run, is a picture few people ever see. And yet it was one presented in Cobb County to-day." The rabbit had been scared out from a bush just as the drop fell. It was finally captured, and "Judge Winn offered the boy five dollars for one of the feet, but the offer was declined." What a picture of unfeeling barbarism and superstition in this Christian year of grace!

him — that is, on a tree or up the mountain — he will be prosperous at the year's end ; if below him, his own course will be constantly down hill. When one sees a redbird he will also see his sweetheart before the day is over. The belief that the jay brought the first earth with which the world was made, found among the Louisiana negroes, is known also in these mountains, but does not seem to have originated with the whites.¹ If a "stranger fly" should fly through the house it forebodes misfortune.

When a hole burns in your dress some one is talking bad of you. If the hole be in front the evil has just been spoken ; if behind or at the side the words were said some time ago. It is lucky to dream of finding money, provided the coins are larger than a dime ; otherwise it is a bad sign. To dream of snakes means that one has an enemy ; to dream of a death is a sign of a wedding, and vice versa. These interpretations are in accordance with the regular folk-lore code. It is lucky to put on a dress, a stocking, or any article of clothing wrong side out, provided one does it by accident and does not turn it again. Some one else may be got, however, to take it off and put it on again in the right way.

There are a number of beliefs pertaining to the every-day affairs of the household. Every woman knows that a piece of silver put into the churn will bring the butter, and she is equally well aware that the dirt must be swept into the fire, and never out at the door, as that would be sweeping away the luck of the house. Fire taken from one house must not be put with that on the hearth of another or the families will quarrel. Sassafras or black locust must never be burned, and the stick used to stir the soft soap in the kettle should always be of pine or sassafras. One should never carry a spade or a hoe on his shoulder through a doorway ; or if he happen to do so by accident he must go back the same way, otherwise he will be buried before a year passes. In Ireland, carrying anything on the shoulder through a doorway will stunt the growth of a child.

There are no fairies in the mountains, and the "good people" probably never crossed the salt ocean in any considerable number, but the belief in ghosts and witches is general, and many are the stories told of apparitions and conjurings. In one instance within the writer's knowledge a woman whose husband had recently died sought the services of a reputed wizard to raise the spirit of the dead man in order that she might learn where he had concealed his money. The man applied to felt himself unequal to the occasion, although claiming to have occult powers, but being anxious to earn the liberal sum offered by the woman, he came to consult the writer about the matter, and thus the secret leaked out.

¹ See the author's note on "The Negro Genesis" in the *American Anthropologist*, i. 230, Washington, July, 1888.

Medical charms are held in great esteem here as elsewhere, but most of them are already well known to the students of folk-lore, and therefore need not be described. The man just referred to was generally regarded as a doctor, and was said to be acquainted with the virtues of all the common herbs, as was probably the case, but in addition to this he claimed the power to cure diseases by the laying on of hands. In his demeanor toward others he was usually reserved and rather mysterious, but on discovering that the writer had given some attention to these subjects, he became more friendly and finally quite confidential. On one occasion he described in detail his method of curing by the touch. The patient is stretched out on the bed, suffering, let us suppose, from rheumatism. The doctor approaches and lays both hands, palms downward, upon the breast of the sick man. He then draws his hands slowly down along the body of the patient, and repeats the operation until he feels the disease enter at the tips of his own fingers, then mount gradually into his arms, and so pass into his body. At first he can shake off the disease current from his fingers, as one shakes drops of water from the hand, but as it becomes stronger it fills his whole body and thrills every nerve, until at last he can endure it no longer, but must rush out of the house to the nearest stream, — which in this country is never very far away, — and there washes off the deadly influence by repeated ablutions. According to his own statement, the ordeal always left him in an exhausted condition, and it seemed as if he himself really had faith in the operation.

The contagion of witchcraft is believed to be checked by burning the thing first affected. One lady mentioned an instance near Asheville, within her own or her mother's recollection, where a valuable steer suddenly became sick without apparent cause, and the fact was attributed to witchcraft. The owner and his neighbors collected a pile of logs, laid the sick animal upon it while still alive, and burned it to ashes. The same practice existed in England and in Scotland, in both of which countries cattle have been thus sacrificed to stop the murrain,¹ while in Ireland for the same purpose the part first affected is cut from the body of the dead animal and hung up to smoke in the chimney,² while in Vermont within comparatively recent years the dead body of a consumptive has been disinterred and the heart taken out and burned, to prevent the recurrence of the disease.³ From some such idea probably arose the practice of burning witches,

¹ Grimm, J., *Deutsche Mythologie*, i. 580 passim, 3d ed., Goettingen, 1854.

² See the author's "Medical Mythology of Ireland," in *Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society*, xxiv. No. 125, p. 161, Philadelphia, 1887.

³ See the author's "Funeral Customs of Ireland," in *idem*. xxv. No. 128, p. 267, Philadelphia, 1888.

instead of disposing of them by the simpler method of beheading or hanging.

The riddles told around the fireside, like those current among the peasantry of Europe, are generally in rhyme. The following are specimens, and may perhaps be found in other parts of the country : —

" It can run and can't walk,
It has a tongue and can't talk."

Answer : A wagon.

" East and west and north and south,
Ten thousand teeth and never a mouth."

Answer : A card, for carding wool.

" Hippy, tippy, up stairs,
Hippy, tippy, down stairs,
If you go near hippy tippy, he 'll bite you."

Answer : A hornet.

The next is undoubtedly very old and of English origin. It is well known in Ireland, where there are several forms, and also a Gaelic version. It is one of the narrative order, of which perhaps the oldest specimen is found in the story of Samson, in which a knowledge of the story is necessary to a correct solution. The story is that of a girl who had been persuaded by a false lover to meet him by appointment in a lonely wood at a certain hour at night, his object being robbery and murder. Arriving shortly before the appointed time, she climbed a tree in order to be out of the reach of wild beasts. In a few moments the pretended lover arrived, with a companion, and the poor girl was almost frozen with horror at seeing the two proceed to dig a grave for their intended victim. After waiting some time for her to make her appearance, the two murderers finally went away, and the girl, coming down from the tree, managed to drag herself home. The next day the man came to upbraid her for not keeping the appointment, when she told the story in the following riddle, the result being that he was taken and executed :—

" Riddle me, riddle me right,
Guess where I was last Friday night ?
The bough did bend, my heart did quake,
When I saw the hole the fox did make."

The children have but few song games, or indeed games of any kind, owing to the fact that families live far apart, and there are no schools — excepting in the larger villages — where the children can come together. One song of this kind was obtained from a lady living on Oconaluftee river, who had sung it when a child at her old home near Murphy, in the extreme southwestern corner of the State.

The writer had previously heard a portion of it in Washington from some children whose parents had come from the neighborhood of Cleveland in East Tennessee. It is proper to state here that most, if not all, of the beliefs and customs noted in this paper are known also in the adjacent region west of the Smoky Mountains. The lady had forgotten the details of the game, but remembered that one girl, presumably the "pretty little pink," stood in the centre, while the others marched around her singing the song. She said it had a very pretty tune, which she had forgotten, but on coming into the house unexpectedly one afternoon the writer surprised her singing it in a rich, clear voice to the familiar old air of "The Girl I Left Behind Me." The allusion to the Mexican war makes it at least forty years old, and the glowing description of the country brings to mind the glorious prospects of "revelling in the halls of the Montezumas" held out to the volunteers of that period. The lady stated, however, that as she had known it the children said "Quebec town" instead of "Mexico," which might indicate that the first part of the song goes back as far as the French and Indian war. Here it is:—

My pretty little pink, I once did think
That you and I would marry,
But now I've lost all hopes of that,
I can no longer tarry.
I've got my knapsack on my back,
My musket on my shoulder,
To march away to Mexico,
To be a gallant soldier.
Where coffee grows on a white oak tree,
And the rivers flow with brandy,
Where the boys are like a lump of gold
And the girls as sweet as candy.

James Mooney.

CURRENT SUPERSTITIONS.

II.

OMENS OF DEATH (CONTINUED).

It was remarked in the last number that the fifty death warnings contained in the introductory paper of this series form only a small part of those still surviving in the country. In illustration of this statement we give a few additional omens, received after the article in question had been printed. It should further be mentioned that a large number of signs derived from the behavior of animals, such as the howling of a dog at night, the flight of a bird into a chamber, and the like, have been omitted, as likely to be the subject of treatment in studies of "Animal and Plant Lore," now in course of preparation by Mrs. Fanny D. Bergen.

1. If members of a family, after long separation, meet for a reunion, some one of the members will die within the year. (Cambridge, Mass.)

2. If an empty rocking-chair is seen to sway back and forth when apparently unoccupied, it is supposed that the chair is held by the spirit of some deceased member of the family, who has come back to choose the next to go, and call that person quickly. ("Harper's Bazar.")

3. If a rocking-chair be seen to move backwards and forwards while unoccupied, it indicates a death in the family. (Michigan.)

4. It is a bad sign to drive past a funeral procession. (Maine.)

5. Put on a widow's crape bonnet, and your husband will die within the year. (Boston, Mass.)

6. If a garment is cut out on Friday, the person for whom it is made will not live unless it is finished on the same day. (South Indiana.)

7. If you begin a quilt on Friday, you will never live to finish it. (Maine.) An act of this sort gave great distress to a domestic servant, who, until the completion of the quilt, daily expected disaster. This woman was from the French part of Canada.

We add two signs belonging to Europe, though obtained in this country :—

8. A tallow loop in a candle, called a coffin-handle, denotes a death in the family. A black snuff-cap on top of the wick signifies the plumes of the hearse. (Isle of Jersey.)

9. No domestic washing must be done on New Year's day, for

If you wash clothes on New Year's day,
You 'll be sure to wash a friend away.

(Isle of Jersey.)

With respect to their *raison d'être*, the omens which have been enumerated in this series may be divided into two classes. Some of them are pure survivals; that is, having originated in a system of ideas now outgrown, they have no apparent reason, but are retained only by force of habit. In this case, it often happens that they have come to be kept up from motives very different from those which led to their introduction. What was once superstition has passed into mere ceremonial, and is regarded as the natural expression of sentiment. In some cases, by comparative investigation, it is possible to ascertain the ideas in which they originated; in other instances, their origin remains uncertain or obscure. The cause would probably be intelligible if we knew the ancient associations of ideas which led to such conclusions; but at present they survive simply as unreasoning expectations.

On the other hand, it is interesting to observe that the majority of the auguries under consideration belong to another category, inasmuch as the popular belief is perfectly comprehensible. These fancies have their root in a method of thought which has not entirely passed away. The state of mind in which they are retained is the same state of mind as that in which they originated. Although in many cases, doubtless, the heirlooms of uncounted centuries of human activity, they have outlived other opinions, and maintained themselves among civilized peoples, because of the permanence of this way of thinking, and because the connection of omen and event seemed so natural. Why is it unlucky to break a looking-glass? Because the image of the possessor is shattered. Why should the sudden striking of a clock portend disaster? Because it awakens expectation of a change in the peaceful order of life. Why should the sight of a rose out of season portend disaster? Because the flower, being untimely, has but a short time to live. This way of explanation might be extended indefinitely, but may safely be left to the judgment of readers. Nor is there now space to enter on what may hereafter become the subject of remark, the connected phenomena of portents derived from dreams and second-sight.

BELIEFS AND CUSTOMS OF CHILDREN.

The formation of the ideas of children constitutes a study equally interesting from a literary and a scientific point of view. Children who live in quiet neighborhoods, and who are much left to themselves, present an attractive subject for the notice of the psychologist; and a good collection of such observations could not fail to possess interest.

The faculties and instincts of man are subject to only slow and gradual changes. The essential difference between the civilized

human being and the savage is that the natural operation of the propensities which the former shares with the latter is checked by the barrier of experience interposed by education and tradition. The mental state of the child, in whom this restraining force as yet imperfectly operates, constantly reminds us of primitive conditions. To his lively fancy, the world of imagination is as real as that of actual existence. Many children have imaginary playmates, whose actions and feelings are to them as veritable as those of the companions by whom they are surrounded. The interval between fancy and perception is easily bridged. The ideas which they derive from books, or from the older people about them, readily become visions.

One or two examples, taken from a very limited range of observation, may give point to these general remarks.

A young lady recollects that as a child, while walking with a companion, she cried : " Why, a fairy lighted on my hand ! " The actual fact may have been that a bit of thistle-down had rested there. The child none the less carried away the impression of a real fairy.

A lady vividly remembers how, at the age of six or seven years, while walking with her aunt on an evening of brilliant starlight, while going to the spring to draw a pail of water, she saw a little creature with wings fly from one star to another, leaving behind an arc of light. She cried to her aunt, who accompanied her : " Oh, aunt, I saw a little gold-boy ! " Her aunt, somewhat shocked, and rather frightened, rebuked the child, who insisted on the literal truth of her vision.

The same child, in going into the garden at morn and evening, constantly looked into lilies and tulips in the expectation of finding a fairy lying within them.

All children, as is known, believe in Santa Claus, and find no difficulty in his flight over the house-tops and down the chimneys. It would be interesting to ascertain at what period, if left to themselves, their own observations would convince them of the unreality of their benefactor. In one instance which has fallen under our observation, this disillusion had not been effected at the age of eleven. The boy, when the truth was explained to him, was deeply grieved and troubled. So far from being unintelligent, he was rather quick of mind, and in many respects of a sceptical habit ; but explanation on the point in question had been from principle avoided.

These instances are of interest as illustrating the natural power of imaginative perception, which belongs to the present day as much as to any other period. They indicate, also, how systems of mythology alter with the change of times. The fairies whom children now have faith in, and without fear expect to see, are very different from those whom our forefathers believed to exist. These were regarded

with a mixture of feelings in which dread and aversion predominated: they belonged to the realm of darkness, they were stealers of children, they kept in custody beautiful youths and maidens, their arrows produced disease and death: it was with a view of modifying their vindictive jealousy that they were called "good people." On the other hand, the fairy of literature, modified by association with cupids and angels, is a gentle, bright, and amiable creature, a rewarder of merit, and friend of little girls. It is the fairy of this Renaissance that children now behold in vision and desire to meet. Thus it is that a belief is derived from the people, altered by literature, and afterwards, under a new form, readmitted to popular imagination.

We pass on to speak of that part of child-thought not derived from the instruction of elders, but acquired from association with other children, who again have learned it from their playmates, so that in this way an independent childish tradition is formed and maintained without the knowledge of the grown people, who have long ago forgotten the lore which they themselves once possessed and received in similar manner.

This tradition ordinarily constitutes the last refuge of a practice or superstition which was once universally accepted, and current among the leading minds of a period, but, being discredited by the cultivated class, became confined to the uneducated part of the community, and at last lingers only in the fancies of infants.

Thus it has been shown that the ring-games, kept up at the present day only by very little girls, were the dances of the middle age, in which kings and queens took part. These survived as a usage of young people, and in the most severe communities, among Puritans and Quakers, with whom the name of the dance was an abomination, childish usage kept up, unrebuked, the gayety, license, and revel of the time of Chaucer.

Superstition finds a ready welcome among children, and to collect the notions entertained by them would be only to repeat those which will find a place elsewhere. We shall therefore content ourselves with one or two instances of beliefs especially childish, the object being to call attention to the theme, and not treat it exhaustively.

Boys believe that they can prevent the stitch in the side, which is liable to be induced by running, by means of holding a pebble under the tongue. (Cambridge, Mass.) "I believe that I could run all day, and not get tired, if I could hold a pebble under my tongue," said one.

It is considered unlucky to kill a spider. Children believe it causes rain. (Niagara Falls, Ont.)

For two persons, in walking together, to pass on different sides of a post or tree, divides friendship. For this reason children are care-

ful not to do this, even if they have to fall back in order to pass in single file. The habit thus formed is so strong that many grown persons instinctively avoid separating in this way. In the country, if a boy and girl are walking together, for the boy to pass on the other side of the post would be considered as a mark of indifference. If the girl had a companion of her own sex, the latter would, under such circumstances, cast on her a meaning glance, and it might be said, "So-and-so is *mad* with Susy" (naming the girl). The boy might be entirely innocent of any intention to offend; for this usage is perhaps confined to girls. (Massachusetts.) The same principle applies to separation by a third person passing between two companions. The writer knows of a case in which an educated woman was much disturbed because, in a crowd, a stranger forced his way between herself and the friend by whom she was escorted.

It deserves attention, that children do not believe each other on simple assertion, but require the truth of the statements made by their comrades to be attested by some species of oath.

A child to whom is told any story which he considers remarkable will usually reply by an expression of scepticism, such as, "Really and truly?" "Honestly?" "Earnest, now?" or, "You are fooling?"

The first speaker answers by some formula of asseveration, as, "Honor bright" (New England); "Deed, deed, and double deed" (Pennsylvania).

A formula which has been heard among children in the interior of Pennsylvania is, "I cross my heart," accompanied by the sign of the cross. In Maryland this phrase is well known. It is used by negroes as well as whites, as appears from the tale, "How Brer Rabbit was allowed to choose his death" (vol. i. of this Journal, p. 148): "Oh, please, good Brer Fox, lemme go this time, an' I cross my heart I nebber steal no more cabbage." The expression, at first sight, has an appearance of antiquity, as if it were an old English custom kept up among Catholics in Maryland.

The sign of the cross, however, is connected with an entirely different practice. It has been a surprise to find that such a sign is in general use, and apparently ancient, in New England. Here, however, it is made on the chin or throat. Thus in Cambridge, Mass., a boy will say: "You won't tell?" "No." "Well, cross your chin." This habit might be supposed a recent importation, exhibiting too plainly the mixture of foreign immigration with the old New England life. Yet the custom was found, not among the children of Catholics, but those of old English strain. So also in Salem, Mass., when a child wishes to make an asseveration, he wets the finger in the mouth, and signs a cross on the throat. In Lawrence, Mass., the

first part of the sign is made with a vertical stroke. On inquiry, it is found that the idea of the cross has nothing to do with the gesture. The meaning is explained by a form of the custom in which are used the words, "Hope to die if I don't," the speaker at the same time drawing the forefinger across the throat from ear to ear. (Biddeford, Me.) The act therefore signifies, "May my throat be cut if I divulge this secret." The gesture, perhaps, is symbolical of beheading.

As we write, a friend contributes a version of the formula, common in Maine, and not uncommon in Massachusetts: 1st boy, "Honor bright?" 2d boy, "Hope to die." 1st boy, "Cut your throat?" Second boy draws his finger across his throat. This is the strongest oath that can be taken by a boy.

There is another form of childish attestation, which is universally in use, and unaccompanied by a significant gesture, but seems to be only a variety of the foregoing. Little girls, without any idea of the meaning of the words, employ the asseveration:—

Certain, true,
Black and blue,
or,
Certain and true,
Black and blue,

which are sufficiently explained by a fuller form, in use among boys (Peabody, Mass.):—

Honest and true,
Black and blue,
I'll cut my head through and through,

where the speaker thus declares his intention to take his life if he violates his faith. The words "black and blue," however, are hardly explained by this intent, and it would seem that the original sense is, "May I be beaten black and blue, and may my head be cut off, if I fail to keep this oath."

A variant runs:—

Certain, true,
Black and blue,
Lay me down and cut me in two.

It is obvious that these childish customs are the survival of ancient forms of compact. The symbolic action, indicating to the imagination the consequences of deception, is considered, in primitive times, to be an essential part of an engagement. Among the Chinese in America, at the present day, it is said that the only form of oath respected is that enforced by the sacrifice of a chicken. The symbol is regarded as an indication of the consequences awaiting the perjurer, which it is supposed that the sacrifice insures. The original

idea of the children's usage does not differ from that of the Chinese superstition, except that in the latter the penalty of treachery is made visible through the medium of a victim.

It is possible that if the expression "Cross my heart" could be traced to its source, it would be found to be, not a Christian symbol, but a misunderstanding of the form of oath just mentioned, significant, perhaps, of the punishment of beheading and quartering.

It may be observed that the habit of expressing doubt, when any assertion is made, implies an opinion that the narrator is more likely to be lying or jesting than telling the truth. The same implication is contained in ejaculations of grown-up persons, now used only as expletives, without any intention of expressing disbelief. For example: "Really!" "You don't mean it!" "Sho!" (Yankee dialect for pshaw.) "You're gassing!"

The history of this expression, already explained (No. 4, p. 64), is germane to the present inquiry. The knights of the middle age were in the habit of indulging in extravagant accounts of their own feats, called *Gabs* or *Gas*, whence is derived the term we use as a slang expression. Any one who has observed boys will have remarked their similar custom of bragging, which is, after all, only the custom of heroes of the epos from the time of Pentaur the Egyptian. Their boasts are no more to be received as literal fact than would have been the recital of his own prowess by a champion of three thousand years ago. Hence the habit of expressing disbelief of a remarkable narrative.

As certain gestures and phrases constitute an obligation to truth-telling, so others excuse from the obligation. Thus the utterance of the words "over the left," or "in a horn," indicate that the assertion is not to be taken seriously. It is not always necessary that the person addressed should understand this qualification. Thus, a number of years ago, a boy who desired to make an extravagant story would point with his thumb over his left shoulder. If he should succeed in accomplishing this without the observation of the boy to whom he was talking, so much the better. (Biddeford, Maine.) In the city of New York it was sufficient to cross the fingers, elbows, or legs, though the act might not be noticed by the companion accosted, and under such circumstances no blame attached to a falsehood. It is somewhat curious that the cross should thus have a double character as requiring truth, and as dispensing with its necessity. In the latter case, the idea seems to have been that the speech was not to be accepted in a direct sense.

The custom of children contains also an imprecation against disloyalty, as in a rhyme everywhere current under various forms:—

Tell tale tit,
Your head shall be split,
And every dog in our town
It shall have a bit.

(Ohio.)

The rhyme is common in England, as appears from an article entitled "Studies of Elementary School Life," printed in "Longman's Magazine." The writer, in giving extracts from a number of school exercises written by boys, copies an "Essay on Politeness," by William Martin (apparently living in London), thirteen years of age. This essay contains the following passage :—

"It is not polite to tell tales of boys. When a boy tells a tale always call him 'Tell tale tit, Your tongue shall be split, All the dogs in the town shall have a little bit.' You'll see how red he will turn, and can't look you and the other boys in the face."

The rhyme, no doubt, was originally an imprecation, supposed, like all imprecations, to be effective in bringing about the punishment desired. Yet no child uses it with any idea of such result ; it is employed as a particularly witty and biting reproach.

When two young friends happen to meet, or during an interval of play, one will subject the other to an interrogation :—

1st child : "What 's your name ?"

2d child : "Pud'n and tame :

Ask me again and I 'll tell you the same."

The conversation is continued with many variations, of which the following verses may serve for examples :—

"Where do you live ?"

"In a sieve."

"Who was your mother ?"

"Bread and butter."

These rhymes, accepted as witty, though to grown persons devoid of sense, are current over a great part of the United States. The author, whoever he or she may have been, has achieved a popularity exceeding that of Longfellow or Tennyson.

The following lines are recited in making a gift of sweetmeats :—

Open your mouth and shut your eyes,
And I 'll give you something to make you wise.

(Massachusetts, universal.)

Shut your eyes and open your mouth,
And I 'll give you something that comes from the south.

(Ohio.)

Shut your eyes and open your hand,
And I 'll give you something to make you grand.

(Ohio.)

Fanny D. Bergen.
W. W. Newell.



CHILDREN'S RHYMES AND INCANTATIONS.

VERY recently, while engaged in writing in Budapest on ancient incantations and their relics, as found in charms and doggerel songs, I read the very interesting article by Dr. H. Carrington Bolton, avowing his belief that the "counting-out rhymes" of children are the survivals of sortileges or divinations by lot. He remarks that he has, however, been able only in one instance to directly connect a child's counting-out rhyme with a magic spell. "According to Leland," he says, "the rhyme beginning with

One-ry, two-ery, ickery, Ann,

is a Gypsy magic spell in the Romany language."

I think that I can add to this two other instances of what are, to say the least, very remarkable coincidences of songs and spells. Most people know the song of one John Brown, who had "Ten little, nine little, eight little, seven little, six little Indian boys,"¹ and of the various fates which overtook them, inevitable as the decrees of Nemesis. It is also to be observed that after counting them all down to *none*, the song goes back and returns to ten again.

This song is really a game, and I have seen it played as one. Oddly enough, I have met with two separate Romany versions of it, but suppose them to be merely translations of the English song. But in Romany, as in most languages, there have existed what may be called additive and subtractive magic songs, based on some primitive Pythagorean principle of the virtues of numbers, or reducing a disease by counting it off. Now, in the charms given by Marcellus Burdigalensis, a Gallo-Roman of the fifth century ("Ueber Marcellus Burdigalensis," by Jacob Grimm, Berlin, 1849), there is a magical song for curing pains or disorders in the throat or jaws (*remedium valde certum et utile faucium doloribus*), with evident reference to the tonsils, known as *glandulæ*. This is the incantation of the "Novem Glandulæ Sorores," which the ancient doctor describes as "a wonderful song," in which opinion the lover of folk-lore will heartily concur.

CARMEN MIRUM AD GLANDULAS.

Glandulas mane carminabis, si dies minuatur, si nox ad vesperam, et digito medicinali ac pollice continens eas dices : —

Novem glandulæ sorores,
Octo glandulæ sorores,

¹ This song, which, with its air, is old in the United States (I remember hearing it in 1847), has been vulgarized, in England, at least of late, by being turned into ten little *nigger* boys.

Septem glandulæ sorores,
 Sex glandulæ sorores,
 Quinque glandulæ sorores,
 Quatuor glandulæ sorores,
 Tres glandulæ sorores,
 Duæ glandulæ sorores,
 Una glandula soror !

Novem fiunt glandulæ,
 Octo fiunt glandulæ,
 Septem fiunt glandulæ,
 Sex fiunt glandulæ,
 Quinque fiunt glandulæ,
 Quatuor fiunt glandulæ,
 Tres fiunt glandulæ,
 Duæ fiunt glandulæ,
 Una fit glandula,
 Nulla fit glandula !

It rises before us as we read — a chorus of rosy little Romans, bouncing Auluses and Marcelluses, Clodiuses and Manliuscs, screaming together: Nine little, eight little, seven little, six little, five little, four little, three little, two little acorn girls! until they were reduced to *una glandula et nulla* — “then there was none.” They had heard their elders repeat it as a charm against sore throat, — and can any one doubt that they at once applied it to the wild witchcraft of fun and the sublime sorcery of sport, which are as wonderful in their way as anything in all theurgia or occultism. In any case, the song of the “Nine Little Acorn Girls” is very like that of the “Ten Little Indians.”

There appears to lie in this formula a confusion or affinity between *glandulæ*, meaning tonsils, and the same word as applied to acorns. As is often the case, the similarity of name, based on a resemblance, caused an opinion that there must be “sympathetic” curative qualities. Judging by other “cures,” I infer from the mention of number that nine real acorns were used in the incantation.

There is another nursery rhyme, which I think is applied to counting-out. If I am wrong, Dr. Bolton can correct me. It is as follows: —

Snail, snail, come out of your hole,
 Or else I'll beat you as black as a coal !
 Snail, snail, put out your head,
 Or else I'll kill you till you are dead !

This rhyme ran originally, —

Mole, mole, come out of your hole,

as appears from the very obvious rhyme, the fact that snails do not live in holes, and finally, because it is a version of a French nursery rhyme. But according to De Gubernatis (“*La Mythologie des*

Plantes," vol. ii. p. 296), this was originally in the Department of the Orne an incantation "to drive away the evil spirits who attack apples and pears," sung while burning the moss from the trunk and branches : —

Taupes et mulots, sortez de mon enclos,
Ou je vous brûlerai la barbe et les os,
Bonjour les rois, jusqu'à douze mois,
Douze mois passés, rois, revenez.
Charge, pommier ! charge, poirier !
A chaque petite branchette,
Toute pleine ma grande pochette.

According to Du Cange, only the first two lines were sung, with a different ceremony. De Gubernatis, I find, in his "Zoological Mythology," settles the question by declaring that "the mole and snail are (in folk-lore) of the same nature as the gray mouse," and cites five Italian versions of the snail song, with one German form, in connection with the mole, so that there can be little doubt that the snail song and that of the mole are the same. The original may possibly exist in early Latin or in Celtic. Doctor Marcellus transferred many charms from the Gaulish or Celtic into his own tongue, and Grimm has interpreted them by the aid of Irish.

It had often occurred to me that the common rhyme, —

One, two, three, four, five,
I caught a hare alive ;
Six, seven, eight, nine, ten,
I let her go again,

must be a spell. By a strange chance, while thinking on this very subject, I opened "*Marcellus Burdigalensis*," and found that to effect a certain cure for divers diseases, we must, like the cook in Mrs. Glasse's receipts, "First catch your hare," and after plucking some of the down from its belly, "*ipsum vivum dimittis*," "let her go again." The hare acts as a scapegoat for "the sin of illness," for "*sublata lana leporem vivum dimittas, et dicas ei, dum dimittis eum*," —

Fuge, fuge, lepuscula, et tecum aufer coli dolorem ! "

It has been observed that counting forms the basis of both the children's rhymes in question, and of a great number of witch-spells. Hence, children who live where such spells are daily repeated, whenever an accident occurs, or something unlucky passes by, soon pick them up. With this in mind, I very recently asked a professional fortune-teller, a woman, native of the Tuscan Romagna, and one who is intimate with the mysterious college of witches and wizards of that strange country (and who has a passion for collecting spells and charms), whether she thought that children's counting-out or summoning rhymes had anything in common with incantations. She caught

the idea at once, and illustrated it by remarking that, as in spells or sorcery, we summon those whom we bewitch, one by one, by name, so it is in children's rhymes, and to illustrate it, she sang to a very pretty air the following :—

Ecco l'imbasciatore !
Col tua le vi la lera —
Cosa volete col tua la li la,
Col tua le li va la ?

Voglio la Cesarina,
Col tua le li va la,
Voglio la Armida, etc.

So she proceeded to call la Gesualda, Barbera, Bianca, Fortunata, Uliva, Filomena, Maddalena, Pia, Gemma, Ida, Lorenzina, Carolina, Annunciatina, and Margo.

It must certainly be admitted that if all these resemblances between old counting-out rhymes and incantations are mere coincidences, they are at least very extraordinary.

Charles G. Leland.

FLORENCE, ITALY.

✦
 RHYMES FROM OLD POWDER-HORNS.
 †

SOME years ago I met with some old powder-horns in the Mohawk Valley, which interested me greatly. They were made during the old French war, and, besides other devices, had maps of the Hudson and Mohawk valleys, showing the location of early forts and settlements. I have examined many since, but those with maps have the most importance, though they are not the most curious of all. Foreign ports are sometimes represented, but the Hudson is elaborated only above Albany, as a rule. On one side of the horn this valley is continued northward, including Lakes George and Champlain; on the other the chain of forts embraces those westward to Lake Ontario.

Recently, Mr. Rufus A. Grider of Canajoharie sent me a large number of beautifully executed drawings of such horns, made by him in various parts of the country. It would occupy much space to describe all these, and I restrict myself to some of their curious inscriptions and illustrations of manners of the day.

One has scroll-work, with owls, and these words : —

When Bows and weighty Spears were us'd in Fight,
 'twere nervous Limbs Declar'd a man of might.
 But Now, Gun 'powder Scorns such Strength to own
 And heroes not by Limbs but Souls are shown.

W. A. R.

Thomas Williams.

This Horn Was made at Lake George The Battle 8th of Sept A. D. 1755.

I Powder, with my brother ball
 I'm hero Like, I Conker all.

John Bush Fecit.

The last couplet was a favorite one, but as it has many variations, I will give other examples as they occur. This one is owned in Rochester, N. Y.

Another, from Cherry Valley, has the same lines : —

Edmund Austin's Horn Made at Lake George, October 1 ye 11. A d 1758.

I Powder with My Brother Baul
 a Hero Like I Conquer All,
 the Rose is Red the Grass Is Green,
 the Years Are Past Which I Have Sen.

Not very different is another : —

John Butler his horn, Made at Crown point november the 5 + 1759.

I powder, with my Brother Ball
 hero like do Conker all.

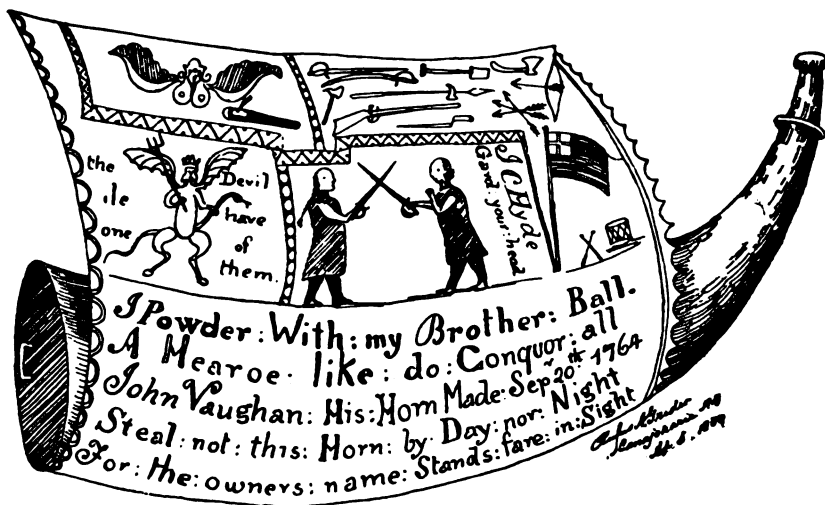
One dated in 1706 has a fine picture of Halifax, but has the odd

conceit of representing an immense officer on horseback in the background, commanding a large body of very small troops in the foreground. His greatness is shown by the contrast.

Another, used at Bunker Hill, has a drinking scene and other figures. The inscription is,—

Daniel Higbe, his Horn maid at Roxbury, May the 7th, 1775. Price

So Steel not this for fear of shame,
For on it stands the owner's name
With in this horn there doth abide
A dost to humble tyrants pride.
Then let us rise and play our part,
And ¹ bloody tyrants to the heart
The Lord will shield us in the fight,
And we shall put our foes to flight.
Thn Freedom shall be ours forevermore,
And Libberty resound from shor to shore.



THE VAUGHAN.

Owned by the Oneida Historical Society.

One owned by the Oneida Historical Society is quite curious. It has many designs of warlike articles, but in a central compartment are two men fighting with swords. On the right are the words, "J. C. Hyde — Gard your head." In another division, on the left, is Satan with horns and hoofs. These words accompany the figure: "the Devil. ile have one of them," intimating that even in that day some disapproved of duelling. An inscription follows:—

¹ The engraver should have used *stab*. To make up for this error, he put a short sword at the end of the line.

I Powder : With : my Brother : Ball.
A Hearoe : like : do : Conquer : all
John Vaughan : His : Horn Made : Sepr 20th 1764
Steal : not : this : Horn : by : Day : nor : Night
For : the : owners : name : Stands : fare : in : Sight.

Later writers add something to the early rhymes, but not on the horns themselves, and concerning this one, General Darling, Secretary the Oneida Historical Society, has written these lines, which tell of part of its tale : —

Behold this ancient powder horn,
The owner's name was John Vaughan,
Who carved upon its oval face
The records of a by-gone race,
In Seventeen Sixty-five, A. D.,
This horn was found within a tree,
Placed there by one who lost his life
By Mohawk gleaming scalping knife.

Another, used in the Revolution, has simply patriotic emblems and expressions, showing the feelings of the owner long before the war commenced : "Liberty and No Slavery. Made in Lyme — May the 20 — The. Year. 1770 — For the : — Defence of Liberty. Elihu Ely : Owner."

The mottoes on the British arms are often misspelled, and sometimes intentionally altered. A very elaborate horn of 1759 has "Shoni Ovi Maw Pheal," and "Dieu et mon Doet." In another, "Eliphalet Stephens, His Horn made at Owoswago, Ano t Ye 1757," in place of *Honi soit*, is "The Evn Lion and T."

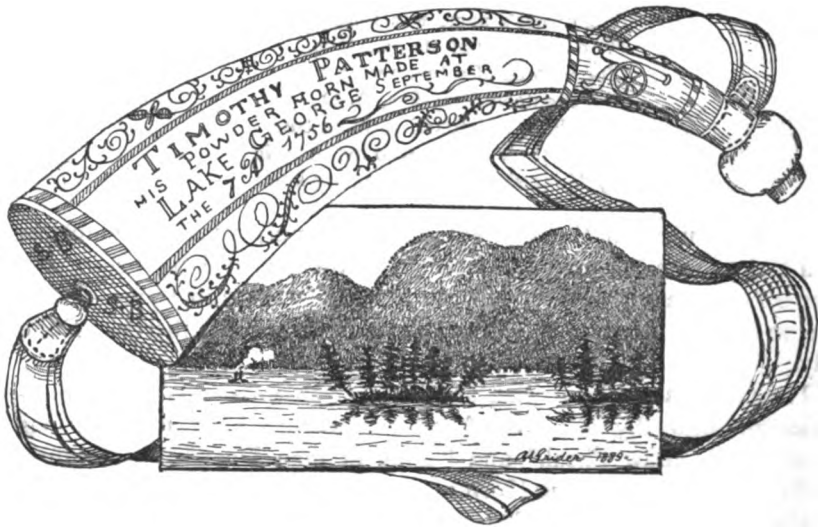
A Connecticut horn of the Revolution suggests that Patrick Henry's famous speech was extensively read. A tree is labelled "Liberty Tree," and the words "Liberty or Death" are in capitals. The owner did not wish to be forgotten, and engraved these words which now perpetuate his memory : —

Oliver Graham it tis My Name
At Saybrook I Was born,
When this you See
Remember Me,
if I AM Dead and Gon.
Oliver Graham his horn.

Mr. Grider, to whose taste and research I am so much indebted in this matter, has thus described another elaborate horn, after the manner of our sires : —

Dragoon and Dial — half between
The letters H. B. S. are seen,
My owner was a trooper bold,
Who battled under brave Arnold,

When he disputed British Rights
 By fierce attacks at Bemis' Heights.
 Fort Edward was familiar ground,
 Where for a time, a rest was found,
 And Bloody Pond, well known to me,
 Was deemed an awful spot to be.
 When war, and war's alarms had closed,
 My owner at Lake George reposed,
 Here I am still, — and still retain
 The H. B. S., my owner's name.



THE TIMOTHY PATTERSON.

Now owned by C. F. Gunther, Chicago, Ill.

Watch Island, *Lake George*, and view of Sabbath Day Point — here both Abercrombie and Lord Amherst recruited their armies — and here, from Watch Island, General Putnam dispersed an Expedition during the Revolution. Sketched by R. A. Grider, in 1887.

A fine horn at Albany has some figures on it which the maker need not have labelled "Goos and Fox." Under a dog are the words,

This is Defiance To the Proud French. Fort Edward — June 17: 1759 —
 Elijah Sharp — His Horn — Success to the Brittish Arms.

My Powder, With my Brother Ball,
 we Herow-Like do Conquer all.

Under other figures is this: "Our Duke is a Bold Commander."

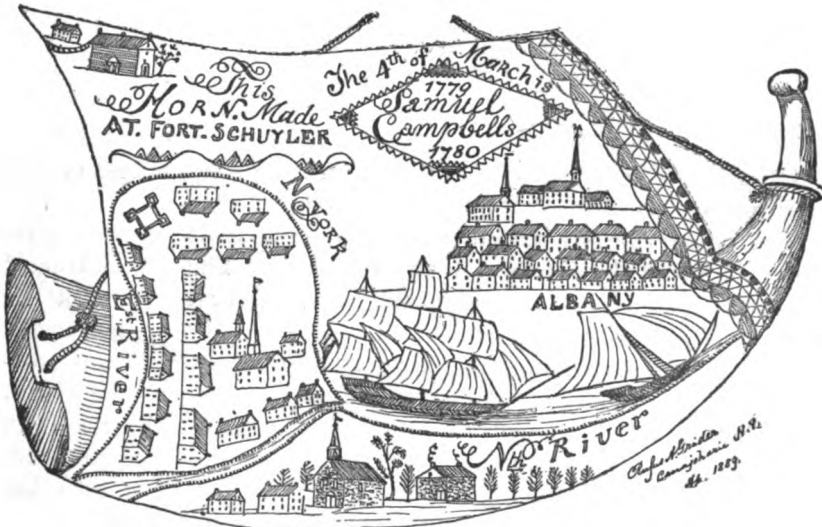
There is another noteworthy for a representation of a tavern with a half-moon sign. A table within is set with glasses and a decanter, while a duel is going on at the rear of the house. The record on the horn is, "March The made by Nor Walk, John Deen His Horn 1758." There are others with early scenes.

The man who made another old horn saw the funny side of things : —

The Memorial of a Franzy Cow¹
I write on it to tell you how
That when she was tied she struck
The tree and by hur unlucky stroke
This horn fell to me. Stephen Clark.

The rhyme requires a different division of the lines from that on the horn, *tree* and *me* forming the proper terminations. Then follows, "The forts on Dogester was B. G. March th 4 A. D. 1776, and the 17 instant the regulars left Boston."

Another has "Liberty or Death," and under a British officer is "Old Thomas Gage going from Boston."



THE COLONEL CAMPBELL.

This horn was made for Colonel S. Campbell of Cherry Valley, N. Y., now possessed by his grandson Douglas Campbell, No. 102 Broadway, N. Y.

One which Mr. Grider had not seen has on it the name of Serg^t Ichabod French, Jan. 10, 1748. Besides many pictures it has the good old couplet on it, —

A man of words and not of deeds,
Is like a garden full of weeds.

On the powder-horn maps the name of Stone Arabia is never spelled as now, and from an old family Mr. Grider had this account of the origin of the name. The German girls were helping pick up stones when a traveller inquired what place it was. They thought

¹ In other words, a mad or frenzied cow.

he asked what they were doing, and answered, "Stone Raffin." This he supposed was the name, and wrote it down Stone Arabia. The explanation is ingenious, but there was also a Stone Arabia near Albany about the same time, and the name probably came with early settlers from thence.

In early days Ticonderoga was variously spelled. It was evacuated July 30, 1759, and some exultation over several victories is expressed on a powder-horn of that year :—

Nathan Garnsey of Litchfield his horn made at TIONTIROGE by Peter Garnsey August ye 17 1759.

I, powder with my brother ball
Am hero like do concur all
See how we make the French dogs run
The fields we have gained
The forts we have woon
When this you see remember me.

N G

This is a curious blending of standard rhymes and original lines, but the author was evidently inspired by the military success of that year, so that his muse took an exultant flight.

Besides the things I have mentioned here, there is very much on these old horns that is more than interesting. They remind us of the horn-books of our ancestors, and preserve for us some of the thoughts of the common people. The beauty of the engraving is often noteworthy, and if the spelling is occasionally quaint, it compares favorably with that of many leading men of colonial times. Some otherwise unknown places appear on the maps of these soldiers and scouts, and characteristic costumes are spiritedly represented. They faithfully preserve the names of those who have no other monuments, and who yet were brave defenders of their land.

W. M. Beauchamp.

✦
ESKIMO TALES AND SONGS.

DURING his explorations in Baffin Land, F. Boas collected a considerable number of songs, fables, and tales of the Eskimo inhabiting that region, a few of which are of recent origin, while by far the greater number have been handed down from generation to generation. As the proper translation of these texts requires a most thorough knowledge of the Eskimo language, H. Rink, the other writer of the present paper, undertook this task, F. Boas furnishing notes only on points of dialectic difference between the Greenlandic and the language of these songs. The following translations, the first excepted, and the linguistic notes are due to H. Rink, the explanations of the songs to F. Boas.

The translation of such texts offers peculiar difficulties. To be properly understood, the tales must be heard as told by the story-teller in the snow-house; the surroundings greatly enhancing their charm and facilitating comprehension. The contents of the tale have been often talked about. Now the lamps are made to burn low; the story-teller strips off his outer jacket and retires to the rear part of the hut, facing the wall. He pulls his hood over his head, puts on his mittens, and begins in a low chant, first singing slowly, then with increasing rapidity, in a monotonous recitative, until he comes to one of the songs, which are frequently interspersed between the tales. These are still more difficult to render, the words being often rather trifling, the sentences abrupt, and the author presuming the audience to be familiar with the whole subject of the song, and able to guess the greater part of it. According as euphony and cadence require, the words are sometimes abbreviated almost to interjections, sometimes lengthened by rare or obsolete affixes, the meaning of which is not understood by the present generation, while occasionally words of the peculiar Angakok speech and of magic spells are interspersed. If these difficulties have been met with in Greenland, they are much more conspicuous in texts written in little known dialects. To a literal translation of the following songs explanatory remarks on some of the most striking differences of the Greenlandic have been added, to illustrate the relation of the Baffin Land dialect to those of Greenland (Gr.) and Labrador (L.). Kleinschmidt's alphabet has been used, with the exception of q, which is used instead of his *ꞑ*, and *ꞕ*, which is used for ch in Scottish loch.

The following tradition was obtained from an old Eskimo, Pakaq by name, in Cumberland Sound. The text, given below, is sung in a low recitative by the story teller. The song itself is undoubtedly of considerable antiquity, particularly the conclusion, which is told almost with the same words by the Eskimo of Greenland.

THE ORIGIN OF THE ADLET AND OF THE WHITE MEN.

Unigumissuitoq She who did not want to have a husband	qingmiminik a dog	uinginerlipa. she takes for her husband.	Qingmingagoq With the dog, it is said		
silamut outside	unuang at night	tutigluk both under the same cover	nanidjuk. they are found.	Irdnivoq She gives birth	qudlinik, to ten,
aipunga the one	qingmit, dogs,	aipunga the others	Adlet. Adlet.	Angijudlirput. They begin to grow up.	Itungat Their grand- father
tikitaranget every time he comes to them	netirtlunē when he had got a seal	usidlune when he had loaded it	qayangenut, upon the kayak,	irdnutangit his grandchildren	
alupararterpugmeta, as they ate much and frequently,	piqbijiliranigit giving them a place of abode for the future	qeqertomut to an island	aqpēit he carries them	paningilo the daughter and	
tangmarmik. all.	Angutat Their father	qingmiq the dog	puimiktune swimming again to him	neqequpurpoq he fetches meat	
kaminik. in the boots.	Qingminigoq The dog, it is said	ujimijartlune hanging them around his neck	neqessomirmegoq as he had had meat, it is said	ujarqamigō with stones	
iludlirtogik when he had filled both of them	kivivung. he sinks.	Kivingmigoq When he was drowned, it is said	ituata their grand- father	tujurpeit. they send them(?)	Itungagoq His grandfather, it is said
angiqarpoq ; he goes home ;	atedlo and more	sudle still	tujurpeit. they send them.	Arnargoq The woman, it is said	oqapuro : says :
Itirtse Your grand- father	qaijenga his kayak	alupirsilugo, awaiting,	itirtse your grand- father	pasiuq. you shall attack.	Toqovoq. He is dead.
Irdnuteitagoq His grandsons, it is said	ujarpat. she searches for them.	Aitungagmioq Making a sole for herself	umiartatlitovik provided quickly with a new boat		
audlaqovait she orders them to travel	ikirmut : into the open sea :				
Angnaijaja. Angnaijaja.	Taununga ima Down there	tikikusilima when you will have arrived	saipaqomik little things		
panginierlarpuse. you will make.	Angnaija. Angnaija.				

The following is a translation of this song : —

Uinigumissuitoq married a dog. One night she was found outside the hut sleeping with the dog. She gave birth to ten children, one half of them dogs, the other Adlet. The children grew up. Every time their grandfather had got a seal, he loaded it upon his kayak and carried it to them. His grandchildren were very voracious. Therefore he selected an island for their place of abode and carried them over there, his daughter, the dog, and the children. Their father, the dog, swam every day to the old man's hut to fetch meat in a pair of boots which he had hung around his neck. One day the grandfather filled them with stones instead of meat and thus drowned the

dog. When he was drowned their grandfather continued to send them food. The mother, however, said to her children: "Watch your grandfather, when he goes out in his kayak, and attack him!" They killed him. Then she searched for her children, and after having cut a sole for herself, she transformed it quickly into a boat, in which she ordered them to travel across the ocean. She sang: "Angnaijaja. When you will have arrived on the other side, you will make many little things. Angnaija."

Here is a fuller account of the tradition:—

Saviqong (*i. e.*, the knifeman), an old man, lived alone with his daughter. Her name was Niviarsiang (*i. e.*, the girl), but as she did not want to take a husband she was also called Unigumissuitung (*i. e.*, she who did not want to take a husband). She refused all her suitors, but at last a dog, spotted white and red, whose name was Ijiqang (*i. e.*, the powerful eye), won her affection and she married him. They had ten children, five of whom were Adlet and five dogs. The legs of the Adlet were like those of dogs, and hairy all over, the soles excepted, while the upper part of their bodies was human. When the children grew up they became very voracious, and as the dog Ijiqang did not go hunting at all, but let his father-in-law provide for the whole family, Saviqong found great difficulty in feeding them. Moreover, the children were very clamorous and noisy; so at last their grandfather, being tired of their manifold demands and the trouble they gave him, put the whole family into his boat and carried them to a small island. He told Ijiqang to come every day and fetch meat.

Niviarsiang hung a pair of boots on his neck and he swam across the narrow channel separating the island from the mainland. But Saviqong, instead of giving him meat, filled the boots with heavy stones which drowned Ijiqang when he attempted to return to the island.

Niviarsiang thought of revenging the death of her husband. She sent the young dogs to her father's hut and let them gnaw off his feet and hands. In return Saviqong, when his daughter happened to be in his boat, threw her overboard, and cut off her fingers when she clung to the gunwale. As they fell into the sea they were transformed into seals and whales. At last he allowed her to climb again into the boat.

As she feared that her father might think of killing or maiming her children, she ordered the Adlet to go inland, where they became the ancestors of a numerous people. She made a boat for the young dogs, setting up two sticks for masts in the sole of one of her boots, and sent the puppies across the ocean. She sang: "Angnaijaja. When you will have arrived on the other side, you will make many little things. Angnaija."

In Greenland and the northern portion of Baffin Land the children, which are called Adlet in our tale, are called Erqigdlit. It is of great interest to notice that the Labrador Eskimo call the Indians of the interior Adlet, while the tribes inhabiting the west coast of Hudson Bay call them Erqigdlit. In Baffin Land and Greenland the historical meaning of the term has totally disappeared, but it denotes a fabulous tribe with dog's legs and a human body. It is difficult to account for the application of these different terms to both Indians and the fabulous beings above referred to.

Rink gives an abstract of the legend, as he heard it in Greenland (Rink, "Tales and Traditions of the Eskimo," p. 471): "A woman who was mated with a dog got ten children. When they had grown larger she ordered them to devour her father, whereupon she divided them into two parties and sent them off from home to seek their subsistence henceforth by themselves. Five of them, who were sent up the country, grew erkileks; and the other five she gave the sole of an old boot, and put it into the sea, when it rapidly expanded and grew a ship, in which they went off, turning into Europeans."

J. Murdoch reports a fragment of the same legend from Point Barrow, Alaska. He says ("American Naturalist," 1886, p. 594): "Long ago, Aselu, a dog, was tied to a stick. He bit the stick (*i. e.*, set himself free) and went into the house where he had intercourse with a woman who gave birth to men and dogs."

It is remarkable that, according to Petitot ("Monographie des Esquimaux Tchiglit," p. 24), the Mackenzie Eskimo should have an altogether different account on this subject. He gives the following tradition: Far west on a large island, the beaver created two men. They came to the bank of a river hunting ptarmigan. They quarrelled about their ptarmigan and separated. One became the ancestor of the Eskimo, the other that of the sea animals, who were the ancestors of the Europeans. The Erqigdlit, according to his report, originated from eggs of lice. It seems to me very probable that this is only a very fragmentary and imperfect portion of the complete story as told by the Mackenzie tribes.

It is a very interesting fact that the Eskimo, from Greenland to the Mackenzie, apply the term qavdlunaq or qablunaq to the whites, with whom they became acquainted comparatively recently, and that they have a legend, evidently of great antiquity, referring to their origin. There are two explanations of this fact that suggest themselves: Either the tradition was not invented until the Eskimo came into contact with the whites, or an old tradition was applied to the whites when they became first known to the Eskimo. I believe the former explanation to be very improbable, as the Eskimo report events that happened about three hundred years ago, as Frobisher's

expedition to Frobisher Bay, without any additions. It is, on the other hand, entirely in accord with known facts, that the report of the advent of the whites coming from beyond the sea should be confounded with an old legend treating of a tribe of this kind, and it is easily understood how such a legend spread from one tribe to the other. It is worth remarking, that the song given above does not refer to the whites expressly, although it is understood that "the little things" the children make are the whites.

The fuller account of the tradition as given above shows a marked resemblance to the Sedna legend, which I have treated at another place (Petermann's "Mittheilungen," 1887, p. 303). Evidently the story of the transformation of her fingers into sea animals is the same in both. Petitot's tale also indicates a certain connection between the legend of the sea animals and of the whites.

It would be of the greatest interest to know the version in which this legend is told in Alaska, as it would probably give a clue to its history, more particularly to the question, how the legend came to be applied to the whites.

We give here the text of the Sedna legend : —

SEDNALO¹ QAXODLULO.¹

SEDNOR AND THE FULMAR.

Nautaima	Uinigumissuitoq ? ²	Qajarmut ⁸	kangenut ⁴	audlirtoq.
Where then	She who never would marry ?	In a kayak	to the mainland	going off.
Sikoqa'ngenu ⁵	ikurika'. ⁶	Takuvigit	ijika, ⁷	takuvigit ?
Over the ice	crossed.	Doest thou see	my eyes,	Doest thou see them ?
ia ha ha ha ha !				
ia ha ha ha ha !				
Tupirmut	itelingmut ⁸	aidniedliranuk ⁹	qietaronivik. ¹⁰	Angutā'
To a tent	of ragged skins	as he had brought her	crying.	Her father
angninga	umiarmut	tikitoq.	Paningminik	aitirtoq. ¹¹
her elder brother	in a boat	coming.	His daughter	going for.
In the boat				
paninga	ikivoq.	Uinga ¹²	qaxodluk	qiessivoq.
his daughter	embarked.	Her husband	the fulmar	cried.
The fulmar				
oqapoq :	agartsorutika ¹⁸	takuleka	taimaitjut	ijingit
says :	my means for transforming	let me see them	being thus	the eyes
takudnejukpat.	Tupirmut	angiqatut ¹⁴	qaxodluk	madlilirpoq.
they see once more (?).	To the tent	going home	the fulmar	followed.
Anure	agsualuk	kanipoq ;	umiavat ¹⁵	kanipoq.
Wind	very strong	was near ;	they were wrecked	nearly.
His daughter				
singipa.	Umiarmut	igdliuktut ¹⁶	umiarmut	ajeqpurpoq. ¹⁷
he pushed into the sea.	To the boat	on both sides	to the boat	she clings.
Savingmut	anauva :	aqbirit ¹⁸	puiva. ¹⁹	Atē'dlo
With a knife	he struck her :	whales	emerged.	Again
he struck her :				
puiva.	Atedlo	anauva :	netiq	puiva.
emerged.	Again	he struck her :	a fiord seal	emerged.
Her whole body				
ajeqpurpa :				
she leaned :				

Savingmut	ijingemut	touqpa.	Toqova. ²¹	Nunamut	anguta	niuva.
With a knife	into the eyes	he stabbed her.	He killed her.	On the shore	her father	lifted her.
Qipingnik	tigussiva. ²²	Tininermut	idnatirpa.	Qingmisumik ²³		
A quilt	he took.	On the beach	he laid her down.	With a dog skin		
qipigpoq.	Udlutiva.					
she was covered.	The flood-tide took her.					

Explanations : 1. The affix *-lo* means and. 2. Gr. *uvinigkumajuitsoq*. 3. The ending *-mut*, to, appears to be used here and in several other places instead of *-mik*, or *-kut*, with or by. 4. Perhaps Gr. *kangimut* or *kangermut*, towards the inland or the cape of the mainland. 5. Gr. *sikuþ qanut*; L. s. *kanganut*. 6. Gr. *ikarpog*. 7. Gr. *issika*. 8. Gr. *itsat*, tent, skins; *-luk*, bad; *itsalungnut*. 9. Gr. *ainiatdlaramiuk*, as he had brought her. 10. Gr. *giavog*, L. *kéavok*, he cries. 11. Gr. *átsivog*, or *aigdlerpog*, he goes for something; L. *aiklerpok*, *aitorpa*, brings her something. 12. The L. form, *-nga*; Gr. *uvia*. 13. This very doubtful expression reminds of Gr. *agssartorneq*, transformation of shape by magic, a word occurring in legends. Here: the man assuming the shape of bird (?); the ending *-torutika*, my reasons or means for. 14. Gr. *angerdlartut*; L. *angerartut*. 15. Perhaps Gr. *umiát*, their boat; *umiu'put*, they were wrecked. 16. Gr. *igdlugtut*. 17. Gr. *ajaperpog*. 18. L. *arvek*, pl. *arverit*. 19. In songs the endings *-vâ*, *-pâ*, often take the place of *-vog*, *-pog*, and the singular is frequently used instead of the plural. It may be that this is due to rhythmical reasons. 20. Verbatim; he or she entire. 21. Gr. *toquvog*, he dies; *toqupâ*, he kills him. 22. Gr. *tiguvâ'*, he takes it; *tigusivog*, he takes (something). 23. L. *kingmisuk*, dog skin.

RAVEN AND GULL.

The following dialogue refers to a tale well known in Greenland ("Tales and Traditions of the Eskimo," No. 108, p. 451, in abstract), where it is stated that an angakok and his son visited a house inhabited by ravens and gulls, who regaled them with excrements and twigs. The angakok is able to see the birds in human shape. We must imagine the birds sitting in their house, — the bird-cliff, — conversing and looking at the men, who are seen to approach on the ice, coming shoreward, and who finally reach the entrance of the house.

Tulugaq :	Irdni'ng, ¹	irdni'ng,	takojartopa'gin, ²	inuktau'ja
The raven (says):	Son,	son,	doest thou go to see them,	that man
namui'dlirtoq ³	pixalu'jang ⁴	unguata'ne ⁵		
going somewhere	the iceberg	beyond?		
Irdning, irdning,	takojartopagin,	inuktauja	namuidlirtoq	pixalujang
Son,	son,	doest thou go to see,	that man	going somewhere the iceberg
miksitime? ⁶				
on this side?				
Irdning, irdning,	takojartopagin	inuktauja	namuidlirtoq	ikerga'kulu ⁶
Son,	son,	doest thou see	that man	going somewhere the small rock
senie'ne?				
at the side of?				
Irdning, irdning,	takojartopagin	inuktauja	sigjamilirtung? ⁷	
Son,	son,	doest thou go to see them	that man	reaching the shore?

Irdning, irdning, takojartopagin inuk taki/ka⁸ pamilirtung?
 Son, son, doest thou go to see the man yonder reaching the entrance?

Iteqaro/vin⁹ iserit! Unalipilā'roq!
 If thou hast an anus come in! But take this!

Inung: Ah! piungmangitinga¹⁰ qileksinang sudnalogaq.
 The man (says): Ah! I do not like ? something bad (?)

Tulugaq: Unalipilā'roq!
 The raven (says): But take this!

Inung: Taima, taima! pissuilenga!¹¹
 The man: So it is, so it is! I will not have it!

Nauja: Qutī'uq!¹² Qutī'uq! Qutī'uq!
 The gull: Bring it! Bring it! Bring it!

Tulugaq: Issilarin nutarualung!¹³ Unalipilā'roq!
 The raven: Just step inside, big baby! But take this!

Inung: Taima, taima! pissuilenga!
 The man: So it is, so it is! I will not have it!

Tulugaq: Maunga kangivermigin!¹⁴
 The raven: This way come here further inside!

Nauja: Qutī'uq! najatama, aititietaminga pitsiqaming¹⁵
 The gull: Bring it! my sister, go and fetch dried fish

exaluminakdjaming.
 pieces of salmon.

Explanations: 1. Gr. *erneq*. 2. Gr. *takujartorpoq*, he goes to see. 3. L. *namurigarpoq*; or from Gr. *nangmagpoq*, carries something on his back. 4. L. *pekkalujak*; Gr. *iluliaq*. 5. L. *miksiptinut*. 6. L. *ikkarok*; -*kuluk*, small. 7. Gr. *sigssamilersaq*, beginning to be on the beach. 8. Gr. *takiga*, yonder (in the south). 9. A very doubtful word: Gr. literally *iteqaruvit*, if thou hast an anus; perhaps *iserqāruvit*, when thou first enters. 10. Gr. *piumangitsunga*. 11. Gr. *pissuitdlunga*. 12. Gr. *qaisuk*. 13. L. *nutarak*, -*aluk*. 14. L. *kangivarpa*, he goes from the entrance further inside towards him. 15. L. *pipse*; Gr. *niuse*, or *niuse*, split and dried fish.

AVIGNAQULULO TERIENIARLO.

THE LEMMING AND THE FOX.

Avignaq: Pissuqā'ng,¹ pissuqadlā! sinirsartuarpin?²
 Lemming: Fox! fox! doest thou always run along the beach?

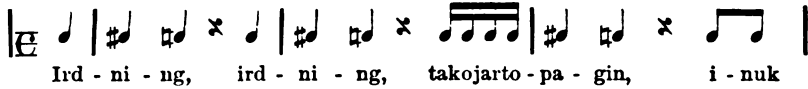
niqegsarsiarpin?³
 Doest thou search for something to eat?

Terieniaq: Suva, niukitu,⁴ timikitung? Kinauna⁵ angmalortung,
 The fox: What will he with his short legs, with his bit of a body? Who is that round thing,

niuki-niukitu?
 small leg — small legged one?

Explanations: 1. From the angakok language. 2. L. *senertarpok*, runs along the edge; Gr. -(t)uarpoq, continually. 3. Gr. *neqigssarsiorpit*. 4. Gr. -*kitsoq*, having a small or scarce. 5. Or *kina una*, that face.

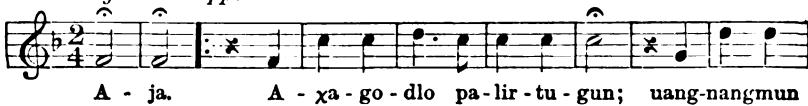
The last two tales or fables are told in a very artistic manner. The first lines of the raven tale are spoken in a marked rhythm, as indicated in the first line, the arsis being about half a tone higher than the thesis. The style of delivery may be indicated thus : —



The words *takojartopa'gin*, and particularly later on *unalipilā'roq*, are pronounced from the depth of the throat, imitating the croaking of the raven. The gull's voice is imitated in the rapidly pronounced screaming : Quti'uq, quti'uq, quti'uq.

While the foregoing tales are undoubtedly ancient, the following songs are modern. The first is said to have been composed about a hundred years ago. The Eskimo of Cumberland Sound are in the habit of visiting every summer a large lake, called Netiling, *i. e.*, with seals. There they find an abundance of deer and salmon, and, as the name suggests, even seals frequent the waters of this lake. The journey is very arduous, occupying many days, and leading up a narrow fiord, in which high tides form dangerous rapids. Farther on a number of difficult portages must be made. The feelings of the Eskimo, when starting on this journey, are described in the following song : —

Adagio non troppo.



Axagodlo palirtugun¹ uangnangmun² tipaungunga³

ija jija aja a.

Atutelirpara mana⁴ pingatirtuamanga

ija jija aja a.

Sapernarluorqipiva⁵ marqaidlo sarbaidlo

ija jija aja a.

Piitisariomena ajurnarianigimen⁶

ija jija aja a.

Ijerseniartudlika pujeksenik⁷ tamainik.

ija jija aja a.

Takulisagipara pinissuagapiga.⁸

Explanations: 1. Gr. *paorpoq*, pulls the kajak; *-lerpoq*, begins to; *-tugut*, we who. 2. L. *uarngnak*, west wind. 3. Gr. *tagpavunga*. 4. Gr. *artulitdlarparamatna*. 5. Gr. *sapernarpoq*, it is difficult; *-lugpoq*, is badly. 6. Gr. *ajornarpoq*, is difficult; *-ngingmat*, as it was not. 7. Gr. *puissinik*. 8. L. *pinnasuarpok*, tries to gain something (Gr. *piniarpoq*).

TRANSLATION.

To-morrow we begin pulling towards the northwest, up the country, ija jija aja a. I began finding it very troublesome, when I tried it the first time, ija jija aja a. Awkwardly difficult the overland passages and the rapids, ija jija aja a.

But I got plenty, as it could be done, ija jija aja a.

? ? seals of all kinds, ija jija aja a.

I shall see something I can try to obtain.

THE RETURNING HUNTERS.

Sung by the women who stand looking out for their arrival.

Allegro.

Angu-ti-vun¹ tai-ma tau - nane tai-ma au - va-si-ma-meta² ava-va-si

mametan³ ne-ri-o-pa-luk tunga - a⁴—, hanga anga hanga anga a - ga - ga.

The musical notation consists of two staves. The first staff is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time, marked 'Allegro'. It contains the melody for the first line of the song. The second staff continues the melody, featuring a triplet of eighth notes in the fourth measure. The lyrics are written below the notes, with superscript numbers 1, 2, 3, and 4 corresponding to the numbered explanations provided.

Explanations: 1. Gr. *angut*, male; *-tivut*, plur. our. 2. Gr. *auvarpoq*, he is hunting reindeer; *-simangmata*, as they have been. 3. *avavavog*, he hunts regularly. 4. *nerivoq*, he eats; *-palugpoq*, he has the appearance of; *-tunga*, I who.

TRANSLATION.— Our husbands thus down there, as they have been hunting reindeer, as they have been regularly engaged in hunting, I shall have plenty of meat now.

*H. Rink,
F. Boas.*



GRATEFUL ANIMALS.

THE Teton tales, respecting the relation of wolves to men, contributed by Mr. Dorsey to this number, suggest comparison with the well-known fable of the "Grateful Beasts and the Ungrateful Man." This story, of Asiatic origin and unknown antiquity, contained in several Oriental collections, found its way, through Arabic and Greek translations, into mediæval Europe, and is attributed by Matthew Paris to Richard Cœur de Lion, as a parable which the king, after his return from the Crusades, was fond of relating. According to the version of a Buddhist work, the "*Rasavāhini*" (Benfey, "*Pantschatantra*," i. 194), the tale proceeds as follows: In time of drought, a dog, a snake, and a man fall into a pit. A native of Benares passes by, takes pity on their plight, and draws them all up in a basket. They express their gratitude, point out their places of abode, and bid their deliverer come to them in need. After a time, the rescuer falls into poverty. The dog, to whom he applies, in order to relieve his want, steals a bracelet from the king, which he bestows on his benefactor. The man of Benares, desirous to sell the trinket, seeks the aid of the person whom he had saved; but the latter, in hope of reward, betrays his friend, who is sentenced to be impaled. The snake, however, bites the queen, and then, taking human form, declares that only the prisoner can cure the lady. The result is the freedom of the victim and discovery of the betrayal.

Benfey remarks that tales of this class seem to be derived from Buddhism, which before everything else impresses the duty of good will and pity for all living creatures. The fable, however, seems to be told, not so much for this moral purpose, as to point out the unsatisfactoriness and hollowness of a world in which man plays so contemptible a part. The story is also contained in the "*Jātakas*" or "*Birth-Stories*" (attributed to Gotama Buddha), see W. A. Clouston, "*Popular Tales and Fictions*," i. 233.

Turning to the Indian tale, we observe that the narrative is even more distinctly of a sacred character, being connected with ritual. But the religious purpose is altogether different; being to show the Teton of the Wolf clan the closeness of the bonds which connect him with his animal cousins, ties confirmed by ancestral legends, believed to be of historical character. It will not be necessary to point out the profound significance of this curious fact, so full of illumination as regards mythology, and so indicative of the characteristic place of the American Indian in the history of human thought. The subject is commended to the reflection of those who think folk-tales of little importance to philosophy.

TETON FOLK-LORE NOTES.¹

THE cockle-burr is called *wi nawizi*, or jealous woman, because it takes hold of a man. When a Teton covered with these burrs enters a lodge, the other inmates ridicule him, saying, "Oho! you have a jealous wife." The thistle (*Carduus*) is called the *toka hu* or enemy plant. The Tetons attack it just as they would an enemy, beating it down, and giving the cry of triumph, "A^a-he!"

They believe that an elk can sing, and that he has a flute-like voice.

Wolf-Lore. — The man who met the ghost woman after fleeing from the two ghost men encountered a wolf, who pitied him and showed him the way to a camp, where he was received and adopted into the tribe. This man always remembered the wolf as a kind animal, and when he killed any game, he threw a portion outside of the camp, as an offering to the wolf.

There was once a handsome young Teton, whose wife's father disliked him and plotted against him. He dug a pit within his lodge, covering it with skins. Then he invited his son-in-law to a feast. The son-in-law met a wolf, whom he saluted, asking him the way to the village. The young man was persuaded to recline on the skins, which gave way, precipitating him into the pit. The father-in-law and his two single daughters covered the skins with earth, and removed their tent elsewhere on the morrow, when all the people started on a journey. After some days, the wolf who had met the man went to the deserted camping-place in search of food. On reaching the place where the accident (?) had happened, he heard a human cry. So he dug away the earth, removed the skins, and found the man, whom he recognized. The wolf pitied him, and said, "As you did not kill me when we met, you shall now be saved." So he howled, and very soon many wolves appeared. They found a lariat, which they lowered into the pit, and by grasping the other end with their teeth, they pulled the man up. He was very grateful, promising never to harm a wolf. Just then a weeping woman appeared, gazing in surprise at the man, as he was very thin, looking like a ghost. She was his wife, and her heart was soon made glad when he told her of his rescue.

Once upon a time a man found a wolf den, into which he dug to get the cubs. The mother came, barking, and she finally said to him,

¹ Extracts from a paper read before the Anthropological Society of Washington, in November, 1888, entitled *Teton Folk-Lore*. Translated from the Teton MSS. of George Bushotter by J. Owen Dorsey. Part of this paper appeared in the *American Anthropologist*, vol. ii., No. 2, and another part in *Science*.

"Pity my children ;" but he paid no attention to her. So she ran for her husband, who soon appeared. Still the man persevered. Then the wolf sang a beautiful song, "O man, pity my children, and I will instruct you in one of my arts." He ended with a howl, causing a fog. When the wolf howled again the fog disappeared. Then the man thought, "These animals have mysterious gifts," and he tore up his red blanket into small pieces, which he put as necklaces on the cubs, whom he painted with Indian red, restoring them to their place in the den. Then the grateful father exclaimed, "When you go to war hereafter, I will accompany you, and bring to pass whatever you wish." So they parted as friends. In the course of time the man went on the war-path. As he came in sight of a village of the foe, a large wolf met him, saying, "By and by I will sing, and you shall steal their horses when they least suspect danger." So they stopped on a hill close to the village, and the wolf sang, after which he howled, making a high wind arise. The horses fled to the forest, many stopping on the hillside. When the wolf howled again the wind died away, and a mist arose; so the man took as many horses as he pleased.

All the wolf stories belong to the Wolf Society, called Dog Society by the white people. That society has many beautiful songs, and its membership is confined to the young men.

Spider-Lore. — The Tetons pray to gray spiders, and to those with yellow legs. When a person goes on a journey, and a spider passes, one does not kill it in silence. For should one let it go, or kill it without prayer, bad consequences must ensue. In the latter case, another spider would avenge the death of his relation. When the spider is met the person must say to it, "Ikto'mi Tun-kan'-shi-la, Wa-kin'-yan ni'-kte-pe lo', O Grandfather Spider, the Thunderers kill you!" The spider is crushed at once, and his spirit believes what has been told him. His spirit probably tells this to the other spiders, but they cannot harm the Thunderers. If one prays thus to a spider as he kills it, he will never be bitten by other spiders.

Ikto or Iktomi (in Teton) and Unktomi (in Santee) are the names now given to the spider by the Dakotas, but the name belonged to a mythical hero, the Ictinike of the Omahas and Ponkas, and the Ictciñke of the Iowas and Otos. Ikto, say the Tetons, was the first being who attained maturity in this world. He is more cunning than human beings. He named all people and animals, and he was the first to use human speech. Some call him the "Mocker" or "Monkey" (with which compare an African belief about monkeys having the gift of human speech). If we see any peculiar animals at any place, we know that Ikto made them so. All the animals are his kindred, and they are obliged to act just as he commanded them at the

beginning. Though Ikto was very cunning, he was sometimes deceived by other beings. One day he caught the Rabbit, and the latter was about to fare hard, when a thought occurred to him. He persuaded Ikto to release him on condition that he taught his captor one of his magic arts. Said he, "Elder brother, if you wish snow to fall at any time, take some hair such as this (pulling out some rabbit fur), and blow it in all directions, and there will be a blizzard." The Rabbit made a deep snow in this manner, though the leaves were still green. This surprised Ikto, who thought that he had learned a wonderful accomplishment. But the foolish fellow did not know that rabbit fur was necessary, and when he tried to make snow by blowing his own hair, he was disappointed.

On another occasion Ikto reached a stream which he could not ford. So he stood on the bank and sang thus :—



To' - kin ko - wa' - ka-tan ma - ka' - ni, e - chin'chin na - wa' - zhin !

I stand, thinking often, Oh that I might reach the other side !

Presently a long object passed, swimming against the current. When it reached him it said, "I will take you across, but you must not lift your head above the water. Should you notice even a small cloud warn me at once, as I must go under the water." Ikto was then told to give the warning thus : "Younger brother, your grandfather is coming." Before the other bank was reached Ikto gave the warning, and so sudden was the commotion that Ikto became unconscious. On recovering, he found that the thunder was roaring, and the water was dashing high, but the monster had disappeared.

The Monster in the River. — Long ago the people saw a strange thing in the Missouri River. At night there was some red object, shining like fire, making the water roar as it passed up stream. Should any one see the monster by daylight he became crazy soon after, writhing as with pain, and dying. One man who said that he saw the monster described it thus : It has red hair all over, and one eye. A horn is in the middle of its forehead, and its body resembles that of a buffalo. Its backbone is like a cross-cut saw, it is flat and notched like a saw or cog-wheel. When one sees it he gets bewildered, and his eyes close at once. He is crazy for a day, and then he dies. The Teton think that this monster is still in the river, and they call it "Mi-ni-wa-tu," or sea monster. They think that it causes the ice on the river to break up in the spring of the year.

The Thunderers. — Some of these ancient people still dwell in the clouds. They have large curved beaks, resembling bison humps, their voices are loud, they do not open their eyes wide except when

they make lightning, and they have wings. They can kill various mysterious beings, as well as human beings. Their ancient foes were the giant rattlesnakes, and the Un-kche-ghi-la, or water monsters, whose bones are now found in the bluffs of Nebraska and Dakota. Long ago, the Tetons encamped by a deep lake, whose shore was inclosed by very high cliffs. They noticed that at night, even when there was no breeze, the water in the middle of the lake was constantly roaring. When one gazed in that direction he saw a huge eye as bright as the sun, which caused him to vomit something resembling black earth moistened with water, and death soon followed. That very night the Thunderers came, and the crashing sounds were so terrible that many people fainted. The next morning the shore was covered with the bodies of all kinds of fish, some of which were larger than men, and there were also some huge serpents. The water monster which the Thunderers fought resembled a rattlesnake, but he had short legs and rusty-yellow fur.

Kan-ghi-ta-me, stones resembling coal, are found in the Bad Lands, and they are said to be the missiles of the Thunderers. When a person dreams of the Thunderers it is a sign that he and they must fight. The Thunderers are said to have beautiful songs.

When it stops raining, lizards, frogs, and toads drop from the clouds.

In the olden times there were many large and venomous flying serpents. So the people had to wear garments of thick skins sewed on them, as the mere touch of one of these serpents caused sudden death. Many people were thus killed.

Once upon a time some people camped by a large, deep lake. Everything there was of abnormal size; *e. g.*, the turnips were as large as our pumpkins, and the serpents' bodies seemed like the trunks of large trees; the frogs were as large as men of the human race; and under the water were giant people as well as huge turtles. An Indian who leaped on one of the turtles when it was on a hill thought it could not harm him, but it carried him into the lake, and, to his horror, he could not jump off in time, as his feet seemed glued to its back. From that time every one has refused to swim in that lake, or to fish therein.

Astronomical-Lore. — Ho-ke-win-la is a man who stands in the moon with outstretched arms. His name is said to mean "Turtle Man." When the Tetons see a short man with a large body and legs, they generally call him "Ho-ke-la," after the man in the moon.

The Tetons do not like to gaze at the moon, because at some past time a woman, who was carrying a child on her back, gazed a long time at the moon, till she became very weak, and fell senseless.

No Teton dare look at the stars and count even "one" mentally. For one is sure to die if he begin to count the stars and desist before

finishing. They are also afraid to point at a rainbow with the index finger, though they can point at it with the lips or elbow. Should one forget, and point with the index finger, the bystanders laugh at him, saying, "By and by, O friend, when your finger becomes large and round, let us have it for a ball bat."

Whirlwinds are caused by a chrysalis, called the wa-mni-yo-mni, which the Tetons say is found in the small of the back of some buffaloes.

The Tetons have a legend of the mermaid. A young wife abandoned her infant to her younger brother's care, and plunged into a stream, which became her home henceforth. She did this because her husband had scolded her. Before going to her new home she told her little brother to bring her babe to the shore whenever it cried for food, and to call her by singing thus:—



That is, "Sister, my sister's son cries indeed, cries indeed!"

The brother obeyed her, and on calling to his sister, she appeared, and nursed the infant. But the boy perceived that the mother had become a fish from the waist downward. The cruel husband learned at last what had happened, and he plotted to entice his wife ashore. Having succeeded in this, he cut off all the fishy part of her, and carried her to his lodge, with her brother's aid. But she did not long survive, and the husband lamented his cruelty for many days.

There was once a man who could change himself into a grizzly bear. One day the people assembled to witness the act. They camped in a circle, in the centre of which they erected a special tent for the performance. The man told them to set up in the ground a cedar and some plum trees. Then they sang the grizzly bear songs. The mysterious man sat a long time with the grizzly bear skin over his shoulders. Then he began to cry like a bear, and with closed mouth he passed along around the circle, stopping at intervals to take a seat. Before they could see how it was done, he had become a grizzly bear, and was chasing the people, who scattered in all directions. He overtook one man, tore him to pieces, and devoured the body, leaving only the bones. This made all the spectators wail, but they were not afraid to gather up the bones in a blanket, which they took back to the tent of the slain man. Once more the bear was walking around the circle, and this time he was growling. All at once the slain man was restored to life! Then the bear shook the plum-tree, making many plums fall. Next he hit the earth with his paw, and pulled up turnips. After this he resumed his human

shape. A small grizzly bear used to come out of his mouth and pass around the circle. Sometimes it was a serpent that came out, instead of the small bear. When either (or both?) came out the man fell to the ground, as if almost dying, so they soon returned into his mouth, when he recovered.

The Flying Santee.—A certain father, who had just buried his beloved son, had been warned about one thing. It was said that a Santee usually went flying about the country, and he managed to steal the tongue of every dead person, whether the bodies were buried or placed on scaffolds, and that he mixed the tongues with medicine or else strung them together, when he had dried them, wearing them ("chu-ti-ch'in") over his right shoulder, across the breast, and under the left arm.

So when night came, the father thought, "Well, I will take my gun and lie by the grave of my son, and if the Santee comes I will kill him, have his body boiled, and invite some of the Santees to a feast. Then he was weeping again. Night came, and he lay under the scaffold. It was dark. He heard an owl hoot, making the woods resound, and then the father ceased weeping and was lying in silence. At length some large object flew to the scaffold and sat down by the bodies. He had just taken hold of the head of the dead youth, and would have pulled it to pieces, when the father shot at him and brought him to the ground. He dragged the corpse to his lodge, and that very night he commanded the women to boil part of it and hide the other part. The head was cut off with a knife and put in a bowl. The fingers and feet were tied to the medicine pack, with the string of tongues.

After daybreak the father sent invitations to some Santees to come to his lodge and bring their bowls. When they had eaten what he had given them, he said: "This is part of what you have eaten," and he pushed toward them a human head and a hand that were in a bowl. Then all were excited, saying, "Wa'-ho-ho-ho'!" From that time the Tetons have been feared by the Santees both by day and night, and the former do not respect the latter.

The Double Woman.—In the olden times there was what they called "Win-yan nun-papi-ka," or The Double Woman, consisting of two very tall females, who were probably connected by a membrane. They dwelt in a lodge on a very high black cliff. They were always laughing immoderately, as if they were strangers to sorrow. On pleasant evenings they stood on a hill, where they amused themselves by swinging. Should any Indian see them, when he reached home he vomited something resembling black earth, and died suddenly. These women were skilful dancers, and they used to reflect rays of light by means of their mirror, just as the young Indian men do in sport. They jumped many times and sang this song:—



Che'-pan-shi ku - wa' - ni - to' Tu'-wa le'-chi shi'-na mi'-cho-ze'.

"Cousin, please come over here! Some one waves a robe over in this direction at me. Ha! ha! ha!" Then they walked about. No one knew from what quarter the Double Woman was coming, and how the two lived was a mystery. There are many tall women found now among different Indian tribes who imitate the behavior of the Double Woman.¹

Bushotter's 72d story is about a man who could lengthen his arm or body, making them extend as far as he desired. His 81st story is about this earth. The Tetons believe that the hills were made to be the braces or supports of this earth when it is to be turned upside down. Then the Indians will dwell in darkness in the valleys beneath the hills. When the earth turns over it will do so slowly at first, then there will be a great noise. The people will catch hold of something between the earth and the sky, but they will fall down, down. On account of the apprehended disaster men say, "As it must be so, I will engage in war, so that I may smell of weapons when I am dead."

Deer women of the Tetons resemble the Wolf women of the Pawnees. Both tempt unwary youths whom they encounter away from the camp in solitary places. Should a youth yield to the woman's solicitations the result will be a sad one. As soon as he leaves her she will resume her natural shape. The youth will appear as if drunk or insane, and he will reach home with difficulty. His health will become impaired, and he will soon die. So now the hunters avoid any female that they see on the way. They hate the Deer women. The Deer women never speak, but in all other respects they resemble Indian women.

J. Owen Dorsey.

¹ John Bruyier and other Tetons at Hampton, Va., regard this story of the Double Woman as manufactured by Bushotter. But this character figures in two Santee myths in Rev. S. R. Riggs's collection, about to be published by the Bureau of Ethnology. — J. O. D.

WINNEBAGO FOLK-LORE NOTES.

I. *Part of a Creation-myth.* — This world was made by Ma-‘u’-na, or Earth-maker. When he made the world he was sitting on a small piece of ground, facing the east. He sat thus because the east was the source of all light and knowledge.

II. *Mythical origin of Wolf gens.* — The ancestors of the Wolf gens were all wolves. At that time the Wolf people had no clothing, and they were ignorant of the use of fire. By and by they became Indians. At the creation Ma-‘u’-na made four brothers: Green Wolf, Black Wolf, White Wolf, and Gray Wolf. These four were the ancestors of the present Wolf gens. At the time of creation these four kinds of wolves were on the surface of the earth; but subsequently three kinds went beneath the earth, and are there now, appearing above ground only on rare occasions. The Gray Wolf represents the only species which remains above ground. When a father, if a member of this gens, named his sons in the former days, he called his first-born son Ke-ra-tco’-ra, “Clear Blue Sky,” after the first mythical Wolf brother. This name refers to the day. The next son was named “Black Wolf,” after the second mythical brother. This name refers to night. The third son was styled “White Wolf,” and the fourth “Gray Fur.”

III. No Winnebago would tell myths during the summer, lest snakes should bite or frighten him.¹

F. Owen Dorsey.

OATH BY BREAD AND SALT. — The “Journal of the Gypsy Folk-Lore Society” cites from a Hungarian newspaper, the “Pester Lloyd,” 1st July, 1881, the following anecdote: In the neighborhood of Rakos Palota there was an interesting scene enacted yesterday forenoon among a camp of Gypsies. A Gypsy who had lost his cash informed his leader of the fact, who summoned the elders of the camp to a council, after which he gave notice at the top of his voice that whoever had stolen the money must at once restore it. As, however, his challenge had not the desired effect, the chief took two poles which he bound together in the form of a cross, and fixed one end in the ground. On the top of the cross he then fastened a piece of bread, and sprinkled it with salt, and upon this those present were directed to swear one by one that they had not committed the theft. One by one the members knelt before the cross and took the oath, till the last member of the band — an old woman — as she was about to take the oath turned pale, put her hand in her pocket and brought out the stolen money. By way of punishment she was then and there soundly beaten and kicked out.

¹ These notes were obtained from James Alexander, a full blood member of the Wolf gens.

TALES OF THE MISSISSAGUAS.

I.

DURING the month of August, 1888, the writer paid a visit to the Mississaguas of Scugog Island, Ontario County, Ontario. Besides taking down a vocabulary of some 600 words, and obtaining much general information regarding the history, condition, and habits of these people, he procured a number of their legends and folk-tales. The most of these were obtained from Mrs. Bolin, an intelligent woman of some sixty-five years of age. Her Indian name is *Nāwīgīshkōké* (the sun in the centre of the sky). These stories are only known to the older generation of the Indians at Scugog, and soon will be lost in oblivion, if not taken down at once. As the Indians there are all Christians by profession, it was with some difficulty that the writer succeeded in getting them to repeat what they stigmatized in some cases as "nonsense." The tales here recorded were told by *Nāwīgīshkōké*.¹

ANIMAL STORIES. I. ORIGIN OF THE FOX-BIRD (ĀN'UK).

Mēh'nwīshēh' ekwā'sens gī'wān'nīshin mītigwā'djakwā mīdūsh
 Long ago a girl wandered in the woods and
 kīānūkōwīt.
 became a fox-bird.

2. THE RABBIT, THE FROG, AND THE MOOSE.

Ōmúkakī dūsh kīwītā'ganin wābōō'son. Mīdūsh ōmúkakī
 The Frog joined in with the Rabbit. And the Frog
 kībāmōō'sed mīdūsh pūtagūshing wintāma'wud īn'ī'wh wābōō'son.
 went walking and when he arrived he told him the Rabbit.
 "Mānitōonemē'h'ūg! āyawāsi'wttin tūkwuk." Mīdūsh kīnīssawud
 "Some mysterious sign! on every other hill he steps." And then they killed
 mōō'son. "Anī'nginā kihīdjitchīgā'djā pīdjīpā'itiwud
 the Moose. "What would you do running towards
 mīgiskū'nitā kā'siwuk?" "Dābā'shka'n kīmīskwāpōō'ninan mīdūsh
 the Wolf?" "I (would) burst vessel in which blood is and
 īmā^h kanītanissiyā^apun."
 in there go in with (the blood)."

¹ The tales are given as nearly as possible in the narrator's own words. In the alphabet used to record the Indian words, the consonants have the same value as in English, except that *t* and *d*, *b* and *p*, *k* and *g*, sometimes represent the same sound which is a medium between them. The vowels have their continental sounds, and when long are marked. The short *u* is the *u* in *but*, the short *o* that in *not*, the short *i* that in *pin*, and the short *e* that in *pen*; when strongly accented this short *e* becomes the *e* in *fresh*, drawn out considerably more than the English sound. The *a*, when not long, is between the *a* of *wad* and the vowel in *but*.

FREE ENGLISH TRANSLATION.

The Rabbit (wā'pōos) and the Frog (ōmúkaki) clubbed together to kill the Moose (mōō's), and they did kill him.¹ First the Frog tracked him and came to tell the Rabbit the prospects. He said, "It was something very mysterious; he steps on every other hill." Then the two went out together and killed the Moose, and they gathered the blood. Then the Rabbit asked the Frog what he would do if the "enemy,"² the Wolf, came along. "Oh!" said he, "I would cut a hole in the vessel in which the blood is, and, when it runs out, crawl into the ground."³

3. THE RACCOON AND THE CRAWFISH.

Assīban tush gī'i'shā imā dītīpā'āu kī'āwīkawīshimut. Mīdūsh
 The Raccoon and went on the shore he lay down. And
 wī'n āshagā'shī mīdūsh kīsīndākwāwod. Kāwīndush kīmamādī'īssī.
 he the Crawfish and pinched him. Not and he moved.
 Nī'binūng kīshāshā'wkwaminā'gōpun ningīmī'kawā. Assīban
 Last summer the one that chewed us I found. The Raccoon
 nīnīndjī'biwā; ā'ssīban dī'ībīshkā mīdūsh kīwanīshkud; kanī'gī
 I pinched the Raccoon stretched out(?) and then he got up; together
 kūkīnā kītā'nawud. Mīdūsh kīnāgīshkawud māīnganan. "Mā'wēh!
 all he ate up. And then he met with the Wolf. "Wolf!
 nīmōō kīmī'djin! gīwīwukwē'nung wī'ī'yā's gītūwī'banin. Mā'wēh!
 my excrement you ate! wrapped up meat I gave you to eat. Wolf!
 nīmōō kīmī'djin!" Mīdūsh kīnī'ssīn.
 my excrement you ate! " Then he (the wolf) killed him.

ENGLISH VERSION.⁴

The Raccoon (ā'ssīban) was very fond of crawfish (āshagā'shī), so he disguised himself to deceive them. He lay down on the lake

¹ It was in vain that I asked Nāwīgīshkōké *how* the rabbit and the frog killed the moose. All the answer I got was, "It was so, they did kill him, they could do it then."

² The name applied to the wolf in this story is not his present name (mā'ingan). Nāwīgīshkōké said that the first part of the name was migiskun, a fish-hook, and that the latter part of it meant "a living animal." She could give no explanation further than this. In the animal stories the wolf is often called "the enemy."

³ With regard to the frog crawling into the ground when the blood was spilt, Nāwīgīshkōké said it was meant to express the fact that "the frog he mighty clever, he crawl in and hide himself anywhere where there is moisture."

⁴ Compare the Raccoon-Crawfish story given in Mrs. Emerson's *Indian Myths*, p. 411; but the ending is different. Compare also the Siouan myths of the Raccoon and Crawfish, recorded by Rev. J. Owen Dorsey in the *American Antiquarian* (July, 1884, pp. 237-40). Nāwīgīshkōké expressed some doubt as to whether the wolf really killed the raccoon. "The raccoon is such a sly fellow," she said. Nāwīgīshkōké heard this story from her grandfather, and it was old when her grandfather heard it.

shore and let his tail and hindquarters into the water. By and by a Crawfish came and pinched him to see if he were dead, which the Raccoon pretended to be, and did n't mind the pinches he got. The Crawfish then went away and told the other crawfish that he had found the Raccoon that had "chewed" so many of them last summer. So more of them came and pinched the Raccoon, and were very glad that their enemy was dead. But by and by, when a large number of crawfish had gathered round him, the Raccoon suddenly jumped up and caught them, and had a great feast. Soon afterwards the Raccoon came across the Wolf (mā'ingan). He wrapped up some of his own excrement very neatly and said to the Wolf, "Here is something nice;" and the Wolf ate it. Then the Raccoon said to the Wolf, "Mā'wěh! You ate my excrement!" At first the Wolf did not understand him, and the Raccoon said again, "Mā'wěh!¹ You have eaten my excrement; I gave it you wrapped up." Then the Wolf was very angry, and he killed the Raccoon.

MISSISSAGUA TRADITION OF THE ORIGIN OF INDIAN CORN.

Our people used to make children fast for several days to see what god they would serve.² Once, a long time ago, a man put his young son out to fast and dream. He built a little camp for him and left him there. He made him fast as long as he thought it safe. At first, when the father came to ask his son about his dream, the boy did not answer. Afterwards he said that he had seen a little old man coming towards him, with only a little hair just over his forehead. He (the father) then lifted the corner of the blanket and pulled out an ear of corn (pādjikwā'tik mondā'min). The corn was half worn off, no kernels at one part, — it was a time of drought, I suppose, — and the little silk grew right on top of the ear. It was the corn (mondā'min³) himself coming that the boy saw.

¹ Mā'wěh is what the raccoon called the wolf; it is not his name now. One might compare with it *moww'haow*, the Menominee name for "wolf." In the animal fables the wolf appears often to have a name which is not known to the ordinary language of the Indians; this would seem to prove considerable antiquity for the tales in which such names occur. Compare the name of the wolf in the Rabbit and Frog story above.

² This custom of causing children to fast was formerly much practised by the Mississaguas. When the children were from seven to fifteen years of age was the usual time. The child dreamed during his fast, and whatever he saw in his dream was regarded as his tutelary deity. To dream about the moon, sun, or stars was a sign of future good luck.

³ In the Algonkin group of dialects the words for "corn" seem to belong to one of two different roots (see Brinton, *Lenâpé and their Legends*, p. 48). One of these to which the Micmac, Massachusetts, Delaware, and Piegan words attach themselves, is *ask* (green); according to Dr. Brinton, "corn" is with them "the green waving plant." The Cree, Ottawa, Ojebway (and Mississagua) terms

The father was careful to plant every kernel of that corn ; he hoed it and kept it clear of weeds, and did n't give any away that year. Next year he put every seed in again, and from that time he gave to every one. This, our people think, is the origin of corn.¹

WHAT WAS SEEN IN A TRANCE.

Once there was a man who fell into a trance, and seemed to be dead. Afterwards, however, he woke up and told what he had seen. He saw lots of people hurrying about, going somewhere. He also saw a great heart-shaped fruit, like a strawberry.² He heard some one say, "If you don't eat of the fruit you will have to go back where you came from." When he got close up he saw people dipping into the fruit and eating. He did not eat, and so he came back to life again.³

THE STORY OF WĀMIGĪ'SAKON', THE GREAT PEARL CHIEF.

This story, as related by Nāwīgíshkōké', may be divided into three parts: The story of the Shíngibis, The Old Ōmúkakī, and Wāmīshī'-wdjākīwā'nsi's Toboggan Ride.

STORY OF THE SHÍNGIBIS (HELL-DIVER).⁴

Two girls wanted to hunt each a man (*i. e.*, to marry). So they set out on a journey. When they got to a lake they saw a man in a little boat, and asked him who he was. He said he was Wāmīgī'-sakon', and that he was their pearl beads. Then they told him to come after them and put them in his boat. They got into the boat and went on until they came to a village. When it became night he said to the girls, "Get me my belt, there is going to be a dance." So they gave him his belt, which was really only bass-wood bark which he got from the shore. He put his belt on, and the girls went with him to the place where the dance was to be held. When they got to the door, nobody knew the poor fellow, who had said he was

probably signify "mysterious seed," and the Mississagua legend of the origin of corn may perhaps go far to explain their etymology.

¹ Compare the origin of corn as given by Longfellow in "Hiawatha's Fasting."

² The strawberry, in Mississagua, is called *ōl'ēmin*, "heart-fruit," from its shape and appearance.

³ J. G. Kohl (*Kitchi-gami*, p. 215) tells us that in the belief of the Ojebways of Lake Superior the soul that, after death, tastes of the "great strawberry" is "lost at once," while those that refuse travel safely on.

⁴ Nāwīgíshkōké, in explaining this tale, said, "Long ago the Loon was a great chief, and was called Wāmīgī'sakon'. Our people thought the spots on his breast were pearl beads (mīgís). The Hell-diver (shíngibis) often tried to pass himself off for the Wāmīgī'sakon', the great pearl chief. The name of the Loon now is māungk."

Wāmīgī'sakon'. He was only Shíngibis, the hell-diver, trying to make believe that he was Wāmīgī'sakon'. However, the girls went in, and they saw the chief of the place, Wāmīgī'sakon', the great pearl chief, full of pearl beads. The girls stayed there all night. There were very many girls there, for Wāmīgī'sakon' wanted to get married, and so had all the girls in the room dance before him. He put a mark on the one he had chosen, and her parents, when she came home, examined her clothes, found the mark, and knew she was to be Wāmīgī'sakon's wife.¹ The girl chosen was the grandchild of an old woman. The two girls had no luck that night. They left the Shíngibis, but never came to any good.

THE OLD ŌMÚKAKĪ (TOAD).²

The girl of the grandmother married Wāmīgī'sakon', and they had one child. One day, while the father was away and the mother asleep, somebody came and stole the boy. A little chickadeedee³ (gī'djikoně'shi) told the mother that an old woman named "Toad" (pā'pigō ōmúkakī) had stolen him. The mother pursued and overtook the old thing, and got a sight of her boy. He told her that the old Ōmúkakī would be busy away from home soon. So the mother waited and then went to the old Ōmúkakī's house and killed all her young ones. She stuck all the children's heads through the covering of the wigwam door, so that it seemed as if they were looking out for their mother. The boy told his mother that he often used to wonder why he was so pretty and all his brothers and sisters (the Ōmúkakī's children) so ugly. So he asked her once, "What makes my brothers and sisters so ugly and black?" "Oh!" said the old Ōmúkakī, "when you were born it was a beautiful, bright, and sunshiny day; when the others were born the sky was dark and cloudy, and so they became ugly and black." Then the boy and his mother left.

When the old Ōmúkakī came home she saw the children's heads sticking out, and noticed that they were white at the mouth. But

¹ In former times, amongst the Mississaguas, when a chief desired to marry, he caused all the marriageable girls in the village to come together and dance before him. By a mark which he placed on the clothes of the one he had chosen, her parents knew she had been the favored one.

² The toad, in Mississagua, is called pā'pigō ōmúkakī (rough frog), or sometimes ōmúkakī (frog). The real and symbolical seem much mixed up in this story. I asked Nāwīgshkōké if the old Ōmúkakī was really a woman or a toad, but she could not say. When she came to speak of the Ōmúkakī's children she said "the froth on their mouth was just like that you see when you kill frogs."

³ Another bird, the name of which Nāwīgshkōké did not know, but whose note is whishí'w! whishí'w! whishí'w! is regarded as a forerunner of death. It is never seen, but heard only in the night, and its note is a sign of death. The chickadeedee is a propitious bird and informs to advantage.

she thought it was tallow they had stolen from their brother. For the old Ōmúkakī had made a pet of the boy, and used to grease his hair with some choice deer's tallow (maskwādjī pīmitē^h, literally "frozen grease"). "Ah!" said she, "you've been stealing your brother's tallow that he has for greasing his hair." But she soon found that the white at her children's mouth was froth, and that they were dead.

WĀMĪSHĪ'WDJĀKĪWĀ'NSĪ'S TOBOGGAN RIDE.

After the boy left the Ōmúkakī he became a hunter, and married the daughter of Wāmishī'wdjākīwā'nsī¹ (the great grandfather). Old Wāmishī'wdjākīwā'nsī did not like him very well, and he wanted to make away with him. One day old Wāmishī'wdjākīwā'nsī said to his son-in-law, "Let's go to the end of the world." He proposed that they should sit on a sleigh (shibóggan) and slide off the end of the world.² They sat down on the sleigh, and old Wāmishī'wdjākīwā'nsī thought he would have some fine sport, and put his son-in-law down so far that he would not be able to get up again. But after they got started the young man jumped off, gave the sleigh a good shove, and old Wāmishī'wdjākīwā'nsī went down over the end of the earth, and that was the last of him.

MISSISSAGUAS AND IROQUOIS.³

Our people used to live on Lake Superior, on the north side. They were called Ōdishkwā'gamī.⁴ The Nā'tōwé (Mohawks) used to go to Lake Superior to wage war with the Ōdjíbwé. They used to take the little children, and, after having run a sharp stick through them, roast them. Thus the Ōdishkwā'gamī were continually tortured by the Nā'tōwé. The principal Ōdjíbwé lived farther on on Lake Superior. Finally, a great council was held. They said: "The Ōdishkwā'gamī are our brothers, let us go and help them." And so they came down and conquered the Mohawks, and settled this country. The Mohawk chief (they are naturally treacherous) some time afterwards came to the Ōdjíbwé chief and said: "Will you give me

¹ Wāmishī'wdjākīwā'nsī (the grandfather) was confounded by Nāwígíshkóké with Wānibojōō. In the "Walum Olum" (Brinton, *Lenápté Leg.*, 181), ii. 13, Nānabush is styled "grandfather of all, the grandfather of beings, the grandfather of men, the grandfather of the turtle."

² The Mississaguas believed that the earth (ā'kī) was like a platform, and at the end of it (ā'kígíshkog) there was nothing, and "you went down, down, down."

³ This tale Nāwígíshkóké heard from her grandfather, and believes that it is historical.

⁴ Wilson, in his *Manual of the Ojebway Language*, gives *odishquáhgmee* as the Ojebway term for "an Algonquin Indian." Nāwígíshkóké thought the word meant "people on the other side of the Lake."

your son? I like him." "I can't part with him," said the Ōdjíbwé chief. However, after long coaxing he delivered his son up to the Mohawk chief. The latter then called a great feast, killed the boy, cooked him, and served him up. To this feast the Ōdjíbwé chief and his people were invited, and came. The son's head was served up to the father. He knew it, but ate it to show his courage, and then determined to have revenge.

Soon afterwards the Ōdjíbwé chief came to the Mohawk and said: "Let me have your son; I want to adopt him." The father was not willing at first, but finally let the boy go. Then the Ōdjíbwé chief had him killed, cooked, and served up at a feast, to which the Mohawk chief and his people were invited, and came. The head of his son was served up to the Mohawk chief. When he saw it he held up his hands in horror, but ate it to show that he was brave.

Before the feast the Ōdjíbwé chief had secretly armed his men, and instructed them that at a sign from him they should all fall upon the Mohawks at the same time, and kill them at once. This they did, and the Mohawks were all killed.

A. F. Chamberlain.

✓ SUPERSTITIONS OF CHILDHOOD ON THE HUDSON RIVER. †

THE following superstitions are to-day well-known to all the children of this region :—

1. When you see a shooting star, if you can make a wish before the star disappears, the wish will come true.

2. When the first star is seen at evening say : —

Star-light, star-bright,
First star seen to-night !
Wish I may, wish I might,
Have the wish I wish to-night.

3. Wish whenever you see a load of hay.

4. Wear a piece of golden-rod and you will see your love before to-morrow.

5. To find a four-leaved clover brings good luck.

6. Always turn your money when you see the new moon, and the money will double before the month is out.

7. Cut your hair when the moon is waxing, not waning.

8. Blow out the seeds of a dandelion (clocks the children call them) to see if it is time to go home. If all the seeds fly away at one breath, your mother wants you.

9. It is always necessary to carry a young baby up-stairs before you carry it down, if you wish it to have good luck.

10. Never hand a young baby through an open window, or its soul will go out that way.

11. Never cut the nails of a baby before it is three months old, or you will make it light-fingered.

12. Never watch a departing friend until he is out of sight ; it bodes you will never see him again.

13. It always brings ill luck to break a mirror.

14. If a bird fly in at a window and out again, it is seeking some one's soul.

15. It is a sign of coming death to have a dog howl at the door at night.

Mary H. Skeel.

NEWBURGH, N. Y.



JAPONICA.

1. WILD animals have always been looked at with a kind of fear by people of a low civilization. Hence the custom, so far spread over the whole earth, of addressing those animals, not with their proper name, — for “quand on parle de loup !” — but rather with some pet or honorific name, to win by politeness their favor. Cf. Grimm, “Reinhart Fuchs,” pp. liii.–lvi. ; “Deutsche Mytholog.,” 4th ed., vol. ii., p. 556 ; Haupt, “Ztschrft. f. deutsches Alterthum,” xii. (1865), p. 214. Should not a remark of the *Wa-gun no shiwori*, “Guide to the Japanese Language,” by *Tani-gawa-si-sei*, belong to this place ? There we read (Pfizmaier, “Sitzungsberichte d. Kais. Akad. d. W. zu Wien,” 1875, vol. lxxx. p. 442) : *I-ga-ta-u-me* means “the old woman of *I-ga*.” They say it means the fox. In *Kodzuke* the word *musume*, “daughter,” has the meaning of *nezumi*, “mouse.” (Pfizmaier, “Sitzungsberichte,” etc., vol. lxxxiv., p. 73.)

The reason is that most of them are thought to possess supernatural power ; the wolf, for instance, to assume different forms, “with which magical power the fact seems to be connected, that in other stories he deceives people, without any charm, by a mere disguise.” (Grimm, “Reinhart Fuchs,” p. xxxvii. Comp. also Emil Jung, “Vhndl. Berl. G. f. Anthropol.,” etc., 1877, p. 337.) The same belief seems to exist in Japan regarding the fox (*kitsune*), who, on the whole, “bears not the very best character among the Japanese. The peasantry believe him to be in league with all evil spirits and devils, and to be himself the very incarnation of craft, malice, and wickedness.”¹ (MacFarlane, “Japan,” 1852, New York, p. 251.) Hence the saying : *Kitsune ga tsukita*, “possessed by a fox” (Hepburn, Jap. Dict., 2d ed., p. 563* ; Pfizmaier, “Sitzungsberichte d. Kais. Ak. d. W. z. Wien” (1878), vol. xc. p. 86) ; and the *Wagun shiwori* tells us (Pfizmaier, “Sitzungsberichte,” etc., vol. xcii. p. 59) that the farmers offer sacrifices to the “god of the three foxes” (*mi-ketsu no kami*). His power of transformation seems to be alluded to in a passage of the *I-ro-ha-bunko*, by *Tamenaga Shunsui*, a novel, which gives a detailed account of the story of the 47 *rô-nin* (for a general outline see Mitford, “Tales of Old Japan,” vol. i. p. 1 ff.). There *Shosayemon*, one of the 47, fallen in love with a girl, and entirely forgetting his duty, as a faithful and loyal vassal, to revenge the enforced suicide of his master, passes his time at the house of his sweetheart. When evening comes they retire, and while now both are lying on the couch, it occurs to *Shosaye-*

¹ It is interesting to compare Dennis, *The Folk-Lore of China*, London, 1876, p. 95 : “When the Pilgrim Fathers landed in Massachusetts they found the Indians, especially those of Narragansett, deeply imbued with fox superstition.”

mon's mind, in his happiness, that all that might only be a delusion of hell, and he, half-doubting and half-joking, addresses the girl (*I-ro-ha-bunko*, chap. 3 [= vol. i. fol. 29^r, line 4, of the edition Yedo, 1836]): "O! Miss *Oyasu*! you are a fox, are you not? (*Kô, Oyasusan, omaye-tachi na kitsune ja, neika?*)"

2. The *Wa-gun no shiwori*, mentioned above, gives also a number of other interesting particulars regarding Japanese customs, etc. Pfizmaier, "Sitzungsberichte d. Kais. Akad. d. W. zu Wien" (1878), vol. xc. p. 35: *imu-tefu tsuki* means "the moon which, as they say, is avoided." It is said: People avoid to look at the moon in solitary reflections. Also, in the poems of the Chinese poet *Pe-lô-thien*, it is said: In the light of the moon do not think of the past. It spoils your features, it diminishes your years.

Ibid. p. 56: *Kaka-fa* means "a piece of torn silk which is useless." . . . If one adds a piece in making straw shoes, they will be solid. They call it *kaka-fa-nara-utsu*, "torn-silk-straw-shoe." If the foot of one walking has been cut by anything, they twist these remaining pieces, hold them near the fire, and warm the wound with them. This they call *kaka-fa-bi*, "torn-silk-fire."

Ibid. p. 64: *Kasasagi no fasi*, "bridge of the jay," is in poems often read in connection with *tana-bata*, "Weaver-maiden."¹ On the 7th day of the 7th month of the year the jay forms with its wings a bridge over the river of heaven (the Milky Way), and suffers the "Weaver-maiden" to pass. . . . The matter refers to a passage of the book *Hoai-nan-tse*. See Chamberlain, "The Classical Poetry of the Japanese," London, 1880, pp. 90, 91, for the stars of the Weaver-maiden.

Ibid. p. 78: *Kame no ura-gushi*, "The skewer of divination of the tortoise (shell)." Three skewers are put into a box, and, if anything is to be undertaken, driven out by force (*oshi-idashi*), and so fortune and misfortune is foretold.

Ibid. p. 87: *Kane-utsu*, which means "to strike or ring the bells," is used with reference to the oath. It is said that in taking an oath, men strike upon the sword; women strike upon the looking-glass.

Pfizmaier, "Sitzungb. d. Kais. Akad. d. W. zu Wien" (1878), vol. xcii. p. 28: In the long poems of the "*Ko-kon-siû*" we find, "The quadrupeds will have barked in the clouds." This refers to an old story of the king of *Hoai-nan*, whose hens and dogs tasted of the medicine of the immortals, and flew up to the cloud-seats.

Ibid. p. 28: *Kedzuri-bana*, "cut or shaving flowers," are artificial flowers, which on the 15th day of the beginning of the spring are made out of willow twigs, and fastened above the doors and gates of

¹ *Tana-bata*, the Weaver, or star Vega, near the Milky Way, worshipped on the 7th day of the 7th month. — HEPBURN.

the halls. The same thing is called *kedzuri-ki* (scraped tree) in the *Kagerô-nikki*. Nowadays it is the custom of the inhabitants of Ye-zo, if a man dies, to inter his body and to fasten willow twigs over the grave. The ends of them are sharpened so as to become similar to the grass-flower. It is said that they also form an offering, if they sacrifice to the demons.

Ibid. p. 34: The inhabitants of the island of Ye-zo blow something out of their mouth which is like fog, and so darken the sky. This is witchcraft.

Ibid. p. 48: *Koma*¹ *no tsumadzuki*, "the stumbling of the foal," refers to the proverb, If a person is loved by any one, the foal, on which he is riding, stumbles.

Ibid. p. 81: *Shiwo-shiru* means "salt-juice." It is said in the "Continuation of the Nippon-ki:" "They bowed in the vestibule, according to the custom, in the direction of the four quarters of the heaven and of the earth, and mutually they drank salt-juice." This is thought to be an old custom of taking one's oath upon an agreement. Also, in the "Particular Divine Record," it is said: "According to *Toyo-tama-fiko's* command, they gave him salt-water. He drank it and said: 'If I break this oath may I never again eat salt!'" This was originally the custom of the island of *Tsusi-ma*. Afterwards it was observed in the whole world. It is thought that what nowadays is called *ushiwo-chigiri*, "sea-water agreement," is the same thing. Compare the Hebrew בְּרִית מֶלַח (*berith mälak*), Num. xviii. 19; 2 Chron. xiii. 5, "a covenant of salt," and Levit. ii. 13, "And every oblation of thy meat offering shalt thou season with salt; neither shalt thou suffer the salt of the covenant of thy God to be lacking from thy meat offering:" also the Greek ἀλῶν κοινωνεῖν; ἅλας καὶ τράπεζαν παραβαίνειν, etc.

Pfizmaier, "Sitzungsab." vol. lxxxiv. p. 37: According to the *Pöwen-lö*, the rainbow is nothing but the image of the sun in the rain. According to other "records," it is the air spit out by toads; a man of the *oka* family of *Bi-chiñ* told that he had seen that with his eyes.

Ibid. p. 38: *Niwa-bi*, "fire of the court." In celebrating the marriage it is now customary to kindle a fire in the vestibule when (the bride) leaves the sedan-chair. It is said, in mentioning this custom, that it is not right, because it bears resemblance to the funeral rites. In the (Chinese) "History of the North" we read, where the customs of Japan are spoken of: If the girl enters the house of the man, she must step over a fire. Not before she has done this is she allowed to see the man.

Ibid. p. 85: They say: If a man is drowned in the lake *Su-wa* in *Shina-no*, a cock is placed into a basket, which is drawn over the water. Where the cock crows, there the corpse will be found.

¹ *Koma* is *Ko-uma*, "little horse," l. l. p. 46.

3. In the *Çakuntala* we read (p. 20, line 4, ed. Williams, = p. 8, line 18, ed. Boehtlingk) : " This hermitage is undisturbed by passion, and yet my arm throbs," where Williams notes : A quivering sensation of the right arm was supposed to prognosticate union with a beautiful woman. See *Raghu-van'sa*, xii. 90, Bhaṭṭi I., 27 ; *Vikramorva'sī*, Act 2.¹ With this belief compare the Japanese *uta* : —

My brows itch, I sneeze, the ribbon has given way ;
Will he wait, whom I desire to see once, my master ?

(*Wa-gun no shiwori*.)

(Pfizmaier, " Sitzungsber.," etc., vol. lxxxiv. p. 52.)

4. She (= Damayanti) saw all the gods free from sweat, *unwinking*, having unwithered garlands . . . by his *winking eyes* the prince of the Nishadhans (= Nala) was indicated. Story of Nala and Damayanti, iv., 23, 24.

In a Chinese work we read : " In *Kuang-tscheu* rich men have frequently demon-slaves. Of them there is a tribe which dwells near the ocean. They dive into the water with *unwinking eyes*. They are called 'slaves of the *Kuen-lün* mountain.' " (*Wa-gun no shiwori*). Pfizmaier, " Sitzungsber.," etc., vol. xcii. p. 23.

Hanns Oertel.

NEW HAVEN.

¹ Comp. H. L. Fleischer, *Ueber das vorbedeutende Gliederzucken bei den Morgenlaendern*. Leipz., 1849.

PROVERBS AND PHRASES.

Howell

THERE is a field for the collection, in all parts of the United States, of quaint and archaic phrases, which may still be found in use, but which are gradually disappearing before the uniformity of the written language. Almost every family preserves such reminiscences of a time when character was more individual, and expression more racy, than the movement and stir of modern life have permitted them to remain. Some of these it is proposed from time to time to gather under this head, as well as to include old-fashioned and rare terms, in the "Waste-Basket of Words." Such collection, when opportunity serves, will be found an agreeable employment of leisure, and contributions of such material will be gladly received, and used as occasion may offer.

An expression used to designate a person wanting in sense, formerly pretty well known in eastern Massachusetts, is "A perfect Nimshi;" in other words, a blockhead or numskull. Nimshi, it may be remembered, is known to history only as the ancestor of Jehu, whose name has become proverbial for a furious charioteer. "Why, you're a regular Jehu!" said, a generation ago, a Bostonian to his son, who was driving a newly purchased team. The boy, afterwards a lawyer famous for his wit, the late Mr. E. D. Sohier, replied: "You had better look in your Bible and see who Jehu was the son of!" Why the Hebrew nobleman, respecting whom the Book of Kings confers such scanty information, should have acquired a reputation for folly, is one of those numerous questions on which, for want of material, antiquarian investigation is not likely to throw light.

"To run like a boy after emptins," that is, to be in a great hurry. This phrase seems to have been pretty well known in eastern Massachusetts. "Emptins," or emptyings, were the dregs of beer, out of which yeast was formerly made. But why should a boy, contrary to the nature of boys, make haste on this particular household errand? The most plausible suggestion which we have heard made is, that the "emptins" were procured from the baker, who also kept gingerbread, and that the lad usually received a penny as encouragement to his speed. This may seem to derive confirmation from the consideration that the adage describes the youth as hastening in search of the yeast, but not as rapid in his return. This point also we must leave to the decision of persons curious in antiquity; at all events, the expression is characteristic of a life which has now passed away. Similar locutions, possessing some quaintness, are, "to be off like a potlid," and "to be off like a jug-handle."

"He ate it raw, as Bickford did his fish." The proverb, familiar

in Waldo County, Maine, signifies to make the best of an unpleasant necessity. The expression is explained by a myth, which, however, is less common. The hero is represented as taking counsel respecting the manner in which he is to prepare his one fish : he makes inquiry respecting every possible manner of cooking it, and invariably receives the same response, that he is to eat it raw. —*G. H. Harmon, College Hill, Mass.*

"Everything is all criss-cross," that is, at sixes and sevens. An expression belonging chiefly to women, and probably generally current. So a tangled skein is said to be "all criss-cross." The derivation is from Christ-cross, in which only the last part of the compound has retained force.

Among proverbial comparisons which are really popular, only a very small number relate to plants. Of flowers, chiefly the rose and the lily have found favor in common speech. But these are so familiar through literature that the expressions in which they are used, "Red as a rose," "White as a lily," seem rather to belong to the language of books. Of trees, again, comparisons with the oak, in America are scarcely popular. On the other hand, "straight as a pine," is a familiar phrase of the people, though not especially idiomatic. More characteristic are the following New England locutions, which are the only ones relating to plants we have hitherto procured : —

"Pretty as a pink." This flower is used in literature too, — "the pink of courtesy." The "pink of perfection" is still a popular phrase. The comparison has remained in use, and taken, in New England at least, the place of the old English "red as a rose," probably because the complexion of New England beauty is more akin to the former flower.

"Coarser than pea-straw." Unrefined.

"Meaner than pusley." An expression of great contempt. Purslane is an extremely persistent and obnoxious herb in the garden.

"He has no more blood than a turnip." The sense is obvious : "Ye can't get blood from a turnip."

"To stick like a bean-leaf." Any one who has tried the experiment will find how closely the tendrils of the bean will cling.

These are all New England phrases. They will perhaps be sufficient to call attention to the field of inquiry, and opportunity for useful collection.

W. W. N.

WASTE-BASKET OF WORDS.

ALIBO. — In the "Autobiography of Henry Tufts," p. 117 (Dover, N. H., 1807), he says: "To prove an *alibi* (not an *alibo*). Does the word "alibo" occur elsewhere? — *T. W. Higginson, Cambridge, Mass.*

BRIGGLE. — To be in an uneasy mental condition, to shift the attention rapidly from one thing to another. "Don't briggle so." In common use in Ohio. — *Fanny D. Bergen, Cambridge, Mass.*

BRIGGLY. — Adjective of the foregoing. Expressive of mental and physical restlessness.

COAST. — In confirmation of the conclusion, noted in previous numbers, that this word, in the sense of skimming over the snow on a sled, was originally confined to the local dialect of Boston, it may be mentioned that, as shown by careful inquiries, the term was entirely unknown in Salem, at a distance of sixteen miles on one side, as well as in Plymouth, removed thirty miles on the other.

MOWKIE. — A louse, as I have heard the word employed in my childhood in Boston. — *F. J. Child, Cambridge, Mass.* Doubtless an old English word, though not found in the glossaries, and connected with the German *Mücke* (Eng. *midge*), a fly, gnat. It might be guessed that the word once had this signification, and was euphemistically used for louse; in support of which it may be mentioned that at the present day, in rural districts of New England, the term *bug* is so employed, to say *louse* being considered objectionable and vulgar.

PASS. — In New England the ordinary term used to express the throwing and catching of a ball by two or more persons is *pass*. "Let's go out and *pass*." In New Jersey and Pennsylvania the verb is *catch*. "Let's go out and catch." The noun also is called *catch*. — *W. H. Garrison, Philadelphia, Pa.*

PIXILATED. — Lost, bewildered, confused. A local term of Marblehead. For example, when an oarsman has been negligent: "We'll be pixilated 'n' driven on to th' rocks an' ye don't wake up." (From the novel "Agnes Surriage," by E. L. Bynner, Boston, 1887, p. 56.) The word, no doubt, is the same as the obsolete English *pixy-led*, that is, misguided by a fairy. *Pixy* is a form of Puck (by derivation meaning simply a little one, a boy: see "Grimm's Mythology"), part of whose business or pleasure, as we read in "Midsummer Night's Dream," is to

Mislead night wanderers, laughing at their harm.

ROOMTHY. — This good old word, of which the dictionaries quote examples from Drayton and Fuller, is used by Judge Sewall. "His (Mr. Edward Taylor's) very roomthy and good new meeting-house." *Diary*, vol. iii. p. 319. — *H. W. Haynes, Boston, Mass.*

FOLK-LORE SCRAP-BOOK.

GYPSY QUEEN IN AMERICA. — From the "Notes and Queries" of the *Journal of the Gypsy-Lore Society*, No. 3, we take the following paragraph, which it is natural to regard with a certain scepticism. There is a field for studies of gypsy life in America, and this journal will be glad to receive and print notes of such studies. Probably every gypsy family could furnish something of interest.

"One of the most picturesque ceremonies of gypsy life has just taken place near Dayton, Ohio. This ceremony consisted of the coronation of Matilda II. as Queen of the American Gypsies. The gypsies in this country, says a telegraph correspondent, have been controlled for many years by four families, the Stanleys, Coopers, Harrisons, and Jeffreys. These families came here from England in 1859. Stanley, known as Sugar Stanley, the principal member of the first-mentioned family, was made king of all the tribes. At his death his daughter Hagar became queen. Dying in 1874, she was succeeded by her sister, who was proclaimed Matilda I., but she only lived to reign six years. The succession fell to Jeannette, granddaughter of King Sugar, who is succeeded by Matilda, another granddaughter of King Sugar Stanley, whose succession is now being celebrated. She is only seventeen years old, is 5 feet 7 inches in height, has a graceful figure, and is a very interesting personage. At her coronation she wore a red silk dress; her hair hung down loosely behind, gathered in the centre with a crimson ribbon, which set off her dark brown hair. Queen Matilda is the absolute ruler of all the Romany tribes in America; her decrees must absolutely be obeyed without question." — *Ayrshire Argus*, 2d Nov., 1888.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN FOLK-LORE SOCIETY. — According to appointment of the council, the annual meeting of the American Folk-Lore Society will take place at Philadelphia, on the Friday following Thanksgiving day. By the kind invitation of the Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, the meeting will be held at the University. There will be a morning and an afternoon session; if the Society should see fit, the meeting may be continued on Saturday.

On the same days the College Association of the Middle States will meet at the University. At the evening session the presidential address will be delivered by Provost Pepper. By courtesy of the authorities of the University, the members of the American Folk-Lore Society are invited to be present at the evening session.

During the two sessions of the American Folk-Lore Society on Friday papers will be read. Those members who intend to present papers are requested to send abstracts, together with a statement of the length of the

paper, at least six weeks before the meeting, to the Secretary, in order that they may be referred to the Committee on Arrangements, with a view of preparing a programme. The committee consists of D. G. Brinton, M. D., chairman ; Prof. W. F. Allen, Prof. T. F. Crane, Prof. Horatio Hale, and Prof. Otis T. Mason.

MEETING OF THE MEMBERS OF THE AMERICAN FOLK-LORE SOCIETY IN THE VICINITY OF BOSTON. — A local meeting of members of the Society, for the purpose of hearing reports and exchanging opinions, was held in the Chapel of Boston University, on May 4. The lateness of the date does not permit more than a brief mention of what proved to be a most successful and enjoyable occasion. Col. T. W. Higginson, who occupied the chair, spoke of the objects of the Society, as part of the modern tendency to humanize history, and make the record of the past vivid and intelligible. The Secretary set forth the ends sought to be attained by the "Journal of American Folk-Lore," and urged the necessity of activity in the collection of the traditions of the Indian tribes, in order that posterity might not be left to deal with insoluble problems. Prof. J. W. Bergen showed the great mass of ungathered folk-lore in the United States, where not hundreds but thousands of items might be gathered in every country village. The same superstitions were found to exist in many parts of the world, and the questions to which these correspondences gave rise could only be answered by a complete collection. Dr. Harris, of Concord, Mass., spoke of the interest attaching to the rhymes which children use for "counting-out." Remarks were made by Messrs. H. E. Scudder, O. B. Frothingham, P. S. Moxom, of Boston, and others. Mr. Sylvester Baxter spoke of the ethnological value of folk-lore, as shown by the experience of Mr. Cushing in connection with the Hemenway exploring expedition. There being a general consent as to the interest of the conversation, it was proposed to hold monthly meetings during the winter ; and a committee was appointed to carry into effect the suggestion.

AMERICAN DIALECT SOCIETY. — A meeting was held at Cambridge, Mass., in Sever Hall, Harvard University, on March 13th, to consider the formation of a society for the study of English dialects in America. A society for this purpose was formed, with the following officers : President, Prof. F. J. Child (Harvard University) ; Vice-president, Prof. J. M. Hart (University of Cincinnati) ; Secretary, Prof. Edward S. Sheldon (Harvard University) ; Editing Committee, as colleagues of the Secretary, Prof. G. L. Kittredge (Harvard University), and Prof. Sylvester Primer (College of Charleston) ; Executive Committee, together with the officers named, Profs. F. D. Allen (Harvard University), B. I. Wheeler (Cornell University), and C. F. Smith (Vanderbilt University).

According to the constitution adopted, the name of the society is to be The American Dialect Society, and its object is defined as "the investigation of the spoken English of the United States and Canada, and incidentally of other non-aboriginal dialects spoken in the same countries." The executive committee are empowered to appoint local secretaries, who

shall supervise the work in their respective districts, and shall constitute an advisory board. Any person may become a member by sending his name and one dollar to the treasurer, and may continue his membership by the same annual payment. The annual meetings are to be held in December, at such time and place as may be determined.

A HUNGARIAN FOLK-LORE SOCIETY. — A great folk-lore society is forming in Hungary. It is proposed to bring into friendly communion the scholars of the many different nationalities of that country who have hitherto been much alienated. There will be different subdivisions, — Magyar, German, Bohemian, Croat, Wallach, Armenian, Spanish, Serb, and Romany. The head of the latter section will be the archduke Joseph, said to be of all living men best acquainted with gypsy dialects. An organ already exists in the "*Ethnologische Mittheilungen*," edited by Professor Herrmann, and noticed in a previous number of this journal.

An interesting circumstance connected with this society is that the original suggestion was due to Mr. Charles G. Leland, whose interest in gypsy-lore has brought him into intimate connection with Hungarian life. Mr. Leland, as is known, has earnestly urged that popular tradition is not to be treated as literary bric-à-brac, but as an expression of the heart and life of the people. This view needs no argument to make it intelligible in Hungary, where folk-lore is a living thing, where folk-tales are told, and folk-songs sung, and charms and spells still in daily use. Here, also, the study of popular traditions promises to have a direct use, by bringing into fellowship the scholars of a dozen different languages.

It may be added, in this connection, that Professor Herrmann has made a collection of gypsy airs and songs, the first trustworthy collection of the sort, which is to be jointly edited and published by himself and Mr. Leland, the version of the latter to be in English.

It is not necessary to remark how gratifying and encouraging to students and collectors of folk-lore is this appearance of genuine interest in its preservation. No matter what view is taken of its origin and literary relation, popular tradition must, to intelligent minds, always possess a serious interest. That which has existed for centuries or millenniums, which is the expression of the feeling and culture of millions of human souls, which has been lisped by the child in the cradle, or told in the circle about the family hearth, is not to be put on the same level as the printed page, which is read by only a few, to be succeeded in a few years by another form of expression. There is no intellectual interest which folk-lore does not touch; the poet and artist, the historian and philologist, the student of morals and the student of religions, each finds in it a different attraction. — *W. W. N.*

MONOGRAPH OF OMAHA SONGS. — The collection of Omaha songs noticed in the last number as having been made by Miss Alice C. Fletcher, with the assistance of Mr. La Flesche, will be published by the Peabody Museum of American Archæology. In the notice mentioned, by a clerical error, it was made to appear that it was Joseph La Flesche, former chief of

the Omaha tribe, and not, as should have been the case, his son Francis, who is associated with Miss Fletcher in the preparation of the work.

W. W. N.

POPULAR SONGS AND TALES OF GERMANY is an inexhaustible topic frequently approached by authors, and recently treated by Karl Knortz of New York, in a little German volume of 117 pages octavo, "Zürich, Verlagsmagazin," 1889. The introduction embodies the contents of a discourse held by the author before a literary society. In the first part, "Das deutsche Volkslied," Knortz deals with his subject in a philosophic and afterwards in a literary way, by connecting the numerous poetical specimens by a literary text founded on historic facts, and introducing parallels from the poetic folk-lore of other nations; thus he treats of the songs of the Minnesänger, the Landsknechte, of tradesmen, of students, convivialists, etc. The second part, on the ethical importance of German folk-tales, traces the mythic origin of many of their number, and tries to show that the German Ases are as worthy to be considered as poetic creations as the Olympians are. The book winds up with a translation of about fifteen Yorkshire popular ballads contained in Ingledew's collection. — *A. S. Gatschet.*

MACARONI. — Every schoolboy knows the verse, —

Yankee Doodle came to town,
On a striped pony,
Stuck a feather in his hat
And called it macaroni.

Probably few think it anything but an unmeaning rhyme. In Chambers's "Book of Days," July 7, is an account of the Macaroni Club, so called from always having that article at their dinners. The members affected an extravagant dress, and this became the rage from about 1770 to 1775 in London. This is an old verse on this fashion: —

Five pounds of hair they wear behind,
The ladies to delight, O,
Their senses give unto the wind,
To make themselves a fright, O.

This fashion, who does e'er pursue,
I think a simple tony;
For he's a fool, say what you will,
Who is a macaroni.

This thought deterred no one, and all vied in the extravagance of their costume, both the wise and the great.

The fat, the lean, the bony;
The boast, the glory of the age,
How young and old can now engage;
Each master, miss, and parent sage
Is now a macaroni.

The traditional Yankee Doodle is represented as following the fashion according to his taste and means, in our old song. — *W. M. Beauchamp.*

STONE GIANTS. — The tradition of the Stone Giants is known among the Onondagas as well as the other New York Iroquois. I have always connected it with their first knowledge of mail-clad Europeans. They were invulnerable, and came from the south. Oddly enough, the old Onondaga tradition pointed out the place of their destruction by the Great Spirit, near the spot where the Cardiff Giant was "found." — *W. M. Beauchamp.*

ONONDAGA METAPHOR. — A large part of Zeisberger's Onondaga dictionary is composed of Mohawk words, and he compounded words and phrases which he supposed would be useful in the proposed translations. "To inflame the heart with love" might have been one of these. It was Mr. P. S. du Ponceau who made the note, "It is curious that 'hearts' and 'flames' should be used by the savages, as by us, to express the passion of love." I do not understand on what the annotator founded this, failing to find anything of the kind in Zeisberger's grammar or dictionary. Being at the Onondaga Reservation yesterday, I asked if such an expression or idea was known there. Nothing like it had ever been known, nor did they have any like phrase for anger. Of the two words quoted, Zeisberger renders *schungara* as "somebody," and *aweriachsa* as "heart." The word to love is quite different. *Ah-weh-ah-sa* is the present Onondaga form for heart. — *W. M. Beauchamp.*

WHITE DOG FEAST. — In citing authorities on this I failed to give one of the best, that of the Rev. Jedediah Horsford, in the "History of Livingston County, N. Y." Mr. Horsford went to Squakie Hill, in the Genesee valley, to teach Indian children there in 1815. The parents called him Ga-ya-dos-hah sha-go-yas-da-ni, "He teaches them books." He left an account of the feast which he attended, and which began February 7, 1816. It is important, because these Indians are reputed a remnant of the Eries, adopted by the Senecas. His son, Prof. E. N. Horsford, sent me an account of the snow snakes which he used in company with the Indian boys, just as I had been comparing the Seneca and Onondaga snow snakes. His recollection of the former was remarkably clear and correct. — *W. M. Beauchamp.*

ONONDAGA NAMES OF MONTHS. — An Indian friend recently gave me the old Onondaga names of the months, which were likely to be lost, and which he wished to have preserved. In Loskiel's "Moravian Missions" is an account of the Delaware months, but he does not give the Indian words, and commences with the spring. In Pennsylvania, of course, the season is earlier. Because they caught shad in March the Delawares called that the shad-fish month. April was the planting month, and May the time for hoeing Indian corn. June was the month when the deer became red; July, the time for hilling corn. In August the corn was in the milk, and from this the month had a name. September was the first month of autumn, October the harvest month, and November the month for hunting. December was the time when the bucks cast their horns; January, the squirrel month, or the time when chipmucks came out of their holes; and February the

month of frogs, as they then began to croak in Southern Pennsylvania. Zeisberger gives the Indian names of some of these.

The Onondaga names were obtained by Albert Cusick from John Jacobs (Ke-nent-too-te, "Hemlock sticking up"), an old Onondaga. Although the White Dog feast, in January or February, is the beginning of the religious year, yet in other ways the year began in the fall, when the Indians went out to hunt, and I shall follow this arrangement: —

October — Chut-ho-wa-ah, little cold.

November — Chut-ho-wa-go-nah, large cold.

December — Tis-ah, little long day (*i. e.*, not very long).

January — Tis-go-nah, longer day.

February — Ka-na-to-ha, winter leaves fall (*i. e.*, those that have stuck on the trees).

March — Ka-na-to-go-nah, winter leaves fall and fill up the large holes. That is, the high March winds blow all the leaves into the hollows in the woods.

April — E-sut-ah, warm and good days, but not planting time.

May — O-yea-ie-go-nah, strawberries ripe and the leaves are in full size.

June — Ses-ka-hah, sun goes for long days.

July — Ses-ka-go-nah, sun goes for longer days. (The longest day.) A natural mistake.

August — Ken-ten-ah, the deer sheds its hair.

September — Ken-ten-go-nah, deer in its natural fur.

As in the case of the Delaware names, some allowances have to be made in these divisions.

From the same source I had the names of the week-days, which cannot be very old: —

Sunday — Ah-wen-tah-to-ken-te, holy day.

Monday — Ah-wen-tah-ten-tah-ee, holy day over.

Tuesday — Te-ken-wah-tont-ah, second one, *i. e.*, after Sunday.

Wednesday — Ta-wen-to-ken, between the days, *i. e.*, the middle of the week.

Thursday — Kah-yea-ie-wah-tont-ah, fourth one.

Friday — Wicks-wah-tont-ah, fifth one.

Saturday — En-tuck-tah, near the (holy) day.

These names have not before appeared, and would soon have been lost. I think "wisk" is the more common word for five, but have observed a difference in this, which may be one of dialect. — *W. M. Beauchamp.*

TERMS USED IN CALLING DOMESTIC ANIMALS. — I have been much interested in the Journal. Every number has suggested something to my remembrance. On page 81 of No. I., Prof. H. Carrington Bolton requests information respecting terms used in calling domestic animals. I was brought up on a farm in New Hampshire. We always had different terms to call different animals in the field or pen. Some are obvious in meaning, others not. We always called neat cattle "co-boss, co-boss;" horses, "co-jock, co-jock, co-jock," or "co-jack," generally the former. Sometimes also we said, "kope, kope," as mentioned in the Journal. For sheep the call

varied, sometimes "co-nan," or "co-nanny," but the call given by *men* was almost always "co-dack, co-dack," leaving "*nan*" for the boys. Doubtless it was only a perversion of "co-nan." We always called hogs with the cry "chook, chook," sometimes degenerating into "choog." Hens were of course called "biddy, biddy," and it is perhaps worthy of note, as indicating the lack of power in animals to notice exact articulation, that the cats would come running whenever we called "biddy," as if it were "kitty." "Kitty" and "puss," or "pussy," were used for the cats *ad libitum*. In driving cattle or horses one word, not mentioned there, was common, "glang," evidently corrupted from "go along." "Inarticulate sounds" are mentioned as desired, on page 82. I hardly know how they can be represented. We sometimes called both pigs and hens with sounds made by the tongue against the roof of the mouth, slightly like the call of the cock when he has found a tid-bit for his hens. It occurs to me now, though I don't know that I ever thought of it before, that it is a little singular that we had different terms for frightening or driving away different animals. They are doubtless familiar to every family where domestic animals are kept: "Scat" for the cat, "get out" for the dog, "shoo" for the hens, and the same for the sheep, and always "whee! whee! whee!" to drive the pigs or hogs. — *Silvanus Hayward, Globe Village, Mass.*

AMERICAN NOTES AND QUERIES. — Among periodicals containing folk-lore should be mentioned "American Notes and Queries" (weekly), of Philadelphia, now in its second volume. This journal promises to be very useful in furnishing information as to customs, superstitions, proverbs, sayings, etc., concerning which inquiries may be made. Among members of the American Folk-Lore Society, who are contributors, we note the names of Mr. A. F. Chamberlain and Mr. C. L. Pullen. The articles concerning folk-lore are too numerous for us to index under the head of Journals. We note, however, especially, an article of Mr. Chamberlain, in which he shows that the words by which the peanut is known in parts of the South — *goober* and *pinder* — are of African origin (vol. ii. p. 120). We wish the journal all success. The subscription is \$3.00 per annum.

RECORD OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE.

ESKIMO. — A recent number of the "Meddelelser om Grønland" (No. X.) contains the important collection of Eskimo tales made by G. Holm at Angmagsalik, on the east coast of Greenland, edited by H. Rink. This collection contains forty-seven tales and five songs, and is of great interest, being collected among the extreme eastern Eskimo, who have heretofore not come into contact with Europeans. It is principally due to Dr. Rink's great work on Eskimo legends that attention to this subject has been called, and the present collection is due to the incentive given by him. We cannot enumerate here the valuable contents of this collection, but

confine ourselves to mentioning a few remarks made by Rink in his notes on the legends. Among the tales twelve or fourteen are identical with tales from other regions, principally from the west coast of Greenland, while about the same number contain well-known elements of tales. Sixteen are peculiar to Angmagsalik, but are alike in their general character to Eskimo tales from other regions. In these legends the general ideas of sun, moon, and stars, and other important mythical characters, are set forth. In his notes Dr. Rink compares the tales with those from Greenland, Baffin Land, and Labrador.

The same number of the "*Meddelelser*" contains a treatise on the dialect of East Greenland, by Dr. N. Rink. Although this paper is mainly philological in character, it is not void of interest from other points of view, the dialect showing a most marked tendency to avoiding certain words, and using descriptive terms instead. This fact is presumably due to the custom of avoiding mention of certain names connected with deceased persons, but it may also be explained by assuming that terms of the sacred language, which is largely composed of descriptive terms, have been embodied in the ordinary language.

BRITISH COLUMBIA. — A. Bastian, in his recent work, "*Allerlei aus Volks- und Menschenkunde*," gives a graphic description of the ceremonial cannibalism of the Bilqula, according to Jacobsen, who for several years has resided among this tribe. The custom is closely connected with the legends of this people, as recorded in the first number of this journal (p. 60). In the "*Proceedings of the United States National Museum*" (1888, p. 197), Dr. F. Boas describes the houses of the Kwakiutl, and explains the connection between their carvings and paintings and the traditions of the various gentes.

OREGON. — Rev. J. Owen Dorsey, in the January number of the "*American Anthropologist*," records some myths of the Athapaskan tribes of the Siletz Reservation, Oregon. He gives their creative myth, in which it is told how the land first arose from the depth of the ocean; how the great being, Qawaneca, after having made the land, summoned the sun, which was at that time in the far north. Of two of his hairs serpents were made. An enormous serpent coiled itself five times around the world, and thus keeps it together. Then dogs were created. Subsequently a woman came from the south, who became the mother of the Indians.

BLACKFEET. — Rev. Dr. John McLean, in the "*Proceedings of the Canadian Institute*," gives a full description of the sun-dance, as witnessed by himself. Regarding the origin of the dance he says: "The records of tradition state that an old woman had a sick child, which she loved tenderly. In her anxiety for its recovery she prayed incessantly to Natos (the sun) for help in her distress. One evening, as she slept, Natos appeared to her in a dream, and told her that if she would build a sun-lodge, and make sacrifices to him, the child would get well. She awoke, and told her people of the wonderful vision; the lodge was erected, the festival was held, and the child recovered. Since that period the sun-dance has been annually held." Dr. McLean's description is full of interest, giving the

details of the feast, and, as it seems to us, the first satisfactory explanation of the ceremonies.

MOUND-BUILDERS. — Rev. Stephen D. Peet, in the "American Antiquarian," treats the question whether there are any myths embodied in the effigy mounds, and, if so, whether these myths can be identified as belonging to any particular tribe. The paper is one of a long series on effigy mounds.

NAVAJO. — Dr. Washington Matthews has published an interesting collection of gambling songs of the Navajo, published in the January number of the "American Anthropologist." They are sung at the game of the Kesitcè, of which a description is given. The game is, to some extent, sacred in its nature, for the playing is confined to the winter, the only time when their myths may be told and their most important ceremonies conducted. The game depends on a legend for its explanation, of which Dr. Matthews gives an epitome. It refers to a contest between the animals of the night and the animals of the day, which resulted in the present arrangement of day and night.

GUATEMALA. — The publisher and editor of the magnificent "Internationales Archiv für Ethnographie" have issued a supplement to the first number of this journal: "Die Ethnologie der Indianerstämme und Guatemala," by Dr. Otto Stoll. The work, which is beautifully illustrated, gives a succinct description of the ancient and present natives of Guatemala, and contains a brief abstract of the cosmogony and deities of these Indians.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

BOOKS.

[Books relating to folk-lore or mythology will receive notice, provided that a copy be sent to the editors of this Journal. Such copy may be addressed to the care of the publishers directly, or to the General Editor.]

BIBLIOTECA MYTHICA. HENRI GAIDOZ. *La Rage et St. Hubert*. Paris. ALPHONSE PICARD, Editeur, Rue Bonaparte, 82. 1887. Pp. 224. 8vo.

This volume is an excellent example of a special treatise, which, by illustrating a particular subject with extensive learning, throws light on the general principles of popular belief and legend.

It is not likely that our readers are well informed as to the connection between hydrophobia and Saint Hubert, who is the special patron and deliverer of those threatened with this malady. They may be interested in some account of the pilgrimages which are still made to his shrine, in the village of St. Hubert, among the Ardennes of Belgium, to which a hundred and thirty persons, on an average, annually resort. The mode of treatment is as follows: The person who is to be operated on, after having in the morning heard mass and communed, is led into the sac-

risty, and kneels before the priest, who recites the prescribed formulas, and causes the pilgrim to repeat a prayer to Saint Hubert. This done, the penitent sits in a chair, and throws back his head; the priest, with a knife, makes an incision on the forehead, in which he introduces a fragment of the holy stole which the Virgin, by means of an angel, formerly sent to the saint. The person thus treated is then required to submit to a *neuvaine*, or nine days' regimen, embracing confession, simple diet, and certain ascetic regulations; the beard is not to be shaved, nor the hair combed. On the tenth day the bandage protecting the incision is to be removed by a priest, burnt, and the ashes thrown into the water. The feast of St. Hubert is to be kept annually. The patient thus healed enjoys certain valuable privileges: if again bitten, he will recover with a simple fast, and he has the power of granting a *respite* of forty days to all persons bitten or otherwise infected by mad animals. It is gratifying to know that persons who find it impossible to make the journey may derive relief from objects which have touched the sacred garment and may be transmitted by mail.

The legend of St. Hubert, it may be remembered, relates how, while hunting in the forest, a stag appeared to him, displaying between its horns the image of the crucified Saviour, by whose admonition he was recalled from pursuit of the vanities of the world. He afterwards received from the Virgin, through an angel, a holy stole, indicating a celestial election to the office of bishop, and from St. Peter the golden key of Paradise. The most ancient life of Hubert (bishop at Liège in the eighth century) knows nothing of these tales. The incident of the white stag, related by Johannes Damascenus of a certain Placedas, said to have lived in the second century, is no doubt a Christian form of an older myth. The legend was fixed upon St. Eustace, but from him transferred to St. Hubert, probably in consequence of coincidence of dates of their festivals; and the saint thus became the patron of hunters. It may have been for this reason that in 835 his body was transferred to the Ardennes, where he evidently succeeded a pagan deity, possibly Woden: in the eleventh century the first results of each year's hunt were laid on his altar. As the protector of hunters, he is that of hounds also; and as hydrophobia has from time immemorial been a terror to mankind, and its danger and frequency have been enormously exaggerated by fear, he was naturally invoked to exorcise this evil, regarded as a species of demoniacal possession. His worship in this capacity became widely extended through Belgium and France. The peculiar method of cure, which consisted in insertion of a fragment of the holy garment, is only an example of the general principle that a sacred object, if introduced into the body, imparts its virtue; a principle kindred to that which induced savages to receive, through actual consumption, the life-power of their ancestors. The key said to have been received by Hubert from the apostle Peter also plays a part in his remedial activity. Pilgrims are allowed to purchase such keys, regarded as having power to protect beasts who have been bitten by rabid animals, and who are to be cauterized with the implement. These keys in reality

represent those which served to lock the gratings of the confessional, and which pilgrims brought home from Rome as a memorial. In later times, their shape has been changed to a cone, which is stamped with a horn (emblem of the saint as hunter), but they are still called keys. Sometimes, instead of cauterizing, the man or animal is only marked with the key, and not necessarily in the part bitten, the curative virtue depending in the power of Saint Hubert, not on any natural process. It is curious and instructive to note the attitude of the ecclesiastical authorities in relation to these pretended cures. In the fifteenth century the celebrated Dr. Gerson, and in the seventeenth century the Sorbonne, condemned the beliefs and practices in question. But in recent times the Cardinal Archbishop of Malines, who died in 1883, declared that the Church approved of and encouraged this worship, albeit such belief was not matter of faith; and in 1879 the journal "*Pèlerin*," of Paris, recommended and advocated these pilgrimages. M. Gaidoz, on this head, states a view which the writer (vol. i. p. 172), discussing the history of witchcraft, has previously advocated; we cite his words: "It would be an error, from the historic point of view, to regard the religion as formed by the instruction of its doctors, and limited to that alone. It is popular beliefs which break into the Church, which impose themselves upon her, which mingle with sacred rites their own traditional rites, and the fancies of a materialistic and fetishistic devotion." (P. 79.)

W. W. N.

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(See also "Record of American Folk-Lore.")

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8

NOTES ON THE COSMOGONY AND THEOGONY OF THE MOJAVE INDIANS OF THE RIO COLO- RADO, ARIZONA.

EARLY on the morning of the 24th of February, 1886, I left the train of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad at East Bridge station, the westernmost one in Arizona, situated on the banks of the Colorado River; through the failure of telegrams sent in advance, there was no one to meet me from the post to which I was travelling, Fort Mojave, one of those poems in dreariness nowhere to be found save in our own military establishment, on our remote frontier.

The station a moment's glance showed me to consist of the bridge-tender's shanty and nothing else; the bridge-tender was affable enough, and desirous to extend the hospitalities of the metropolis, in exchange, perhaps, for such information of the doings of the great world as he might hope to extract from the first visitor who had been deluded into appearing at the place for more than a month. I imposed on his good nature, however, only to the extent of leaving my grip-sack in his shanty, while I started to walk across the bridge to the California side of the river. When half over, a freight train overtook me, and as it was going very slowly, there was no trouble in jumping upon a coal-car and riding for three miles to the town of Needles, California.

This town was a small collection of pretty wooden cottages, occupied by conductors and other railroad employees, and their families. There was a very excellent hotel, providing an abundance of well-cooked food, and good, clean beds. During the winter season the climate is lovely, and one might be travel-bound in many a worse place.

I hired a Mojave Indian runner for two dollars, to carry a message twenty miles to Fort Mojave, and while awaiting a reply, amused myself as best I could by strolling about among the Indians. There were numbers of them, men, women, boys, and girls, sprawling on

the sand in all the graceful attitudes that perfect laziness and perfect freedom from care could suggest.

The Mojaves, of both sexes, are famed for beauty of form ; many of the gentler sex are lovely to look upon, in spite of tattooing, dirt, and premature decrepitude, induced by too early marriages.

At times they would arouse themselves from their listlessness, and engage with spasmodic enthusiasm in games of "shinny," the balls being of rags tightly sewed together.

The Mojaves have not the "stick" game of the Pueblos, but they show the same wonderful power in the toes, and will often, at a critical point in the game, pick up the shinny ball between the great and second toes of the right foot and hop off with it for some distance. Immorality is the general rule, and the young girls are corrupt from the earliest years.

The men bear a good reputation for industry, when hard work is offered, and have labored efficiently on the grades of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, as well as on the engineering work for the improvement of the river channel.

They evinced much affection and tenderness for the children with them, but seemed incapable of feeling for the sufferings of the brute creation. An instance of this occurred while I was in the town. A Mojave came over to complain to some of the white people that a Chinese laundryman had killed his dog, or rather had given it poison. Pretty soon the suffering animal appeared, dragging itself across the railroad track, its hindquarters already paralyzed from the effects of nux vomica, or something of that kind.

The Mojaves gathered in great circles, watching the contortions of the dying brute ; one of the boys seized an axe ; I expressed approval, feeling certain that he was going to put an end to so much misery. The axe gleamed in the air, the youngster looked at me with a smile, I smiled in return. Bang ! went the biting blade, and off went the poor dog's tail. The dog yelled in agony, and squaws and children screamed with delight. Hereupon, one of the Americans stepped to the front, drew his revolver, and blew the half-dead animal's brains out.

Several of the squaws wore beautiful necklaces of glass beads, and in the fabrication of these necklaces show themselves not a whit behind their sisters of the tribes in the Missouri drainage.

Towards evening word came that an ambulance had arrived for me at East Bridge, to which station I had to return, again crossing the Rio Colorado on the railroad bridge.

The road up the valley of the Colorado follows through a heavy growth of arrow-weed, and after some miles passes through mesquite thickets. It is very sandy until you strike the mesa, within

three miles of the fort, when you get upon a gravel and hardpan. Indian villages dot the intervening distance, but a description of them will occur farther on in this article.

It was after midnight when we reached the post of Fort Mojave, and were cordially welcomed by Lieutenant Phister, the commanding officer ; he arranged to have an Indian guide come to his quarters early the next morning, with whom could be made all arrangements for visiting the several villages of the Mojaves, or any other objects of interest in the vicinity.

As good fortune would have it, the Indian selected was Merryman, whom I had known very well in 1871 and 1872, when he was one of the scouts employed by General Crook in the operations against the then hostile Apaches. He was an exceptionally bright fellow, speaking, reading, and writing English fairly well, and not at all averse to communicating what he knew on the subject of the manners and customs of his people.

The day was passed in looking in upon the Mojaves living close to the fort, and noting what was of most interest ; they were nearly all engaged in playing " shinny " or " quoits." The quoits were two round, flat stones, four inches in diameter ; the side which could first throw them both into the hole, twenty paces away, won the game.

What surprised me most was to receive corroboration of the statements made to me by Indians at the San Carlos agency, to the effect that the Mojaves did have customs strikingly suggestive of the *Couvade*, of which so much has been written in other parts of the world. Reference has been made to the fact that the Mojaves are tender parents, fond of their exceedingly bright children. Doctor Ord, the post surgeon, told me that Jim, a Mojave of considerable prominence, would not eat any salt in his bread last week because the medicine-men had warned him that if he did his child, sick at the time with the whooping-cough, would die. Another Mojave would not eat for four days, fearing bad results to his child ; but the medicine-men allowed this man to drink coffee. Previous to this, I had been informed from other sources that when a Mojave youth has led one of the young girls astray, and she finds that she is about to become a mother, he will betake himself to a secluded spot and fast and wail until the child is born. While I do not doubt the accuracy of this information in the least, I am of the opinion that it relates to the primitive life of the tribe, and must be falling into disuse at the present time, when so large a percentage of the women lead lives of immorality.

We had been at the post twenty-four hours before Merryman had made his boat ready to take Phister and myself down the river on a visit to the spot where the gods " made the world."

Merryman pulled slowly on his oars, while the boat was propelled by the swift current of the turbid river, Phister and I, meanwhile, languidly reclining in the stern, listening to the flow of talk with which we began to be favored. We let our guide's words come unchecked, only asking a question now and then to prompt him to fresh topics. It was a red-letter day for an ethnological student. There was absolutely nothing to do but write down what Merryman said, and occasionally to help him get the boat off a sand-bar.

The scenery was sullen and impressive; the treacherous channel wound its way among islets of bleak sand, sometimes collecting its forces to make a rush against the bank, from which it bit off every few minutes great slices of rich soil. The mountains closing in upon each side of the valley were lofty, rugged, and naked. "That sharp peak, over in Nevada, above the fort," Merryman pointed out as "Spirit Mountain; the gods live there." (It was the Mojave Olympus.) "That other sharp, high mountain, down there near the Needles, in Arizona, was also a spirit mountain; that was where the Mojaves went when they died." (It was the Mojave Elysium.)

Mojave doctors are born, not trained. Their gifts are supernatural, not acquired. They can talk to the spirits before they have left their mother's womb. There are spirit doctors who are clairvoyants and exorcists; they talk to the spirits. There are snake doctors who cure snake bites; sometimes by suction, sometimes by rubbing something on the wound, but generally by singing. They can find rattlesnakes any time they wish. They can pick them up unharmed, and can talk to them. They have no Snake Dances, such as I described to Merryman as having seen among the Moquis, but, he asserted, "the Mojave doctors can do all that."

The Maricopas have eagle doctors; Merryman could not say why, except because the Maricopas are afraid of eagles.

The Mojave doctors can cure the Hoop-me-kof (whooping-cough). The Mojaves have no phallic dances; the Pi-Utes and Hualpais, their next-door neighbors, have them at rare intervals.

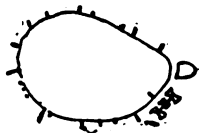
Merryman rowed and talked in this delightfully interesting way as we drifted down the river, passing the iron column marking the boundary between California and Nevada, and pulling up to the shore at a plantation of ky-ssa, a plant which the Mojaves sow broadcast on wet sand-bars while the waters are receding. The tender, lanceolate leaves are boiled in water while green to remove bitterness, and then boiled again and eaten. The red twigs, looking like those of the rhubarb and sumach, are hollowed out for pipes. The grain is gathered in March, dried, ground, and eaten.



On the gravel mesa, overlooking this field, was an insignificant stone-pile, which Merryman said had been placed there by Mus-

tam-ho, otherwise called Pa-o-chash, the god, son of Maty-a-vela. The Colorado River was then very high, and came up to the crest of this bluff. Mustam-ho was the god of water. He ordered that every man and animal should swim, diving into the river from this point. This was no doubt the place where formerly dances and games had been held by the Mojaves to celebrate the recession of some abnormal spring flood of the Colorado. The lustration described was possibly a kind of sacrifice to propitiate the angry god of waters, Mustam-ho, who, Merryman said, "made all the waters." The stone-pile was exactly like the Apache sacred stone-heaps, the Tze-na-a-chie. I am pretty sure my conjecture is correct because Merryman said that before engaging in these games every Mojave had to purify himself in the sweat-bath. Those who now dived into the water as an exhibition of skill, were, perhaps, in pre-historic days, thrown into the seething flood as a living sacrifice to the angry deity. Herein may be found a suggestion as to the generic basis of all sacred games. Originally, beyond a doubt, the slowest runner was immolated ; later on, he was only beaten ; and, as civilization had made greater strides, simply ridiculed and derided ; the old expression, "The Lord for us all, and the Devil for the hindmost," may have more significance to the student than that of a mere vulgarity.

A hundred yards or so from this point was a flat-topped, rocky mesa, known as Mat-ho-ko-sabbi, or "the place or land of holes in the nose," because here once all created life met to engage in games of running, jumping, swimming, and walking. All the birds had holes bored in their beaks. The duck came last. "Your nose is too flat," said Pa-o-chash, called the Judge, because he is the judge of all actions of men or animals, here or hereafter. "I can't help that," said the duck, "I was born so ; I must have a hole in my nose like the rest ; I would n't look pretty without it." The Judge consented and the hole was bored. Then men came up. The Judge said : "I don't bore holes in flat noses. No flat-nosed creature, except the duck, can have a hole in his nose. A flat-nosed man would n't look pretty." After that, the animals ran round in a circle. The duck and dove both ran and flew and so came in ahead ; the horned toad ran until out of breath, and then stopped.

(This was evidently the site chosen by the Mojaves for the celebration of their Creation Dance, or dramatic representation of their myth of the creation. Here was an irregular, elliptical curve, marked with small heaps of rock (see diagram), at distances of from five to twelve paces, each designating the point where, according to Merryman, some animal (or rather a medicine-man dressed up to represent one), had broken down in the course which was



run with the Sun, from left to right. Where the big medicine-man representing the Judge was to stand was marked thus:  and near this on the ground was traced a hieroglyph, the meaning of which Merryman was unable to give, but which bore some slight resemblance to the figures of a man, a woman, and a child, or of three grown persons tied together, .)

When Mustam-ho first created men and animals they were very much alike in appearance, and Mustam-ho did not really know what any particular kind was good for. That's the reason why he assembled them here, Merryman said, and made them run to see which could best live on its legs; swim and dive, to see which could best live in water; fly, to learn which were qualified to abide in the air. He also asked them many questions: "Which of you is anxious to live without work and eat such food as man may throw to him?" "I," said one. "All right, then you shall be the dog," said Mustam-ho. And so with the others. He and man went among them and Mustam-ho separated them, and some he called fishes, and made them to live in the water, and some were snakes and crawled on the ground. All animals received their names that day. The dog was made the same time that man was. The Mojaves used to eat dogs, and most of them do so yet.

The bear and the coyote were not made until some time afterwards.

"After death, we follow the shadows of our great, great, grandfathers, those relations whom we have never seen. When we come to where they have been, they have gone on. We don't catch up with them: they have died again and changed into something else. Maybe so, bimeby, long-time, we'll catch up and be the same as they are, but I don't think so, I don't know." "When a Mojave dies, he goes to another country, just like his own; it is the shadow of his own country, the shadows of its rivers, mountains, valleys, and springs in which his own shadow is to stay."

"When you dream of your dead friends five or six times, that's a sign you are soon to die." "When a man dies, his friends consult the spirit doctor, who falls into a trance, and then visits the spirit land, which is at the mouth of Bill Williams Fork; if the dead man be not there, the doctor who attended him has been guilty of malpractice and has killed him and put his spirit in some mountain known only to the doctor. (A sort of Hades or Limbo; see farther on.) This doctor, thus proved to be a wizard or a quack, must be killed at once, so that he may be made to go and keep the dead man company."

It is an insult to speak of the dead to the widow or other survivors.

It is to the interest of quack doctors and witches to kill a number of people, because the dead take with them to the spirit land the

shadow of all their possessions, and the doctor or witch becomes the chief of a rich and powerful band.

Doctors and witches keep in a sort of Limbo or Hades, known only to themselves, all the victims who fall a prey to their nefarious arts. "It is," said Merryman, "the nature of these doctors to kill people in this way, just as it is the nature of hawks to kill little birds for a living."

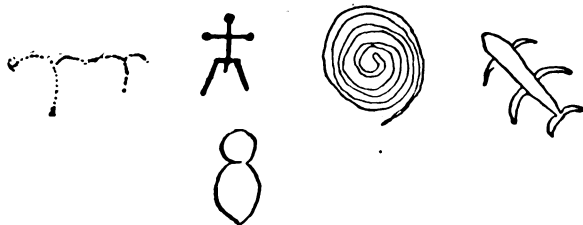
"Once a witch was paid seventeen dollars by a Mojave to kill another Indian whom he disliked. She watched and followed in the trail of the victim, stepping carefully in his foot-prints. — 'T is well,' she said, 'say nothing: he dies in four days: say nothing. I don't want to be killed just yet. I've killed only two, and when I die, I want to rule a bigger band than that.'

"But the spirit doctors consulted the spirits and knew that the victim had been murdered.

"'We can't tell who killed him,' they said to the relatives, 'but watch near the spot where his body was burned. The poison which the witch put in his body must come out from the ashes in four days, and if the witch don't be on hand to gather it up, it will do her great harm.' So they watched, and, sure enough, they saw tracks and they caught the witch, and they killed her with rocks and then burnt her, and I was a very small boy at the time and saw them do it over there on that spit of land next the sand-bar." (This idea that power can be obtained over a person by walking in his foot-prints, or by cutting out a sod upon which he has stood, prevails in Europe and other parts of the world.)

"What I tell you, I have learned from the old men. The Mojaves sometimes have meetings, when the old men lecture the young men on the history of the tribe and of the world: they never get through." (Merryman was perfectly aware of the meaning of the term he used, "meetings," as connected with religious services, conventions, etc.) "The Mojaves have women doctors, who are born with the gift, just as the men are; they are regarded by the male doctors as their equals and treated with every consideration."

The rocks near this spot were scratched with various figures:



Merryman further said that the Mojaves never drank water while travelling, if they could possibly avoid it. (The Indians of the Southwest very rarely drank water while on the march: they preferred to put in the mouth a stone or twig to induce a flow of saliva. Of late years, however, they behave more like our own people on such occasions.)

The Mojave men wear their hair in long tresses or curls, in rear. They never cut except at edges, in sign of mourning. "It would be a disgrace to have their hair cut off, much as it would be to a Chinaman to lose his pig-tail." They dye their hair with the black pitch exuding from the mesquite, and with the blue mud of the river bottoms. False hair is often added to the natural supply.

The Mojaves, Apache-Mojaves, Hualpais, Pimas, Yumas, Cocopahs, and the Camilya (a very small band living in Lower California), sprang from the same stock and came from a point on the Colorado River, above Cottonwood Island, near a big stone.

The Mojaves know of the ocean to the west and to the south.

Once, fifty years ago, in the time of Merryman's grandmother, the Mojaves sent forty of their warriors over to Cucamongo ranch (*i. e.* between San Bernardino and Los Angeles, Cal.), to steal horses. The Mexicans invited them in to eat, and drink, and killed all but two, who made their way back to the Colorado River.

Panta-chá, the runner of the Mojaves, who now lives at the Needles, can run, so Merryman insists, from Fort Mojave to the Mojave reservation, one hundred miles, between sunrise and sunset. He can beat a horse in speed. He will then stay at the reservation only a little while and start back for the Needles.

Merryman says he can make the whole journey, going and returning, almost two hundred miles, inside of twenty-four hours. "He never gets tired."

The runner whom I dispatched to Fort Mojave on the 24th instant went twenty-one miles, over a heavy sandy road, between ten A. M. and 1.30 P. M. This was regarded as so commonplace a performance as to be worth but two dollars for the round trip.

Merryman says that the Mojaves now tattoo for ornament alone; there is no clan or gentile symbolism involved. The first man, he said, was not made of clay, but of Mustam-ho's own body.

Merryman started across the Colorado with the boat, intending to "cordel" it up to the post on the opposite side. Phister and I walked home along a trail on the California-Nevada bank, through the packed sand of the river bottom. We passed through a few Mojave fields, all patterned after one model. They were brush and post fenced, and planted with wheat and kyssa in clumps like the grounds of the Moquis and Zuñis.

The bottom land was a jumble of arrow-weed and mesquite, with some small groves of cottonwood.

The Mojave winter huts were made of upright cottonwood logs, covered with others, then with smaller branches and earth, with but one door and no windows. They seemed warm and sufficiently comfortable. The floor was of sand, which served its purpose when their measly dogs snapped at visitors, as the squaws promptly threw a handful into the eyes of the miserable brutes, who ran off howling for dear life.

The walls of these huts are of wattle work, made of arrow-weeds and grass ; there are generally two centre-posts.



This is the winter residence, shared by the dogs and chickens.

The summer house is close at hand and is a simple ramada or awning of branches, of the form familiar to Mexican travellers.

There is another ramada, upon top of which great caches of basket-work contain stores of mesquite beans, corn, beans, acorns, pumpkin seeds and other dainties, together with all the industrial implements and surplus pots, pans, and kettles.

Not far from the entrance of each house was a mortar made of the stump of a mesquite tree, the pestle for which was a huge affair of lava, eighteen inches long.

Ranged along the walls, in suitable places, was the surplus wardrobe of the family, the most interesting portion of which, to the American eye at least, was the apron and bustle of the fine inner bark of the cottonwood, which forms almost the complete raiment of the women, old and young alike.

The squaws were parching corn and then serving it up in that simple style, or as a mush ; some were making mush of acorns, of mesquite, of grass seeds, or of pumpkin seeds, but it was always mush. (The food of the tribes along the Rio Colorado is almost the same as it was when Alarcon first went among them in 1541.)

There were coarse dishes, jugs, ollas, and bowls, painted and unpainted, in shape and decoration very much like those of the Pueblos, but not so good.

The women and children, in nearly every case, had their heads plastered with mud and mesquite pitch, for warmth, they said ; but

more likely to restore the rich blue-black color, faded by exposure to the sun, or to kill vermin.

We were shown some half-finished rabbit-skin mantles of the same pattern as those to be found in the Moqui villages. This little animal, the jackass rabbit, has been to the inhabitants of the interior of our continent of almost as much consequence as the buffalo was to those living in the plains of the Missouri. From it have been taken food, and clothing of the warmest kind.

There were fishing-hooks and lines with which the Mojaves catch the great, tasteless Colorado salmon, and several shinny sticks, just bent and hardened in the fire.

The Mojaves make two or three kinds of baskets; the first resemble the beautiful ones fabricated by the Apaches which hold water; the others are flat and much like those in which the Utes and Shoshonees parch their grasshoppers.

In one hut a young girl was employed upon a lovely bead necklace, using as a support a beer bottle, steadied by filling it with sand. Two or three paces from her, an old woman had just finished painting a large olla, which she then proceeded to burn in a fire made in a hole in the ground. Upon none of the pottery was there to be discerned anything in the shape of a totemic emblem.

The next morning Merryman resumed his conversation: "We don't sing or dance before going out to hunt deer. The Hualpais and Pi-Utes do: we would do so too, if we depended on deer for food, but we don't: we get all the food we want by planting. The Pi-Utes and Hualpais don't approach their wives for one day before going out hunting: that would kill their luck."

"This Earth is a woman; the Sky is a man. The Earth was sterile and barren and nothing grew upon it; but, by conjunction with the Sky — (here he repeated almost the very same myth that the Apaches and Pimas have to the effect that the Earth was asleep and a drop of rain fell upon her causing conception,) — two gods were born, in the west, thousands of miles away from here. They were Ku-ku-matz and his brother, To-chi-pa. I don't know much about them: I heard they jumped down a burning mountain, what you call a volcano. They are not dead, but we do not see them any more."

(It is possible that Merryman was presenting the dim vestiges of a pair of deities of whom nothing but the names remained. The word "Ku-ku-matz" or "Gu-ku-matz" — he pronounced it both ways — is certainly similar to that of the deity Kukulkan, or Gucumatz, of the Indians of Guatemala. His connection with the volcano could be explained by the fact that he must have been a god of the earthquake or volcano; and volcanoes, we know, still belch forth on the north-

west coast, in Alaska and the Aleutian Islands; Arizona and New Mexico have been subject to them within the historical period, and Pinart has found small ones still smouldering in the desert regions of northwest Sonora.)

"That volcano was away off on the other side of the ocean."
(Merryman had been to the Pacific.)

"But the Earth and the Sky had other children — Maty-a-vela and his sister Ca-the-ña, who is all the same as Queen of the Sky." (At another point in the story, he stated that this goddess was the sister of Mustam-ho, the son of Matyavela, but it was not deemed best to be too censorious, lest he discontinue his story-telling.)

Matyavela made himself a son and a daughter out of his own flesh. "The son's name was Mustam-ho, or Pa-o-chash, who made for himself out of his flesh a boy and a girl, from whom all men and women are descended. So you see that all men and women come from God."

Matyavela died on the Colorado River near to Cottonwood Island. He now lies up there on top of Spirit Mountain (*i. e.* the one in Nevada, on the west bank of the Colorado River, north of Fort Mojave).

"Before he died, he told his son to provide food for man. Mustam-ho made corn, tobacco, and mesquite for his children. The Mojaves were the youngest; consequently he gave them more to eat than he did to the Hualpais, Apache-Mojaves, and the other Indians who were older. He separated us from them because we could n't all live in one place. We received our name from him. Once we lived over there at Date Creek, with the Hualpais, Apache-Mojaves, and others. This valley was then all under water, — all except the lofty mountains down there by the Needles. The woodpecker lived on that mountain for ten days. The water kept rising and wet his tail; you can see the stain there yet.

"The water remained very high; all the land was covered and it was very dark, for as yet there was no day and no night, just dark all the time.

"So Mustam-ho took the Mojaves in his big arms and carried them until the waters began to recede and then he put Hama-pok (the little red ant) on Spirit Mountain (the place where the dead Mojaves go down near the Needles), and made him build himself a house; — and that was the first house ever built in this country. Animals in those days were n't as they are now; they were almost the same as men. And then Mustam-ho walked down to the mouth of the Colorado River, waved his hands and told the water of the ocean to fall back, and it did fall back. And the earth began to get dry, although rain still fell.

"However, as he moved back, up the river, as he reached the country of the Cocopahs, the water was still up to his neck; when he reached Fort Yuma, it was only breast-high; at Camp Colorado, it barely touched his hips, and here it had fallen to his knees.

"So at this place he made spades, and gave them to the Mojaves and told them to plant, and they did so.

"Mustam-ho could do whatever he pleased. Do you see that big rock over there? (Pointing to one on the west bank of the Colorado River, two hundred feet high.) Yes? Well, Mustam-ho could pick that up in one hand and easily carry it over to any place he wanted. They say that in those days there were some pretty big men among the Mojaves. Two I have heard of and will give you their names after a while. They were as long as from here to there (twenty feet). They turned into stones, so I've heard: but they were n't so big or so strong as Mustam-ho.

"When the Mojaves got back from the mouth of the Colorado, they found some other Mojaves here, — people of the same blood as themselves, speaking the same language, — but these other Mojaves did n't want our people to come back; they said that there was n't enough land for all.

"They fought and our people killed them all."

(Evidently, this story relates the exodus and return of a band of Mojaves, as well as something concerning former great floods in the Colorado. The "arms of Mustam-ho," the god who made the water, no doubt were rafts.)

"Our people then had to scatter to live. The Apache-Mojaves went up from the Needles to Date Creek. (*I. e.* up the Bill Williams Fork.)

"The Hualpais were driven away down the Colorado to where they joined the Maricopas, who were once of our people. But afterwards the Hualpais made their way over to the Apache-Mojave country and down into the Grand Cañon. Another band of the Mojaves went off to the Four Peaks and over into the Tonto Basin." (Central Arizona.)

"The Mojaves are divided into fourteen different families, but they are all the same Mojaves.

- | | |
|---------------|--|
| 1. Hual-ga. | Moon. |
| 2. O-cha. | Rain-cloud. |
| 3. Ma-ha. | Caterpillar. |
| 4. Nol-cha. | Sun. (The family of the chief Osykit.) |
| 5. Hi-pa. | Coyote. |
| 6. Ku-mad-ha. | Ocatilla or Iron Cactus. |
| 7. Va-had-ha. | Tobacco. Merryman's own family. |
| 8. Shul-ya. | Beaver. |
| 9. Kot-ta. | Mescal or Tobacco. |

- | | |
|----------------|--|
| 10. Ti-hil-ya. | Mescal. |
| 11. Vi-ma-ga. | A green plant, not identified. |
| 12. Ma-si-pa. | Coyote. |
| 13. Ma-li-ka. | Not identified : family of the chief Siky-hut. |
| 14. Mus. | Mesquite. |

(The difference in meaning between Nos. 7 and 9 was not made clear : all Indians have several kinds of plants which they make use of for smoking ; this may explain it. No. 12 was originally a band of Maricopas that came to live with the Mojaves but have always remained as a separate clan.)

"The Yumas have these same families : the Apache-Mojaves have also. The Maricopa families are somewhat different, and the families of the Hualpais are altogether different.

"Children belong to the father's family. (This is different from the rule obtaining elsewhere in the Southwest.)

"The Mojaves marry but one wife at a time. The daughters all answer to the family name just as you would say Jones, Smith, etc., but they have their own names at home, such as Big Girl, Little Sister, etc.

"Boys when two years old receive names chosen for them by the father. Four days after birth, at sunrise, the ears of boys are pierced : two holes to each ear, one at bottom, one at top, on the inner rim of the cartilage, — two small holes, not gashes or slits. Girls have three holes bored in the lower end of the lobe.

"Noses are pierced at manhood. The women's noses are not bored. The Mojaves have never worn anything in the lips (labrets).

"After death, Mojaves become spirits ; then they die again and become a kind of an owl ; a second time, they turn into a different kind of an owl ; and a third time, into still another ; fourthly, they become water beetles ; after that, they turn into air."

"If anything is left of their bodies, the arms, the muscles of the upper arms become one kind of an owl, and the heart another."

In early days, Merryman went on to tell us, the Mojaves were much harassed by maleficent animals and genii. The bear, then a great monster called Mahual, used to eat the children. He was killed by the Mojave Hercules, Apatch-karawi. (This word means something about killing enemies. It is a peculiar fact that the word "Apache," by which we have persisted in designating the southern bands of the widely-spread Tinné family, is not understood by the people to whom applied ; they call themselves Tinde or Inde, and do not recognize the other designation when they first hear it, but finally accept it complacently, esteeming it only as an additional instance of the erratic nature of the Caucasian. But the

word "Apache" occurs in the idioms of all, or nearly all, the adjacent tribes, and was probably the name given by them to the Apaches and adopted by the Spaniards.) The Shooting Star, Ku-yu, was also vaguely malevolent. The Shark came up from the Gulf of California to help the Mojaves; he seized the Shooting Star and dragged him under water and drowned him, but did not drown his spirit, which can still be seen, every now and then, flying through the air.

The Shark, Hal-ku-ta-da, himself afterwards became an annoyance to the Mojaves: Mustam-ho then killed him.

"I want to tell you more about our families. Mustam-ho divided our people up. He said: 'You remain together and take this name for distinction, and you others take that name;' and so on. Now, he said, 'when you want to marry, you Va-ha-dha men cannot marry Va-ha-dha women, because they are your sisters: you must marry some one else, of another name. You must have but one wife at a time, but, if you don't like her, send her away and get another one.'"

Merryman also went on to say that a long time ago the Mojaves dwelt in stone houses, in cliffs, on the other side of Spirit Mountain (Nevada). "Those big chiefs I was telling you about, who were turned into stone, were named Witchy-witchy-yuba and Matnapocua. They led the Mojaves back from Date Creek to the Colorado River. (Evidently apotheosized chiefs.)

"Catheña was the sister of Mustam-ho. She don't do anything for us at all. She never sent us corn, nothing."

"But, Merryman," I interposed, "what good is she then? She don't seem to be of much account."

"Well, she isn't; she just stays up there in the sky. She never did nothing but pisen her fadder."

"Poison her father! Goodness gracious! What did she do that for?"

"I don't know; medicine-man he tell me; I tell you. Medicine-man say 'Catheña pisen her fadder just for meanness; I guess she pretty bad anyway.'" And that was all I could then learn of the mysterious Catheña, whose behavior to her parent recalled what I had read of the killing of the god Chronos by his undutiful offspring.

"When Mustam-ho was born, he didn't want to come to the surface of the earth; he resisted with all his might, and to bring him forth there had to be an earthquake, and ever since then when women have children they have more or less trouble.

"Sometimes, we have felt the earth shake not far from here, and that must be because Ku-ku-math and his brother have been out and are returning inside the earth.

"The rainbow (Kwallissay) is Mustam-ho's medicine for stopping rain; sometimes, you see two or three or four colors, sometimes seven or eight; those are different medicines."

(The idea expressed by this Indian is strictly analogous to our own obsolete or obsolescent views on the same point ; what is known to scholars as color symbolism, no intelligible explanation of which has ever been made, was nothing more or less than color-medicine ; the changing hues of the raiment of the priesthood in many religions is one manifestation of it ; our stained Easter eggs, another ; the old-time method of curing scarlet fever with scarlet medicines, or the use of scarlet blankets upon the patient's bed ; the cure of yellow jaundice by the administration of yellow rhubarb ; finally, the retention by apothecaries of the gaudy bottles in their windows, — all these record the persistency of the idea which finds open and avowed expression among savages.)

"The full number is only used when Mustam-ho has to stop a big rain."

"The rainbow comes out of the hole of the kangaroo rat (O-hul-ya), which has a long, hairy tail.

"Pregnant women must not cross over a beaver dam ; the beavers would destroy their progeny."

Pre-natal influence is fully believed in. A Mojave mother-expectant must not play too much with dolls, — the hideous things which the Mojaves make out of baked clay. "If she did, her baby would be born looking like it. There is a youngster among the Mojaves now who has a little horn on his head because his mother always played with a calf."

"When the first baby is born in a family, the father must bathe himself from head to foot, twice each day, at sunrise and sunset, in some one of the sloughs, and he must fast all the time, he must not touch salt. If the baby is a boy, he does this ; if a girl he does this too, all the same, no different."

After the fast has ended, Merryman says that the parent must still curtail his diet, especially avoiding mesquite and pumpkin seeds for thirty days ; after that he can eat what he pleases. Some of the Mojaves paid no attention to this precept, which emanated from Mustam-ho, and the consequence was that their wives never had any more children. When subsequent children are born, the fasting and lustration are for four days only.

When a baby dies, neither father nor mother should touch food of any kind, liquid or solid, until after the medicine-man has notified them that the ashes of the pyre are cold. They would become sterile if they did.

The Mojaves have no nubile dances or feasts. At the time of first purgation, a young maiden is buried to the arm-pits in hot sand ; this will help to develop muscles of arms, legs, and breasts. She eats no mesquite, no meat, no corn, no salt, no pumpkins, nothing

but beans and grass seeds and "mush-melons" (but no water-melons). She must not drink coffee. The Mojaves believe that she will grow rapidly for five months after this and then stop. (The Apaches have ideas almost identical with the foregoing.)

The Mojaves seek fortune through dreams. The medicine-men divine the future from the dreams of those who consult them.

When a Mojave dies, there is a feast made of some of his horses and other edibles; but none of his clansmen will eat of it. The rest of his property, the portion not burned with him, is apportioned among his clansmen.

The Mojave men always help in farm labors when possible; this rule applied to all tribes that Merryman was acquainted with.

The Mojaves once lived close to Camp Cady, California, and also at a place to the north of the Cottonwoods. (A settlement very near San Bernardino, California, which Merryman had visited.)

This latter locality is known to Mojave tradition as Avi-hamoka, the Three Peaks, which used to be a spirit mountain until Mustam-ho moved over to this other spirit mountain near by in Nevada. (That is to say the god changed his habitat when the Mojaves changed theirs.)

"From Avi-hamoka, the Mojaves came to Bassa-ora (Spirit House, which is north of Camp Cady, California), from Bassa-ora they moved to Cottonwood Island, on the Colorado River.

"Pa-o-chash (Mustam-ho) led the people until they reached the Spirit Mountain over here in Nevada.

"Then he said 'Idgo-to-ash, I have finished; you can't see me any more;' then he walked a little to the north, south, east, and west, and came back to the centre of his people. He had turned into a bald-headed eagle. His wings were sprouting out of his shoulders, and he could already fly a little.

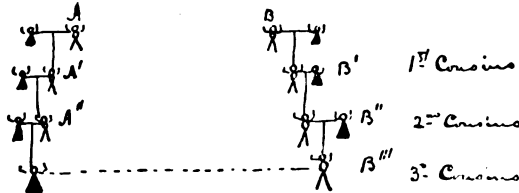
"He was sorry to leave the Mojaves, and sorry to leave the birds which he had created also. He gave the Mojaves great power over the birds, and they lived on them; and he taught the birds to talk to one another; and then he flew away.

"Sometimes we see a bald-headed eagle flying down to the mouth of the river and back; the medicine-men say, 'That is Mustam-ho coming to see his people.'"

Merryman repeated the statement that the Mojaves were once mountain Indians; they came back here from Date Creek, and had a disagreement with the Mojaves who had remained in the valley of the Colorado. They fought with them, killing a good many of the warriors, making slaves of others, and driving off a small band toward the country of the Moquis and Sevintch. He did not know where they went; had never heard. The women and children are incorpo-

rated in the present tribe, which then assumed the name of Mojaves; could not tell what their name had been before that.

Men and women of the same clan cannot marry under any circumstances; neither can relatives inside of the third degree. "Second cousins can't marry," he said. He seemed to understand this perfectly, and explained by marks on the ground which I afterwards put in this form.



Let A and B represent two brothers; their descendants cannot intermarry until we reach A₃ and B₃.

In naming children, Merryman said the Mojaves never call any of them Maty-a-vela, Mustam-ho, Pa-o-chash, Ca-the-fla, etc., — these being names of their deities. This disinclination is in marked contrast with the practice of the Spaniards living so close to them, whose families are made up of Manuelas, Jesuses, Salvadores, and other titles ascribed to the Most High.

Tzi-na-ma-a was the name of the Mojaves before they came to the Colorado. Merryman had previously declared that they had another name, but he could not remember what it was.

(Warriors, in most of the Indian tribes, assume new names after each battle; probably as much as anything else to keep the ghosts of the enemy from recognizing them and doing harm; the same peculiarity of changing names, or possessing secret names, has been noticed in several instances of whole nations; for example, the Romans in Europe; the Zúñis and Moquis in America, and now this instance of the Mojaves; the impelling motive is probably fear in each case.)

The names of the bands which they found in the Colorado valley, and conquered, absorbed, or drove out, were the Tze-ku-pama, the Kive-za-ku, and the Sakuma.

According to Merryman, the Pacific coast near San Bernardino, California, must have been the *officina gentium* for all the tribes related to the Mojaves. They used to live over there, and there is yet in existence what, from his description, must be a phallic shrine, not very far from Old Camp Cady, and between it and San Bernardino. "The old men knew all about it, but the young men would n't pay attention. When the railroad was built, a lot of our people went over there to California to work on the road; some of them went to that place and saw it, and the old men said, 'What did I tell you?'

Now you had better believe what you are told.'” But Merryman added that “the first people came out of the bowels of the earth in a skiff.” (Undoubtedly referring to the fact that their remote ancestors were canoe Indians.)

Catheña means simply Woman, or First Woman ; she is also called Qua-kuiña-haba, or The Old Woman in the West. (This name sounds a trifle like Kuanon, the Japanese goddess of the Ocean ; the Navajoes, Rio Grande Pueblos, Zuñis, Moquis, and Apaches have a story of a similar goddess.)

In her character as a maiden, Catheña is her title ; but after reaching the status of a matron the other designation was invented for her. Thus she bears some resemblance to the Diana-Hecate of the Romans and Greeks.

She was adopted as a sister by the Shark, by the Ku-yu (Shooting Star), and by their brothers, Pathrax-satta and Pacuchi. These last two went off with the Maricopas, became great warriors, died, and were deified. The meaning of their names could not be ascertained.

The Mojaves have meetings and pray to Mustam-ho for rain upon parched crops. If they don't succeed in getting it at first, they try again in four days. The rattlesnake doctors are the rain doctors. (As they are among the Moquis.)

The Mojaves have a feast every spring about May. They used to dance round the top of a pole to the top of which a scalp was fixed ; they have had no scalp of late years, and have been obliged to substitute a simulacrum of bark.

There is a great feast and dance which lasts all day, one of the objects being to bring all the tribe together and give the young people a chance to select their future mates. The old practice was that the Northern Mojaves should one year entertain the Southern Mojaves, and next year, *vice versa*.

Catheña is the Mojave Venus ; she introduced promiscuity in the sexual relation ; according to my informant, before her time there was no intercourse between the sexes, but she taught it not only to human beings, but to them and animals, she herself setting the example. She invited all the animals to have carnal knowledge of her. The gopher then lived over on the other side of the earth ; he came last and had knowledge of her at a certain time of the month, the result of the conjunction being twin sons, who were spotted like the gopher, their father. Their names were Satakot-parak and Satakot-pahana. They married the daughters of Pathrax-satta and Pacuchi respectively.

(In reply to a question from me, Merryman said that the Mojaves do not kill twins ; they regard them as of supernatural origin ; the Apaches were formerly said to make away with them, possibly

because of the difficulty a woman would experience in rearing two babies at once while running about in the mountains as they used to do.)

Kilkusiyuma was Pacuchi's daughter; Kilkusipayba was Pathrax-satta's. Catheña brought about the marriage. She said to her sons, "I am getting too old to work: I can't grind meal; I can't pack water any more; you had better marry those two girls and make them work for you. I have made for you this reed flute. Play on it; the music will reach them; they can't resist your suit and will marry you."

"But when the young maidens came she was jealous of them, and wished to keep her sons from marrying; but her malice was frustrated by one of her sons who gave her a potion which set her to sleep." (Merryman could not tell what this was; he said that it was all same klokyfum (chloroform).

The next morning, Catheña discovered her sons and their wives lying asleep, alongside of each other. As a piece of spite she reversed the position of the twins, so that the one who had hitherto been the most successful in hunting should henceforth yield in prowess to his brother.

This suggests the Biblical story of Esau and Jacob.

Well, the two brothers soon started out to hunt meat, they hung a quiver up by the fire, and each tied a long hair across the door-way. "If you see that quiver fall," they said to their wives, "that is a sign we are dead, and if the hairs break we die."

Now the fathers of the young girls followed them up, not knowing whither they had gone; they saw the twin-brothers kissing them farewell. That made them very angry; they followed the twins and killed them. The woodpecker saw the crime committed; he drank of the blood of the victims, and hurried back home with the news; and you can still see the blood on the woodpecker's beak.

Catheña and the young wives looked up; the quiver had fallen, the hairs were broken, and the woodpecker came flying in with the dreadful news.

Catheña burnt down the house (this is the general usage among the tribes of the Southwest), and started for the western horizon; the young widows were taken back home by their parents.

Kilkusipayba, the widow of Satakot-pahana, bore a son; his name was Yehumara; he was spotted like his father. He first obtained rain. In this he was helped by Therabiyuba, who was a son of Matyavela. Therabiyuba, after they got the rain, went off to the moon to live, taking with him a mountain and some other things he needed. "You can see them in the moon yet."

Pathrax-satta did not like his little grandchild, because he was a boy

and spotted. He wanted to kill him. The mother said, "No, it's a girl; let it live; when it grows up, it can work for us."

The boy's aunt had no children. She, Kilkusiyuma, was anxious to save the child. She told the boy that his grandfather wanted to kill him. Yehumara, for this, held the rain back, and the crops failed.

Pathrax-satta and Pacuchi died, but the two women were saved. Then Yehumara determined to take his aunt and mother over to where his grandmother lived, "away off in the ocean," to use Merryman's exact words. But when he reached the shore there was no boat. That made no difference, however, so far as he was concerned. He could cross. He could shoot an arrow across, and hold on to the end of it, but he could not get the women over. (This sounds very much like the story of the translation of a prophet.)

So he turned them into curlews (Ok-og) and Yehumara made his way over to his grandmother.

THE FIRE MYTH.

When Matyavela died, Mustam-ho, by his direction, started in to cremate him. The Coyote wanted to eat the corpse. At that time there was no Fire on earth. The Blue Fly put a star in the sky, "Go over there, and get me some of that fire," he said to the Coyote. The Coyote was fooled, and scampered off to bring in the star; he did n't know that the Blue Fly had learned the art of rubbing sticks together and making fire. While he was gone, the Blue Fly made a big fire and Matyavela was burnt up.

The Coyote happened to look back; he saw the blaze and knew that something was up. He came back on the full run. All the animals were present at the funeral; they saw the Coyote returning, and formed a ring round the fire to keep him away from the corpse.

The Coyote ran round the ring until he came to the Badger, who was very short. The Coyote jumped over him, seized the heart of Matyavela, which was the only part not burnt up, and made off with it. He burnt his mouth in doing this and it's black to this day.

The Mojave dead never turn into bears or coyotes.

The Mojaves never eat the beaver; they say that they would never have any children if they did.

They marry a brother's widow, if they happen to be single at the time of his death.

This completed the sum of my conversations with Merryman.

The next day Lieutenant Phister and I drove to the Needles, on our way to the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, which we were able to see at a point where the vertical depth is somewhat over a mile.

The Mojave Indians at the Needles were managing to extract a trifle of fun from their dreary surroundings by tying tin cans to the tails of their mangy pups and seeing them run wild with excitement through the sage-brush. These Indians would also take lard cans and cut two diagonal slits in the top, and place a piece of meat in the bottom of the can. A coyote would come along during the night, smell the meat, insert his nose and be unable to withdraw it against the tooth-like projections of tin.

The miserable animal, thus muzzled and half-blinded, would run aimlessly about and often wander over the bank into the current of the Colorado and be drowned.

I may here say that when the railroad first reached Holbrook, Arizona, numbers of the Moquis came down from their pueblos in the north to trade. They soon learned to enjoy the fun of seeing their dogs scurrying before the breeze with the tin pendants dangling from their tails; more than this, the Moquis, with praiseworthy thrift, when tired of the sport themselves, rented their canines for twenty-five cents a head to the Americans who wished to try their hand.

On an unlucky day an American suggested to a party of Moquis who had just come in to Holbrook with five burros that the fun would be simply immense were the donkeys to be utilized in the same manner at the same price. No sooner said than done. The largest tin cans to be found were promptly fastened on to the caudal appendages of the meek and humble donkeys.

For one brief second, all was well, —

Then, with a yell that was more eloquent and convincing than anything ever uttered by the animal Balaam rode, the donkeys broke for the mountains, and never drew breath until they reached the Moqui villages, sixty miles to the north.

Their owners walked home, but never smiled at the situation, although the Americans roared.

John G. Bourke.

✓ OMAHA FOLK-LORE NOTES.

I WAS told the following in 1878, when at the Omaha agency :—

Some time ago the brother of Wacuce (Brave or Generous) was driving a two-horse wagon, a boy being with him. Suddenly the man and one horse were killed by lightning, and the wagon was knocked over on one side. It is the custom to bury such a person in the very place where he has been killed ; but as, in this case, it was in the public road, they rolled the body aside, and made the grave beside the road. On the return home of Wacuce he was told all the particulars of his brother's death. He reproved his wife for ignoring the old customs. The dead man should have had the soles of his feet slit, and he ought to have been buried face downward. Then he would have gone at once to the happy hunting grounds, without giving further trouble to the living. As it is, *he walks (!)* and he will not rest in peace till another person is slain by lightning and laid beside him. The wagon, too, was accursed, and not an Omaha would dare use it from that day.

Should a person be struck by lightning while in a house, the building must be deserted immediately.

Myths must not be told during the day, nor in summer, as the violation of this rule will cause snakes to come.

When a sick person dreams of a dead person whom he formerly knew, it is a sign of approaching death.

The name of a deceased father must not be mentioned.

Rocky Mountain beans, which are scarlet (ma-kaⁿ ji-de, or red medicine), confer good luck on their owners. If the beans *like* their owners, they will never be lost ; even if dropped accidentally they can be found again. Ni-k'u'-mi, an aged Oto woman,¹ told her granddaughter of her own experience with one of these beans. She had dropped it in the grass, but she found it on retracing her steps.

F. Owen Dorsey.

¹ She lived with the Omahas, being the mother of Mary La Flèche, the mother of Bright Eyes.



FOLK-LORE OF THE PENNSYLVANIA GERMANS.

III.

TALES.

IN a previous paper¹ attention was called to the fact that the pronunciation of certain words and letters of the English language is seldom completely mastered by the people of the rural districts, and where attempts are made, both in conversation and writing, the result is frequently amusing and scarcely intelligible. The chief fault lies in the fact that the words are arranged syntactically, as in Pennsylvania German. The result may be readily imagined.

In this connection may be reproduced a short legal report of a trial held at Allentown, Lehigh County, in 1863.²

In a case (*Haycock vs. Greup*) to establish the handwriting of John A. Greup, and to establish the genuineness of several specimens in which the name of Peter Shive had been written by John A. Greup, etc.

"The court directed the jury to find a special verdict upon all the issues raised in the cause. The jury retired, agreed upon their verdict, reduced it to writing, sealed it up, and separated. In the morning the jury returned into court and presented a sealed verdict, as follows :—

"'We agreed to detrume wether assignment of the curtificates of deposits upon wich suut wure brought, is in the proper handwritening of Peter Shive their estate.

"'2. We agreed wether the said curtificuts is so signed by the said Peter Shive, wether the same wure delived to the said John A. Greup.

"'3. We agreed for value during the lifetime of the said Peter Shive.

"'Verdick in favor of Plentiff.'"

As may be imagined, the verdict was unintelligible to the presiding judge, but after a personal conference with the jury the matter was properly adjusted and a corrected verdict returned.

It frequently happens during the long winter evenings, when the older residents of a neighborhood congregate at the house of a mutual friend, that tales of by-gone times are related, chiefly for the edification of the young people. At such gatherings many curious narrations are to be heard, particularly such as relate to incidents of a mysterious nature, unaccountable disappearances, disasters, haunted

¹ *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, Boston and New York, vol. i. p. 127.

² *Pennsylvania State Reports* (P. F. Smith), lvii., 1869, p. 440.

localities, and other uncanny things. These stories have been handed down from generation to generation, and by many are firmly believed to have been based upon facts. Any attempt at a reasonable explanation would be laughed at, and the one making the attempt be considered an ignoramus.

In the accompanying tales the translation is made to accord as nearly as practicable with the structure of the original text, and it will be observed that in the latter, when compared with pure German, there is considerable variation as to syntactic arrangement of the sentences.

The following was obtained in Fayette County:—

I. DI GRAN'NI SHDĪL.

Wi di Gran'ni ShdĪl dōd war, hen si 'n sil'wer fär'd'l in ī'ra luft'rōr gfun'na un 's hot kē'sa das si dār'ich des ū'na tswai'wel färshdikt' is. An'ihau, īr kshpuk is als an al'la tsai'ta in der nacht im haus rum gaṅg'a. Si hen 's als di shtēk uf un ab hā'rā geⁿ, di dī'ra sin als leⁿ uf un tsū gaṅg'a, und in färshī'dena wē'gha hots 's ā'rik unhēm'lich gemacht' fär dī wū im haus gewānt' hen, fär al das si gewist' hen das ken kfōr drin wār fär dī ūr'sach das di alt Gran'ni 'n gū'ti al'ti sēl gewest' wār.

Ēns fun deⁿ mitgli'der fun ärä famil'ia das mol därt gewānt' hen wār 'n halb'sinich mēd'l, das di aiⁿ'bilda grikt hot tsu ärä wō'ret sē'ghārn tsä gēⁿ wē'ghā dem kshpuk. Di wō'ret sē'ghārn hot ärä ksāt si sot hēm gēⁿ, al di dī'ra im haus, ā'na ē'ni, tsu mach'a, und dernō' im dunk'la tsa hok'ka und tsa wār'ta fārs kshpuk wid'ter tsa kum'ma, und der āghāblik' das es an der shtēk ā'fangt tsa shtai'gha sot si hār'icha und di drep'pa tsē'la. No, wans kshpuk fär'tich wār dro'wa mit em rum dap'pa und es wār wid'ter am run'ner kum'ma, sot si em nō gēⁿ und hin'ersich run'ner kum'ma und sō fil drep'pa tsē'la das es kshpuk gemacht' hot wi 's nuf gaṅgä is.

Des hot 's mēd'l gedūⁿ fun end tsu end; und tsait sel'm is der al'tä Gran'ni īr kshpuk nim'mi kērt war'rā.

Translation:—

GRANNY STEEL.

When Granny Steel was dead, there was a silver quarter [of a dollar] found in her wind-pipe, and it was said that she had undoubtedly been strangled by it. Anyhow, her ghost used to go about the house at all hours of the night. They used to hear it go up and down stairs, the doors opened and closed of their own accord, and in various ways it made itself very uncanny to those who dwelt in the house; for all that they knew there was no danger to be apprehended, inasmuch as old Granny had been a good old soul.

One of the members of a family who once lived there was a half-witted girl, who imagined that it would be well to go to a fortune-teller about this ghost. The fortune-teller told her to go home, to close all the doors in the house except one, and to sit in the dark to await the arrival of the ghost; the instant that it began to ascend the stairs she should count the number of steps. Then, when the ghost had finished its wanderings up-stairs, and was about to come down, she was to follow it, coming down backward, and to count aloud the number of steps taken by the ghost in ascending.

This the girl did, from first to last; and since that time the ghost of old Granny Steel has not been heard.

The following is from the same locality as the preceding: —

2. DER TSHĒK SHTRAUS.

Der Tshĕk Shtraus hot als der nā'ma kat a'rik á'werglá'wish tsa sai^a, und hot in di hex'a geglábt'.

Shpôt e^a nacht war är mōl uf 'm hēm'wĕk fum shpär'iyä — un är hot tsim'lich wait tsa ge^a kat, — hot är gedenkt' wan är i'wer di fel'der geñgt kĕmt är hēm eb di álta mār'iyets uf wā'rä. Ēns fun dā felder das er darich tsä ge^a kot hot wā'rä uf'gewaksa mit hek'ka un dār'na, un är is net wait dār'ich nai^a kum'ma eb di rānka 'n hi^a kshmis'sa hen. No hot är grad geglábt' das di hex'a färur'sacht hen, un är hot uf e^a mol geglábt das är si dish'dera kent wan är i'na wen'ich dū'wak gĕbt, so hot är mōl e^a shdik hi^a gshmis'sa un is wid'der a^afañga tsa shpriñg'a. Är is net wait kum'ma eb är wid'der gshtärtst is, und wi är wid'der uf gshtan'na is hot är noch emol' e^a shdik dū'wak hi^a gshmis'sa fär di hexa' tsarik' hal'ta.

Der Tshĕk war im ā^afañg güt bewärt' mit plok dū'wak, di särt das si gails be^a hē'sa, a'wer bai der tsait das är dār'ich sel hek'ka feld kum'ma is und di hex'a betsält, hot är niks i'werich kat. Doch hot är sich a'rik glik'lich kē'sa das är net me^a gelid'ta hot das der ferlusht' im dū'wak un 'n färshun'eni haut.

Der Tshĕk hot als är'iya tsai'ta kat noch saim färtse'las, wi 'n 's un'glik i'wernum'ma hot dār'ich di hex'a. Al'les das är ge'ĕghend hot, sai^a fi, hink'l und en'ta, wā'rä alsamol' färhext, un är hot im end gār ken en'ta me^a tsī'ghä ken'na. Dār'ich di hexarai' sin di so mā'gher wā'rä das si alsamol' yusht dar'ich shwach'hēt ken grās me^a rop'pa hen ken'na. No hot är gedenkt' das fär'laicht 's grās färhext' wār, wail mol dēl fun sai'na en'ta gebrowirt' hen grās tsä rop'pa hen si sich aus der haut getso'gha, no hot är der dru'wl kat si nĕksht ans fair tsä lē'ghä bis wid'der 'n nai'i haut un fed'tera raus gewak'sä sin. Des wār tsū fil fär der Tshĕk, so hot är uf kärt en'ta tsä tsī'ghä.

Translation : —

JAKE STRAUSS.

Jake Strauss had the name of being very superstitious, and he also believed in witches.

Late one night, as he was returning toward home from courting, — and he had a considerable distance to go, — he thought that by going across the fields he might reach home before the old folks had risen in the morning. One of the fields through which he had to pass was overgrown with brambles and vines, and he had not gone far when the vines made him fall down. Then he instantly thought that the witches had caused this, and that he could appease them by giving them a little tobacco; so he threw down a piece and began to run. He did not proceed far before falling again, and as he arose he again threw down a piece of tobacco to keep off the witches.

In the beginning Jake was well provided with plug tobacco, of the variety called horse-leg, but by the time he had crossed that field and paid the witches he had nothing left. Still he considered himself fortunate in not sustaining greater injury than the loss of his tobacco and a lacerated skin.

Jake used to have great times in telling of his misfortunes through the witches. Everything that he possessed, his cattle, chickens, and ducks, were bewitched, and at last he could no longer raise any ducks at all. Through the spells put upon them by witches, these became so lean that they could no longer pull the blades of grass, through sheer weakness. Then it occurred to him that perhaps the grass might be bewitched, because some of his ducks in attempting to pull up blades of grass pulled themselves out of their skins; then he had the trouble to place them near the fire until a new skin and feathers grew upon the bodies. This was too much for Jake, so he gave up raising ducks.

The next story was obtained at Crackersport, Lehigh County, near the haunted locality referred to below; and although many of the residents profess to have no belief in supernatural manifestations, it was observed that scarcely any one ventured, after nightfall, near the place under consideration.

3. DER HOK'LBİRA BÄR'IG.

Fir mail draus fun Al'lendaun, gē'ghä Lō'hil, is 'n hi'w'l das si der Hok'lbira Bär'ig hē'sa, wū 's als a'rik kshpukt hot. In sel'r tsait wār als fil me^a bush landt, un uf 'em bär'ig wā'rä yusht a pār fel'der abgeklört' wū si als nachts gail in di wēdt geduⁿ hen. 'S hot als kē'sa — un 's glā'wa hait noch dēl laīt das es wōr is — das nachts di gail so färgel'shdert sin wā'rä das si aus de fel'der gebroch'a sin und hēm

an di shi'ar gshpruñga sin, făr di ursach das di gaish'der fun de in'sha und i'ra hund als aus 'em bush kum'ma sin un mit i'rem gegrish' un tsucht hen si di gail fun i'rem land gedri'wa. Lait das alsamol' shpôt hēm gañg'a sin hen di in'sha hä'rä graish'a un di hund hä'rä blaf'fa, das si sel'wer bañg wa'ra sin un sin â ab'geyâkt so shtar'ik das si gekent' hen.

Dël fun dä al'ta lait hen als ksât das es en tsai'gha war das di in'sha aus i'rem land bshis'sa wä'rä, und făr des kēm'ta si als tsarik' dä lait ir fi ab tsa drai'wa.

Tsait dem das es holts shīr al wek kakt is, und das mē^a hai'ser rum här gebaut' sin, härt mer niks me^a fun den'na in'sha gaish'der.

Translation: —

HUCKLEBERRY HILL.

Four miles from Allentown, toward Lowhill, is a ridge known by the name of Huckleberry Hill, where it used to spook.¹ At that time there was more timber standing, and there were but a few clearings where horses were put to pasture at night. It was said — and there are people at this day who believe it to be true — that at night the horses became so frightened that they broke out of the inclosures and ran home to the barn, because the spirits of the Indians and their dogs came out of the woods, and with their cries and tumult drove the horses from the land. Persons who chanced to pass there late at night were said to have heard the Indians yelling and the dogs barking, so that they themselves became frightened, and ran home as fast as they could.

Some of the old residents used to say that it was evidence that the Indians had been cheated out of their land, and it was for this reason that their spirits returned to drive off people's stock.

Since most of the timber has been cut down, and houses are more numerous, we do not hear anything more of these spirits of the Indians.

The following tale was current half a century ago, and the oldest residents still speak of the matter as an unfathomable mystery: —

4. DER MÂR'TI BECH'TEL.

Lañg'a yō'ra tsarik' hot als en man na'mens Mâr'ti Bech'tel in L'ohil gewânt', net wait fun Klausvil. Mōl e^a nacht hot är ep'pas ârd'lich hä'rä klop'pa uf 'em dach, un wī är äwail' gewärt' hot, hot är

¹ The word *spook* is frequently used in Pennsylvania to denote mysterious sounds, rappings, etc., in contradistinction to *gshpensht*, an apparition. It is here used as a verb, as in the original text, and in this respect corresponds to the Danish *spønge*, to haunt, to be haunted.

's wid'der kârt. Nō hot sai^a al'ti ksât är dēt emōl bes'ser sē'na ge^a was es wâr. Nō hot der Mâr'ti sich so hal'wer â'gedū^a un is tsu der dîr naus gañg'a tsä sē'na wâr draus wâr das geglopt' hot. Er is nim'mi tsärik' kum'ma no hot sai^a alti gewun'ärt wu der Mâr'ti sai^a kent un is run'ner bis an di dîr un hot naus gegukt', a'wer si hot nix sē'nä un nix hä'rä ken'na. Sel war 's letsht das sai^a lē'wa fum Mōrti kârt hen, un si hen als geglâbt' das der dai'w'l der Mâr'ti lewen'dich kōlt hot; a'wer wi di alt glai druf wid'der kaiart hot hen dēl als gemēndt' das si â me^a dafun' wist das si sâ'ghä därf.

Translation : —

MORTIE BECHTEL.¹

Many years ago there lived in Lowhill, not far from Claussville, a man named Mortie Bechtel. One night he heard a singular knocking on the roof, and after waiting a while he heard it again. Then his old woman² said he had better go and see what it was. Then Mortie half dressed himself, and went out at the door to see who it was who had rapped. He did not return, so his old woman began to wonder what had become of him, and came down-stairs; but upon looking out at the door she could neither see nor hear anything. That was the last they ever heard of Mortie, and they used to believe that he was taken alive by the devil; but when the old woman soon after married again, they thought that she knew more of the true state of affairs than she dared tell.

The lines given below are an attempt at poetry, and were inspired at the time a scavenger, named Peter Kutz, made his first appearance in upper Lehigh County, many years ago. As his profession was a loathsome one, the children were wont to cry out at him the following : —

*Pe'der Kutz wū wid du hi^a,
Geld du suchsht fărrek'ta kî?
Wan du fărrek'ta kî wid such'a
Musht du net därt nuf'fa guk'ka;
Därt drun'na im dem wai'da ek
Därt lait 'n kû di is fărrekt;
Sel'li kû di hot 'n wai'ser kop,
Pe'der Kutz du är'mer drop.*

It is impossible to render this properly, but the following is as nearly a literal translation as will serve to convey the meaning : —

Peter Kutz, where are you going,
Are you not hunting for dead cows ?

¹ Mortie, a corruption of Mortimer.

² In the text the word *al'ti* is used, signifying old woman, a common phrase for wife, though *frä* is a more polite term.

If you wish to search for dead cows
 You must not look up that way ;
 Down there in the willow copse,
 There lies a cow that has expired.
 That cow has a white head,
 Peter Kutz, you miserable fellow.

In further illustration of dialectic peculiarity, the following description, as given to the writer, will serve. It relates to a game played by the young more than fifty years ago, and was known under the name of *si'sä-waiⁿ gär't'l*, lit., "sweet-wine little garden" = sweet-wine vineyard, or, vineyard of sweet grapes :—

Fuf'tsich yör tsärik hen si als 'n a'rik gēm gshpilt. Al di was gshpilt hen, yusht tswē net, hen nan'ner an deⁿ hendt genum'ma un hen 'n riñg gemacht', no hen si en gle'ni ef'ning gelost', des wâr di dîr, wu mer in der gâr'dä kent, wi der riñg kê'sa hot. No is ēⁿ fun da shpi'ler in der riñg gañg'ä, un ēⁿner is aus'wennich gebli'wa ; dâr wâr der ē'ghener fum gâr'dä. No hot dâr was aus'wennich wâr der in'wennich sō gfrōkt, un dēr in'wennich hot geânt'wart :—

Frök. Was dusht dū im maim si'sä-waiⁿ gär't'l ?

Antwort. Si'sä drau'wä es'sä.

F. Wan a'wer der lik'kas lak'kas kumt ?

A. No gebts hun'ert daus'ent lech'er.

No brecht dâr was im riñg is, raus, und shpriñgt fart, und der ân'er mus 'n fañg'a ; noch'dem mach'a dî tswē aus wâr di neksh'da saiⁿ sot'ta das i'ra blets nem'ma. No gêts gēm wid'ter âⁿ wî deför.

Free translation :—

Fifty years ago there was a popular game played, as follows : All of the participants but two formed a ring by grasping hands, leaving an opening at any desired point to represent the entrance to the ring, which was termed the vineyard. One of the two took his position within the ring, while the other, representing the owner of the vineyard, remained without. Then the following conversation would take place between the owner and the trespasser, viz. :—

Q. What are you doing in my vineyard ?

A. Eating sweet grapes.

Q. But if likkas lakkas [=old Harry] comes ?

A. Then there will be a hundred thousand holes [from lashes].

Then the supposed trespasser breaks through the ring, pursued by the owner until caught. These two then decide upon their successors, and take their places in the ring, and the game continues.

PROVERBS.

The following proverbs and sayings are still in common use. Translations are made as nearly as practicable to coincide with the

structure of the original phraseology; and some of the expressions have no counterpart in any other language:—

1. *Alla bis'ul helft hot di alt frâ gsât.*
Every little helps, said the old woman.
2. *Â'na druw'ul hot mer niks.*
Without trouble one has nothing. — You can't get anything without pains.
3. *Är is nix nuts wu'n di haut â' rêkt.*
He is n't worth anything where the skin touches him. — Said of a worthless fellow.
4. *Är nemt der bull bai dü här'ner.*
He takes the bull by the horns.
5. *Aus der pan ins fai'är.*
Out of the pan into the fire.
6. *Bar'ya macht sår'ya,*
Wär wil bår'ya kumt mår'ya.
To borrow brings sorrow;
He who would borrow must come to-morrow.
7. *Bes'ser 'n laus im kraut das gâr ken flêsh.*
Better a louse in the cabbage than no meat at all. — Better a trifle than nothing. Sometimes the following inelegant expression is used in place of the above: —
Yusht 'n geruch, dô sh—t mer druf.
8. *Der apb'ul falt net wait fum shtam.*
The apple does not fall far from the trunk. — Equivalent to "a chip of the old block," when speaking of a child taking after its father.
9. *Di gle'na dib henkt mer, di gro'sa lost mer lâ'fa.*
The small thieves are hanged, the great ones escape.
10. *Di kin'ner un' di nar'ra sâg'ha di wo'ret.*
Children and fools tell the truth.
11. *Di mår'yä shtund hot goldt im mund.*
The morning hour has gold in its mouth. — Used as equivalent to "The early bird catches the worm."
12. *Di mēd wu pā'fa un' di hink'ul wu gr'e'a,*
Sod mer bai tsait di hels ab dre'a.
Girls who whistle and hens that crow,
Should have their necks twisted betimes.
The English equivalent runs: —
Whistling girls and crowing hens
Always come to some bad ends.
13. *Din un' lang macht â 'n shtañg,*
Kårts un' dick macht â 'n shdik.
Thin and long makes a rod,
Short and thick makes a piece.
Used as an apology for an article deficient in size, quantity, or form.
14. *Di welt is gros, der him'm'ul is blō,*
Was ē'ner net wil is der a'ner frō.
The world is wide, the sky is blue,
What one will not have rejoices another.

15. *Do is wū der hās im peſſer ſiſt.*

Here is where the hare sits in the pepper. — Equivalent to "He 's in clover."

16. *E^a ēs'l hēst der an'er lang' ör.*

One mule calls the other long ear. — An utterance employed when one accuses another of an act of which the speaker himself is guilty. "The pot calls the kettle black."

17. *E^a nar macht tswē.*

One fool makes two.

18. *El'fa grāt un' drai'tse 'n du't sent.*

Eleven straight and thirteen a dozen. — Pertains to carelessness personally and in business.

19. *En blind'ti sau findt ā alsamöl' 'n ē'chel.*

Even a blind hog finds an acorn once in a while. — Remarked of one who unexpectedly, or undeservedly, meets with good fortune.

20. *E^a-ner is der an'er wärt.*

One is worth the other; or, in other words, One good turn deserves another.

21. *En fau'ler ēsel shaft sich gshwin'ter dōdt as 'n shmärd'er.*

A lazy mule will work himself to death sooner than an active one. — The English adage says, "Better wear out than rust out."

22. *En ferbrent kindt hasts fair.*

A burnt child hates the fire.

23. *En glē^a shōf is glai kshō'ra.*

A small sheep is soon shorn.

24. *En hund das fīl blaft baist net.*

A dog that barks much does not bite.

25. *Es is shun dewärt das mer a fēl'ti gans der ārsh shmtrt.*

This is remarked to a person possessed of sufficient means, when asking the speaker for an insignificant article, especially if the speaker be poor.

26. *Färs denk'ka kam'mer nim'mand henk'ka.*

For thinking one cannot be hanged. — Thought is free.

27. *Fo'g'l fres od'er shtärb.*

Bird eat or die. — One should never let a good opportunity slip by, nor yet a poor one, when no better can be looked for; take what you can get. The English phrase goes, "Root hog or die."

28. *Fu'der macht di gail.*

Fodder makes the horses. — English, "Money makes the mare go."

29. *Fun häü'ra sãgha ligt mer gãrn.*

From hearsay, one is likely to lie. — Refers to the danger of repeating gossip.

30. *Gūt gewetst' is hal'w'r gemēt'.*

Well whetted is half mowed; *i. e.*, one should be well prepared before attempting anything. — "Well armed is half the battle."

31. *Im Apbril shikt mer 'n nar hī^a wu mer wil;*

Shikt mer 'n wait, dan wärt er kshait;

Shikt mer 'm nō, is er glai wid'ter dō.

This has no parallel in English, and a translation fails to give the full sense.

The remark is generally applied to a foolish fellow, who is made the dupe of his companions. The following is as nearly a literal translation as is practicable: —

In April we send a fool where we will:
If we send him far he will become wise;
If we send one after him he will soon return.

32. *Kal'tä knoch'a sin fershprock'a.*

Cold bones are promised. — Said when favors or gifts are retained for favorites;
i. e., "No stranger need apply."

33. *Kär'tsa hör sin glai gebärsh't.*

Short hair is soon brushed. — Anything accomplished in less time, or with less exertion, than was expected from previous report is thus commented upon. The following is also sometimes used: —

34. *Kär'tsi wol is glai gshö'ra.*

Short wool is soon shorn.

35. *Kumt mer i'wer der hund, so kumt mer i'wer der shwants.*

If one gets over the dog, one gets over the tail. — Signifies that when the chief difficulty is passed the lesser obstacles are comparatively trifles.

36. *Los ye'der an sai'ner ēghener nās tso'b'ba.*

Let each pull at his own nose. — A gentle hint to "mind your own business."

37. *Los ye'derer was är is, so bläibst du was du bist.*

Leave every one as he is, then you will be what you are. — Said to one who is disposed to criticise another's actions or character.

38. *Lush'dich gelēbt' un sēlich gshtar'awa, Is 'm dai'w'l sai' rech'niñg fardar'awa.*

A jolly life and a pious death spoils the devil's reckoning.

39. *Mer mus lē'wa un los'sa lē'wa.*

One must live and let live.

40. *Mer kan net wis'sa wem der fad'ter der shim'mel shenkt.*

One cannot know to whom the gift of a white horse will come.

41. *Mer mus sich noch der dek shtrek'ka.*

One must stretch one's self according to the covering. — Used as an equivalent to "Cut your garment according to your cloth."

42. *Mid'lmös is di besht shtrös.*

The middle road is the best; or, It is better not to commit one's self to an extreme course. *In medio tutissimus.*

43. *Mit shpek fañgt mer di mais.*

With fat [rind of pork] the mice are caught. — Duped by glowing promises. It is said in English, "Catch flies with molasses."

44. *Na'a bē'sä kü'ra güt.*

New brooms sweep clean.

45. *Saurkraut un shpek draibt allä sar'yä 'wek.*

Sauerkraut-and-pork dispels all care.

46. *Shwarts is ä 'n far'ab.*

Black is also a color. — Endeavoring to match dissimilar articles or reports.

47. *Sī dū'na ä shōf farai'sa eb si hēm kum'ma.*

"They will also destroy sheep before they return home." — The expression is used when a party of evil disposed persons go on an aimless trip. They are compared to dogs that kill sheep at night, leaving home after sunset and returning before daybreak, as if innocent of such practice.

48. *Tsū shärf shnait net, un tsū shpits'ich shtecht net.*
Too sharp will not cut, and too pointed will not prick. It is said in English,
"Not to put too fine a point on it."
49. *Tsu wen'ich und tsu fil, fer därbt allä shpil.*
Too little and too much spoils every game; or, in other words, "Extremes are dangerous."
50. *Tswē kep sin bes'ser das e'ner, wan ä e'ner 'n kraut kop is.*
Two heads are better than one, even if one is a cabbage-head.
51. *Wa' mer der e'sel nent kumt er gerent'.*
If the mule is named he will come bolting in; or, "Speak of the devil and you'll be sure to see him."
52. *Wa' mer ken mēl hot, bakt mer kucha.*
When one has no flour, one bakes cakes. — This is equal to "making the best of that which one has."
53. *Wa' mer shpärt in tsait, so hot mers in der nōt.*
If we save in time, we'll have it in time of need. — "Waste not, want not."
54. *Wan der dai'wl hūn'gerich wart frestär muk'ka.*
When the devil hungers he will eat scraps.
55. *Wan der gaul gshto'la is shlist mer der shtal.*
When the horse is stolen we lock the stable. — Taking precautions when too late. Shut the stable door after the horse is stolen.
56. *Wan di kats fährt is shprin'ga die mais uf di bank.*
When the cat is away the mice jump on the bench. — "When the cat is away the mice will play."
57. *Wan di maus sat hot is es mēl bi'tter.*
When the mouse has eaten her fill the meal is bitter.
58. *Wan ich geldt hab ge ich in 's wärts'haus,
Wan ich kens hab blai'-wich draus.*
When I have money I enter the tavern,
When I have none I stay outside.
- Refers to living within one's means.
59. *Wär ä' halt gewint'.*
He who persists succeeds.
60. *Wär bräf geldt hot der frest shunk'ka, und wär kens hot kan drā denk'ka.*
He who has money eats ham, and he who has none may think of it.
61. *Wär bräf geldt hot gēt tsum shmaus, und wär kens hot blaißt tsu haus.*
He who has money goes to the feast, and he who has none remains at home.
62. *Wär fil blau'dert likt ä fil.*
He who babbles much lies much.
63. *Wär lau'ert an der wandt, Hä'ärt sai' e'ghni shant.*
He who listens at the wall hears his own disgrace.
64. *Wärd man so alt wī ai'ne kū, Dan lärnt är a'l'la dāk datsu'.*
Should a man reach the age of an old cow, he will learn, each day, of something new. — "Never too old to learn."
65. *Wär 'n bok shtēlt is ken shōf dib.*
He who steals a ram is no sheep thief.

66. *Wär net hä'ärt mus fī'la.*

He who won't hear must feel.

67. *Wärsht net nuf gegrat'lt,
Wärsht net run'ner gfa'la;
Hedsht mai' shwesh'ter kai'r't
Wärsht mai' shwo'gher wa'ra.
If you had n't climbed up,
You would n't have fallen;
If you had married my sister,
You would have become my brother-in-law.*

The whole is a remark made to one who is regretting his actions, or "crying over spilt milk."

68. *Wärs lañg hot der losts lañg henk'ka, und wärs noch leñg'er hot, der shlēfts.*

He who has it long lets it hang, and he who has it longer still drags it. — This refers to the judicious and to the extravagant use of money.

69. *Wär 's net wēs, dem machts net hēs; or, Wa' mer 's net wēs, machts em net hēs.*

When we don't know it, it won't make us feel hot. — The idea is almost equivalent to "Where ignorance is bliss, 't is folly to be wise."

70. *Was 'n darn wär'ra wil shpīst sich bai tsait.*
That which will become a thorn grows sharpen early.

71. *Was net brent brauch mer net blō'sa.*
What won't burn need n't be blown.

72. *Was net frō'ghas wärt is, is net ha'wäs wärt.*
What is n't worth asking for is n't worth having.

73. *Wi mers macht so hot mers.*
As we make it, so we have it.

74. *Wi 's land, so di lait.*
As the land, so the people.

75. *Wu genunk' is dūt mer 'm hund ā pēf'fer in di sup.*
Where there is enough we pepper the dog's soup too.

76. *Wu rō'ta hör und är'la hek'ka wak'sa gebts ken gūt land.*
Where red hair and thorns grow, there is no good land. — The comparison of red hair with thorns is because a red-haired woman is usually considered a termagant, and would not make a good or pleasing wife; neither do thorns and briers grow on the most productive or best managed farms.

77. *Wu shmök is, is ā fa'ēr.*
"Where there is smoke there 's fire."

78. *Ya! wam mer der Ben'ni henk'ka.*
Yes! when we hang Bennie [the dog]. — An unfortunate person is put off with the above reply.

79. *Ye'derer mus sai' ē'gheni haut tsum gār'äwer drā'ghä.*
Each must carry his own hide to the tanner.

W. F. Hoffman, M. D.

♣ WEATHER-LORE.

IN 1846 M. A. Denham published "A Collection of Proverbs and Popular Sayings relating to the Seasons, the Weather, etc. : printed for the Percy Society." R. Inwards, in 1869, produced a similar compilation, called "Weather Lore." (London : W. Tweedie.) In 1873 C. Swainson made a "Handbook of Weather Folk-Lore." (Edinburgh and London : W. Blackwood & Sons.) This excellent little treatise includes, beside English proverbs, a large number of weather sayings from the French, German, Italian, and other languages. Beside these special compilations, most British collections of folk-lore contain a chapter including popular saws relating to the weather.

In the United States, General Hazen, the chief signal officer of the War Department, thought it worth while to cause to be made a collection of the "popular weather proverbs and prognostics used throughout the country, and by all classes and races of people, including Indians, negroes, and all foreigners." With this view was issued a "Circular calling for reports of popular weather sayings," classified under the following heads : proverbs relating to (1) the sun, (2) the moon, (3) stars and meteors, (4) rainbows, (5) mist and fog, (6) dew, (7) clouds, (8) frost, (9) snow, (10) rain, (11) thunder and lightning, (12) winds, (13) prognostics from the actions of animals, (14) from birds, (15) fish, (16) reptiles, (17) insects, (18) trees, plants, etc., (19) prognostics of the weather drawn from various objects (this head included a great variety of portents, such as those derived from chairs, tables cracked before rain, coals, candles, lamps, smoke, corns, rheumatism, etc., etc.), (20) proverbs relating to days of the week, (21) months of the year, (22) seasons of the year, (23) the year, (24) all proverbs of weather and popular sayings not included under the above heads.

The material so obtained was included in a volume of 148 pages, prepared by Lieutenant H. H. C. Dunwoody, and printed at the government printing office, Washington, in 1883. The localities in which the proverbs were current were not indicated, while at the same time a mass of British sayings, and of translations of sayings current in European languages were added, thus rendering it impossible to distinguish how much in the collection was really American : so that the volume, as it stands, is not useful as a manual of American weather-lore.

It need not be pointed out that it is desirable to have a good collection of weather sayings really in use in the United States. The quaint rhymes or proverbs formerly employed by farmers or mariners,

relative to seasons and occupations, times of sowing and reaping, domestic life or navigation, would no doubt be a valuable addition to English lore, to which the bulk of this material belongs. It would also be interesting to observe what additions or changes were occasioned by the climate of a new country.

Weather proverbs may be distinguished, with respect to their origin, into those which are the results of observation, and those which are the expression of superstition.

It is from the first point of view that they have been of interest to meteorologists. In the language of the prefatory note of Lieutenant Dunwoody, "many of these sayings express, in a crude form, the meteorological conditions likely to follow, and have resulted from the close observation on the part of those whose interests compelled them to be on the alert, in the study of all signs which might enable them to determine approaching weather changes." A similar view is expressed by R. Abercromby and W. Marriott, in a paper on "Popular Weather Prognostics," read before the Meteorological Society, London, December 20, 1882, and printed in the *Quarterly Journal of the Society*. After noticing the attempts of the ancients to predict the weather, they observe: "In later times our forefathers studied the weather, and as they had no instruments to guide them, they observed natural objects and noticed the appearances of the sky and clouds, and also the movements of animals, birds, plants, etc. Shepherds and sailors especially being exposed to all kinds of weather, would naturally be on the lookout for any signs of a coming change, and after a time would begin to associate certain appearances with certain kinds of weather. A good deal of weather wisdom of the above character has been thrown into proverbs, trite sayings, and popular verse; and we propose in the present paper to examine and explain some of these by the aid of the most recent discoveries of meteorological science." Accordingly, the authors point out, under the heads of "cyclone prognostics," "wedge-shaped isobar prognostics," "straight isobar prognostics," and "anticyclone prognostics," the meteorological conditions which justify certain sayings, such as those relative to a halo round the moon, a red sunset, etc.

It must be said, however, that the part of weather proverbs which have this character of veracity is very small in proportion to the whole. Moreover, even of those which partake of the nature of observation, a considerable number are common to many countries, and have been borrowed by English people in common with other beliefs; that is, they represent, not independent observation, but the tendency to follow tradition even in matters which most vitally concern mankind, and where observation is most possible. The tact which is acquired by mariners, for example, through long experience,

and which is not yet rendered useless, and probably will always be relied on in emergencies, is essentially of a character incommunicable by word of mouth ; and thus the legendary lore even of these skilled persons has little relation to the facts of the case. The old saws which are of the nature of a generalization from experience are chiefly confined to obvious phenomena, common to a great part of the world, and therefore capable of being handed down through many generations, and passing from one country to another. The value of the study of weather-lore is therefore rather anthropological than meteorological ; it illustrates in what manner the stock of ancient sayings has been supplied, and how limited is the direct influence of experience on oral tradition.

American weather-lore is chiefly derived from English lore, which again is only a part of the common stock of western and central Europe. A discussion of some of these proverbs would require elaborate articles, and involve inquiry into the calendar and religious festivals of ancient nations, both European and Asiatic. Some of these sayings may receive investigation hereafter ; but for the present, we confine ourselves to printing a few examples of American proverbs, some of which are matched by corresponding English saws, while others are not exactly paralleled in British collections.

On the Continent of Europe, a great number of proverbs indicate the weather which may be expected on different days of the ecclesiastical calendar, or draw presages from the atmospheric phenomena of such days. In British weather-lore, the greater part of these festivals are no longer used in reckoning ; yet the days of St. Valentine, St. Matthew, St. Barnaby, St. Swithin, and others are still remembered. In America, the only ecclesiastical day (beside Christmas) which we have found mentioned in weather sayings is Candlemas, respecting which the following rhymes are current :—

If Candlemas day is fair and bright,
Winter will take another flight :
If Candlemas day bring storm and rain,
Winter is gone and will not come again.

(Massachusetts.)

Variation in line 3 : clouds and rain.

If Candlemas day is cold and clear,
The king had better be dead and on his bier.

It is rather curious that this bit of royalty should be preserved in Massachusetts. An English rhyme is given by Inwards :—

The hind had as lief see his wife on the bier,
As that Candlemas day should be pleasant and clear.

Another version (American ?) is cited by Dunwoody :—

I would rather see my wife on a bier,
Than to see Candlemas clear.

The superstition respecting the effect of fine weather at Candlemas (the feast of the purification of Mary), as tending to prolong the winter, extends to a great part of Europe, and is referred to in other sayings, English and American. To discuss its origin would lead us beyond the limits of this paper. A Latin rhyme is quoted by Sir Thomas Browne, in his "Vulgar Errors" :—

Si Sol splendescat Maria purificante,
Major erit glacies post festum quam fuit ante.

The twelve days at Christmas time make the almanac for the year. (New Jersey.)

It is quite a general idea that twelve days, beginning at Christmas-tide, or on the first of January, indicate the weather for the year. We should be glad to obtain additional information respecting American variants of this superstition.

When the sun crosses the line, wherever the wind is for the next twenty-four hours, it will be most of the time for six months to come. (New Hampshire.)

Dunwoody (p. 89) gives a saying to the effect that as clears off the line, or equinoctial storm, so will all storms clear for six months ; and another that the wind and weather for three months follow the wind and weather of the equinox.

The last three days of a month govern the next month. (Baldwinsville, N. Y.)

The first three days of a season rule the weather of that season. (American? Dunwoody, p. 100.)

The first seven days of a month govern the corresponding days for the whole month, all but one which will be the opposite. (Baldwinsville, N. Y.)

If the first Sunday in the month is rainy, every Sunday but one of that month will be rainy ; if it is pleasant, it governs the Sundays in the same manner. (Baldwinsville, N. Y. ; Massachusetts.)

The same thing is said of Monday, called "Washing-day." If it rains the first washing-day of the month it will rain in all. (Boston, Mass.)

It is a little curious that "washing-day" (*laugar-dagr*) in old Norse was a name of Saturday as in modern Yankee of Monday. But both designations arise from a similar usage. The feast of Sunday was preceded by purifications or ablutions which caused the northern title of the seventh day ; and the raiment cast aside on that day, in order that Sunday might be honored with proper apparel, is, in New England, ready for the weekly washing of the Monday to which it has thus given a name.

The general principle underlying the various superstitions which

have been enumerated is, that the character of any period of time, whether year, season, month, or week, is indicated by the weather observed either at the beginning of the same period, or end of the preceding; that is, speaking metaphorically, by the tokens belonging to the conception, or the birth, of the time in question.

We proceed to notice some sayings relative to days of the week. Friday inherits its character from two opposite sources, and has both pagan and Christian associations, which give it a reputation for bringing good or ill fortune. But whether lucky or unlucky, it is individual. It has its separate weather, says a Westphalian adage quoted by Swainson. It is averse to resembling Saturday; or perhaps the aversion is mutual. Hence a change may be expected after this day.

If the sun sets clear Friday night, it will rain before Monday. (Salem, Mass.)

The weather on Friday is regarded, in Europe, as prophetic of Sunday. (Swainson, p. 171.)

Saturday also is a peculiar day. As named after Saturn, it ought to be under the influence of that most cold and distant of the planets, and possess something of the character indicated by the adjective Saturnine.

"Jupiter atque Venus boni, Saturnus-que malignus" is an old adage. But in the mediæval church, Saturday was regarded as belonging to the Virgin. On this day, the Council of Clermont, 1096, required all priests and monks to repeat an office in her honor. It is no doubt from this relation to Mary that the day is supposed to be especially bright. "No Saturday without sun, no girl without love" is a Spanish saying quoted by Swainson. French and German rhymes are similar. We find the same idea set forth in sayings current in New England.

There never was a Saturday on which the sun did n't shine some part of the day.

The sun shines some part of every Saturday in the year but one. (Boston, Mass.)

It is certainly remarkable to find the worship of Mary preserved among descendants of the Puritans in the form of a weather superstition.

Finally, we mention the manner in which it is supposed that the number of snowstorms in winter may be predicted.

There will be as many snowstorms during the winter as the day of the month on which the first storm occurs. (Cambridge, Mass.)

There will be as many snowstorms during the winter as there are days remaining in the month after the time of the first snow. (Dunwoody, p. 74.)

If it storms on the first Thursday, or any subsequent one, of a month, count the remaining days of the month, add to this the number of days remaining of the moon, and they will give the number of storms of the season. (Dunwoody, p. 100.)

This increasing complication is characteristic of the methods of the science of augury, which meets failure in prediction, not by abandonment of the principle, but by devising more intricate applications of the rule.

The sayings which have been recorded, belonging only to one of the branches of weather-lore, are far from indicating the compass of the subject, but may answer to invite further information.

The writers wish to acknowledge the assistance of Miss Ellen Beauchamp, Baldwinsville, N. Y., who contributes a large number of signs and superstitions current in that locality; of Mrs. Anita Newcomb McGee, Washington, D. C., who sends similar information respecting the beliefs of Washington; and of Miss Julia D. Whiting, Holyoke, Mass. The information thus obtained will hereafter find place in this series of papers.

Fanny D. Bergen.
W. W. Newell.

✓ THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

It can scarcely be considered remarkable that nursery rhymes should be traced to a sort of semi-sacred origin, when we consider the use of the carol in the Christian church. It is easy to understand how such rhymed tales might have reached us in the form of nursery ditties. But it is certainly curious to find a rhyme used for the amusement of children attributed to Hebrew parentage, as has been the case with "The House that Jack Built" and its variations.

I have fallen in with a copy of "Hagada shel Pesach," which contains this Hebrew song with an English translation and exposition. The book has lost its title-page. I am informed by a friend that he has seen a Hebrew original of 1650 containing the same rendering and explanation. "Hagada" is the name given to the body of interpretation and comment on the written and traditional law; and this particular work is the Hagada for Passover, a book the composition of which is assigned by Zunz to the Talmudic period, and which is read on the two first nights of the feast, by the master of the family, after return from the synagogue. The kernel of the service consists of an account of the Exodus, accompanied by a commentary and devotional exercises. After the *Hallel* (Psalms of praise) have been recited, and the fourth cup drunk, grace said, and the commemoration accomplished, several songs are added; the last of these, in Chaldee, is the Song of the Kid, beginning *Chad gadia*, a literal translation of which is appended, as follows:—

- One only kid, one only kid, which my father bought for two zuzim, — one only kid, one only kid.
And a cat came and devoured the kid, which my father bought for two zuzim, — one only kid, one only kid.
And a dog came and bit the cat, which had devoured the kid, which my father bought for two zuzim, — one only kid, one only kid.
Then a staff came and smote the dog, which had bitten the cat, which had devoured the kid, which my father bought for two zuzim, — one only kid, one only kid.
Then a fire came and burnt the staff, which had smitten the dog, which had bitten the cat, which had devoured the kid, which my father bought for two zuzim, — one only kid, one only kid.
Then water came and extinguished the fire, which had burnt the staff, which had smitten the dog, which had bitten the cat, which had devoured the kid, which my father bought for two zuzim, — one only kid, one only kid.
Then the ox came and drank the water, which had extinguished the fire, which had burnt the staff, which had smitten the dog, which had bitten the cat, which had devoured the kid, which my father bought for two zuzim, — one only kid, one only kid.
Then the slaughterer came, and slaughtered the ox, which had drunk the water, which had extinguished the fire, which had burnt the staff, which had

smitten the dog, which had bitten the cat, which had devoured the kid, which my father bought for two zuzim, — one only kid, one only kid.

Then the angel of death came, and slew the slaughterer, who had slaughtered the ox, which had drunk the water, which had extinguished the fire, which had burnt the staff, which had smitten the dog, which had bitten the cat, which had devoured the kid, which my father bought for two zuzim, — one only kid, one only kid.

Then came the Most Holy One, blessed is He, and slew the angel of death, who had slain the slaughterer, who had slaughtered the ox, which had drunk the water, which had extinguished the fire, which had burnt the staff, which had smitten the dog, which had bitten the cat, which had devoured the kid, which my father bought for two zuzim, — one only kid, one only kid.

As the Hagada or Passover service was formed by successive additions, it is not strange that compositions should be added, intended to inculcate some lesson; and we see clearly in this hymn the lesson of retribution.

While this may have been the original object of the Song of the Kid, Rabbinical authorities, at a later date, placed on it a grander and more symbolic significance.

The book from which I quote sets forth this meaning as follows:—

“This poem is generally regarded as a parable, descriptive of incidents in the history of the Jewish nation, with some references to prophecies yet unfulfilled. More than one interpretation has been given to it, substantially differing from each other; the most popular is the one herein adopted. The following explanations are then added in the form of notes.

“Referring to Israel, the one peculiar people on earth, which God purchased (Ex. xv. 16) for himself by means of the two precious tablets of the law.

“The cat refers to Babylon, whose symbol in Daniel’s vision (Dan. xii. 4) is a Lion, but which the author rejects as unsuited to the parable, substituting the domestic member of the same family.

“Devoured the kid, descriptive of the Babylonian captivity, which swallowed up Jewish nationality.

“The dog refers to Persia, by whose power Babylon was overthrown.

“The staff refers to Greece which put an end to Persian domination.

“The fire refers to Rome, which spread devastation throughout the East by the extent of its conquests, and which put an end to the Grecian empire, when Perseus was defeated at the battle of Pydna.

“The water refers to the Turks, descendants of Ishmael, by whom the Holy Land was wrested from the possession of Rome (!)

“The ox refers to Edom, by which term the European nations are designated. These will in the latter days, go up against the Holy

Land and wrest it from the possession of the descendants of Israel. (See Abarbonel on Ezk. 39.)

"The slaughterer refers to the fearful war which will then succeed, when the confederate armies of Gog and Magog, Persia, Cush, and Pull will 'come up like the tempest' to drive the sons of Edom from Palestine.

"The angel of death refers to the pestilence which shall then occur and in which all the enemies of Israel shall perish.

"The establishment of God's kingdom upon earth, when Israel shall be restored under the rule of Messiah, the Son of David."

Zunz, in his "*Die gottesdienstliche Vorträge der Juden*," says (p. 126) that this, with the other songs following the fourth cup, were added to the Passover ritual in the fifteenth century, and are unknown to Rabbinical authorities of the middle ages.

There exists also a German folk-song so nearly identical with the Hebrew that it will not be necessary to quote it here; and there is a Hindoo folk-song or tale, which resembles the Song of the Kid in its essential features.

While Zunz elsewhere remarks, "It is possible that the Song of the Kid was taken from the popular German song," it seems to me more likely that the reverse was the case. Very likely both were adaptations from some descendant of the Indian tale.

There is also a modern Greek song of the same family, which seems to be older than the time at which the Song of the Kid was introduced into the Passover service. This song (Frankel, "*Monatschrift für Geschichte und Wissenschaft des Judenthums*," 1853), forms part of a child's comedy, or play, and reads as follows:—

There was an old man and he had a bird, which sang and aroused the old man from his rest.

There came the fox and ate the bird which, etc.

And there came the dog and ate the fox which ate the bird, etc.

And there came the wood and killed the dog which ate the fox, etc.

And there came the fire and consumed the wood which killed the dog, etc.

And there came the river and extinguished the fire which consumed the wood, etc.

And there came the ox and drank the river which extinguished the fire, etc.

And there came the wolf and ate the ox which drank the river, etc.

And there came the hunter and slew the wolf which ate the ox, etc.

And there came the all-destroyer and killed the hunter which slew the wolf, etc.

Dr. M. Wiener, in an essay on the Modern Hebrew in its relation to the Modern Greek (p. 320 of the magazine referred to), comments upon their marked similarity of construction, and cites the Greek song as an illustration.

The most casual reader cannot fail to note this similarity; and the natural deduction is either that the Hebrew writer used the Greek song, or that the two had a common origin.

Further evidence that the Hebrew Passover song and the German folk-song were nothing more than adaptations or imitations of some older composition, is found in what purports to be a fourteenth century folk-tale (contained in a collection of ballads and songs printed by Jahn von Hahn, Amsterdam, 1687, p. 168).

A wild-bird sat on its nest in the forest.

And a cat saw and chased the wild-bird that sat on its nest in the forest.

And a dog chased and killed the cat that killed the wild-bird that sat on its nest in the forest.

And tree branches flogged the dog that killed the cat that killed the wild-bird that sat on its nest in the forest.

From this point the Dutch version follows the others closely, until the verse:—

And a butcher killed the ox that drank the river, etc.

And the spirit of death slew the butcher, etc.

Here, then, are three versions of what there cannot be a question is the same folk-tale. The slight variation, at the opening and closing of each, is of no material consequence, since in every other way they are almost identical, and point to one common origin, whatever that may be.

H. Pomeroy Brewster.

EDITOR'S NOTE. — The presence of the Song of the Kid in the Passover service has been the subject of remark since the seventeenth century, and has given birth to a considerable literature. The last and most thorough investigator is E. Cosquin (*Contes populaires de Lorraine*, Paris, 1886, ii. p. 35.) Cosquin cites African as well as Asiatic versions. It is curious that the Song of the Kid, although never printed in a characteristic English form, has been common in the American nursery, and will hereafter be contained in the pages of this Journal.

f 7 ENGLISH FOLK-TALES IN AMERICA.

ROSE. (A VERSION OF "BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.")

OBTAINED in Cambridge, Mass., from the recitation of Mary Brown, who heard it in New Brunswick from a woman of Irish extraction, born in the province.

Once upon a time there was a widower with one daughter, and he married a widow with two daughters, each of whom was older than his own daughter Rose. The two elder daughters were all for balls and parties. Little Rose had to do all the work, and when they went to a party she was obliged to help them dress, brush, and comb their hair, and never was allowed to go herself. She never complained, but was very kind to her father, and always prepared his meals. Once it was necessary for him to go on a long journey. He asked each of his daughters what he should bring them for a present. The elder daughters wanted silk dresses, jewelry, and all that was rare. Little Rose stood by, not saying a word. Her father asked: "Little Rose, what can I bring for you?" "Nothing, father, but a rose." And she kissed her father, and bade him good-by. "Rose, I shall bring you a rose, the very prettiest I can get, if it should cost me my life." After he got to his journey's end, he came to a splendid palace. The house was empty, but all in order. His breakfast was ready, but he could see no one. He stayed all night, in the morning went into the garden, and oh, the beautiful rose! After he plucked the rose, and had gone a few steps, a great lion met him, frothing at the mouth, and told him, "For this rose you shall die." The father said that he had a very beautiful daughter at home, whose name was Rose, and that, as he was leaving, he promised to bring her a rose; and he pleaded, "If you will only let me go home to my little daughter to bid her farewell." So the Lion let him go home, on condition that he was to return. And as he came home Rose was looking out of the window and saw her father coming, and ran to meet him. "Why," said she, "father, what makes you look so sad?" "Nothing, my child, except that I have plucked a rose, and for this rose I must die." "No, father, you shall not go back and die for the rose, but I will go back and ask to have you pardoned." So she went to the palace. As she entered it seemed to her that everything which her eyes fell on seemed to say, "Welcome, Beauty, here!" Even on her cup and saucer, and on every piece of furniture in her chamber were the words, "Welcome, Beauty, here!" She went out to find the Lion, and said that she had come to ask him to forgive

her father, and that the rose was for her. But the Lion said he would not do it unless she would promise to be his wife. Her father was very dear to her, yet she did not like to marry a lion. The Lion gave her a beautiful gold ring, and told her that whenever she wanted to see her father she was to lay the ring on her table before going to sleep, and wish to see her father, and she would be at home in the morning. Her father was now getting old, and she grieved for him. At night she laid her ring on the table, at the same time making a wish that she would like to see her father. The next morning she found herself with her father, whom she found much changed. His hair had turned white from grief at the thought of losing his Rose, or having her marry the Lion.

That night she laid her ring on the table, and wished herself back at the palace. The palace was more beautiful than before, and the table all ready. On every plate were the words, "Welcome, Beauty, here!" On the first morning she went out into the garden. The poor Lion was lying very sick, and she looked at him. "Oh, I cannot bear to see my poor Lion die; what am I to do?" Finally, she said that she could not bear it any longer, and she called out, "I will be your wife." With this a beautiful young prince stood before her. So they were married, and he sent for her father, and the step-sisters who had been so cruel to her were made servants to stand at the post of the gate before the palace, and all the people were happy.

This story will be recognized as a form of "Beauty and the Beast," familiar to all English-speaking children. The version, though brief and imperfect, has some interest as illustrating the relation between folk-lore and literature.

Properly speaking, "Beauty and the Beast" is not a folk-tale at all, but a literary product. The history of its composition has been traced by Mr. W. R. S. Ralston, in the "Nineteenth Century" for December, 1878. Madame de Villeneuve (Gabrielle Susanne Barbot), one of the imitators of Perrault, published in 1740 a collection of tales called "Contes Marins," supposed to be related during a voyage to St. Domingo. One of these was "La Belle et la Bête," a somewhat tedious narrative, which was reprinted in the great library of tales called "Cabinet des Fées," where it occupies one hundred and fifty pages of the twenty-sixth volume. Nothing could seem less adapted to popular circulation than this story, the plot of which is obscured by long monologues and descriptions. Nevertheless, a writer of books for children, Madame J. L. Leprince Beaumont, conceived the idea of abridging it into a nursery tale, and in a reduced form included it in her "Magasin des Enfants," which appeared in 1757. This work made a sensation, was almost immediately translated into

many languages, and introduced a new branch of literature, that designed especially for the amusement and instruction of children. "*La Belle et la Bête*," the best of these tales, was rendered into English, and became at once a nursery classic. It is from this latter that our variant, which seems to have obtained a certain period of oral currency, has been derived.

There is a whole series of Italian folk-tales, which have descended from the same literary source, though they have undergone, on the lips of the people, extensive changes and recompositions. One of these will be found translated in "*Italian Popular Tales*," by Prof. T. F. Crane (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1885, p. 7), and references to other forms will be found in his notes. The true derivation of the tale he quotes is contained in its title, "*Zelinda e il Mostro*." Zelinda is a form of Belinda, which is for Bellina, diminutive of Bella, so that the name is equivalent to our English "*Beauty and the Beast*." (See Pitrè's Collection, No. 39, notes.) These Italian tales sometimes borrow primitive elements from other related sources; there are no internal characteristics, except a different system of manners and ideas, to indicate literary descent.

It is this introduction, through a literary channel, into the primitive simplicity of the folk-tales, of a more refined and complicated system of ideas, which constitutes the interest of the subject. It is further worth remarking that this change was not the work of the first hand. The story of *Madame de Villeneuve* is not marked by any special attempt at moral treatment. In this tale the heroine, who has been left by her father in the palace of the Beast, is visited in her dreams by a beautiful youth, with whom she falls in love. This imaginary personage is the opposite of the monster, who in this narrative is veritably *bête*, — apparently as stupid as he is ugly, — and who addresses to the timid guest a demand upon her favors of the most primitive rudeness. Beauty, although pitying the Beast, has no affection for him; she consents to the marriage because she is recommended by her imaginary lover to do so, and not until the morning after her acceptance does she discover the identity of the youth of her dreams with the host of the castle. These features of *Madame de Villeneuve's* work indicate that the foundation on which her story was based was a form of that common tale of Cupid and Psyche in which the hero is a man by night and an animal by day, while the heroine lives happily with her mysterious husband until separated from him by the devices of envious sisters, but finally seeks him out, and delivers him from the spell by which he is bound. The authoress introduced into the narrative the outward elegancies of the French court of the eighteenth century, but did not essentially alter the moral type.

On the other hand, the abridger, who wrote with an avowed moral purpose, turned the story into a sort of allegory, in which is represented the power of goodness, kindness, and continued attention to win, in spite of an unpromising exterior, the love of a gentle heart. This moral character was essentially new. It is interesting to note that this quality, far from proving a demerit in the eyes of the people, recommended the tale to Irish and Italian peasants as well as to the educated classes.

Madame de Villeneuve, in the treatment of her tale, was influenced by literary antecedents. Straparola (in 1550), the first modern writer who used the folk-tale for a literary purpose, gives (in his *Second Night*) the narrative of an enchanted prince, who, by the doom of a fairy, is compelled to live under the form of a pig until he has married three wives. The two first conspire against their odious husband, and are put to death by him; the third, their younger sister, treats him kindly, and, as a reward, during the night he assumes his true form. At last the bestial envelope is discovered and destroyed, the spell is broken, and the young pair are made happy. In this form the relation is closely akin to the popular tale, from which it is not separated by any essential moral distinction. The story, almost two centuries later, was turned into French, and enlarged by Madame D'Aulnoy, who inserted many romantic traits, and introduced in some measure the element of courtship. Prince Marcassin, by fair words, persuades the maiden to visit him in his cave, where he detains her by force. The idea of a wooing, on the part of the monster, as the central point of the tale, was further worked out, as has been shown, by Madame de Villeneuve. But it was only in the hands of Madame de Beaumont that the fairy story came to represent modern love-making, a conception foreign to the folk-tale, into which it was by successive stages thus introduced, and then descended, with its new view of life, to the people.

There are curious resemblances between the Italian tale and the oral English variant above given. Thus, in one version (Pitrè, No. 39), the name of the heroine is Rusina (Rosina). As Rose finds written on all objects the words, "Welcome, Beauty, here," so in the Italian, on books and dresses are written words which, in translation, would be "Empress Rose." The origin of this trait is, that in the original story of Madame de Villeneuve, after Beauty has given her consent, the words "*Vive le Bête et sa femme*" are seen in letters of fire during the illumination of the castle. Thus the picture of the splendor of a royal fête in the France of the eighteenth century served as the suggestion for the good-hearted, but somewhat tasteless, trait of the popular story. It may be further remarked, that in the same Italian tale the beautiful youth of Madame de Villeneuve, suppressed by the

adapter, reappears ; she is solicited by him, but prefers the monster, to whom she is bound by gratitude. If every step of the history of the tale were not matter of record, these resemblances would be supposed to indicate a relation between the versions in question, which does not exist. This is mentioned merely to point out the difficulty of tracing the history of stories by means of apparent resemblances.

It may also be observed that the fondness of the maiden for flowers is a taste of literary derivation. The primitive popular idea may be seen in some of the Italian forms of the Cupid and Psyche tale, where the girl, who has gone out in a period of scarcity to gather roots for domestic consumption, in pulling up a radish comes on the door of a subterranean palace, from which issues the monster.

JOHNNY-CAKE.

The following variant of the nursery tale of "Johnny-cake," already printed in the *JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE* (vol. ii., p. 70), is communicated by Miss Julia D. Whiting, of Holyoke, Mass., who remembers the story as a favorite of her early years. It will be found to resemble the Scottish version already alluded to in the preceding number in connection with the tale.

There was once an old woman and old man who lived in a little house. One morning the old woman got up and made a Johnny-cake and put it in the oven to bake, and said to the old man, "I am going out to milk the cow and do you turn the Johnny-cake."

The old man was lazy, so instead of getting up he lay abed, and by and by he said, "Oh dear, I shall have to get up to turn the Johnny-cake."

The Johnny-cake called out, "I can turn myself," and hopped out of the oven and ran away. The old man got up and ran after him, and called to the old woman, and they both ran as fast as they could, but they could n't catch Johnny-cake. .

By and by Johnny-cake met (here my memory fails me. I cannot remember the persons and animals he met, but I know that every one said) : —

"Where are you going, Johnny-cake?"

He answered. "I've run away from a little old woman, a little old man, a little old pot, and a little old pan, and I'll run away from you if I can."

Every one he met ran after Johnny-cake, but nobody could run fast enough to catch him, but finally he came to a river and he did n't know what to do.

Here he saw a fox, and the fox said, "Where are you going, Johnny-cake?"

He said, —

"I've run away from a little old woman, a little old man, a little old pot, and a little old pan, and I'll run away from you if I can."

Then he said, "How shall I get over the river?"

The fox said, "Get up and sit on my tail, and I'll take you over."

So Johnny-cake got on the fox's tail, and the fox went into the river. Pretty soon the fox let his tail down into the water and frightened Johnny-cake, and he said, "I am getting wet, I'm afraid I shall drown."

So the fox said, "Get on my back."

So Johnny-cake got on his back, but pretty soon he said, "I am getting wet, I'm afraid I shall drown."

So the fox said, "Get on my shoulder."

So Johnny-cake got on his shoulder, but the fox went deeper into the water, and Johnny-cake was frightened, and the fox said, "Get on my neck," and then Johnny-cake got on his neck, and as soon as he did the fox turned round his head and eat poor Johnny-cake up, and that was the end of Johnny-cake.

LEAVES FROM MY OMAHA NOTE-BOOK.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

TO-DAY I came upon a group of little girls too busy to note my approach. Their black hair glistened in the warm spring sunlight as they bent over their brown hands, looking at each other's nails, and chattering like magpies. When my shadow fell across them, they looked up and laughed, showing rows of white teeth; then, as by one impulse, fled from me like a covey of partridges. At that moment the mother sauntered by on her way to the creek that was slipping merrily over last year's brown leaves, as if happy that winter had gone. I turned to her, saying, —

"I could n't make out what the children were about, looking at their nails."

"They were seeing if there were any white spots on them."

"What would that mean?"

"That summer is coming."

I looked on my own hand; there was a white line on the nail of the little finger.

"I have one; that tells me I have a journey to go."

The mother looked at my nail, then at me, while I continued, —

"We white folk say, if we see a white spot on the nail," and I touched each finger on my hand in succession, beginning at the thumb:

"A gift; a foe;
A friend; a beau;
A journey to go."

"We Indians say, when we see the white lines, 'fair weather, and summer is coming.'"

Not far from the spot where we stood, my eye caught the gleam of a hepatica on the soft earth, the first flower of the year.

Wandering forth to-day in search of spring flowers, as I looked among the trees growing near the creek, I was arrested by a sudden flash of light among the branches. "Some young man is near," I thought, "signalling with his mirror, to a friend or sweetheart." I have hardly seen a young fellow who did not carry a looking-glass dangling at his side, or hid among his ornaments. The flashing signal was soon followed by the wild cadences of a flute. In a few moments the girls came in sight. Their faces were merry and bright, their braids shining, their voices blithe with the chatter of the intimate friendship of girlhood. Each one carried a bucket. Down the

hill on the other side of the brook advanced two gallants, stepping with the conscious pride of youth, the sun sparkling on their ornaments, their gay blankets hanging from one shoulder, revealing to the full their elastic figures. The girls did not look up, but dallied as they dipped their pails in the stream that reflected in a shimmer their red tunics. It was a pretty scene in which I found myself entrapped.

Suddenly one of the young men dropped on the grass, while his companion with a light bound reached the creek and crossed it. The girls turned with their dripping buckets to leave the stream, but one was confronted by the youth, who stood in her path, shading his brow with a spray of leaves. One of the girls passed on a little way, then putting down her bucket, sat beside it, and busied herself among the herbage at her feet. The arrested girl put down her pail, turned sideways toward her lover, and with her moccasined foot brushed the tender grass. Maintaining this position, between their two watchful friends, the lovers stood some three feet apart, she with downcast face, he evidently pleading his cause to not unwilling ears. By and by the girl fumbled at her belt, and drew forth a little package; opening it, a gay necklace of beads fell about her fingers. This was shyly reached out to the young man, who took it gently from her hand. A moment more, and the girl's friend sprang from the grass giving a signal, while the young man gave a look at his sweetheart that seemed to clothe her with consciousness, then stepped to one side and leapt the brook. The girls with their buckets passed silently up the glen without a backward glance. The youth on reaching his friend flung himself down on the grass, and the two examined the necklace. Finally, they rose and ascended the hill. Again I heard the flute, and listened as it grew fainter and fainter in the distance, until it gradually died away.

While I was busy writing in my note-book to-day, A—— sitting near me, working on her moccasins, her dandy brother and his friend entered the lodge. The young men seated themselves, and the brother began to open his treasure-packs. As I had often admired the brightly painted skin articles, which folded up like a sort of valise, I kept my eyes on them. Evidently the two youths were about to prepare for some festivity, for they looked over the various articles of finery stored in their packs, and then settled themselves to business by beginning to brush out their hair with the stiff, round brushes made of tough grass. I wondered that they should succeed so well, for I have tried those made for me, and they tangle more than they help under my unskilful manipulation. When the long tresses were straightened and smoothed, the brother called A——

to dress his scalp lock. She dropped her work and went over to him, while he reclined so that she could easily reach his head, as she squatted beside him. Her fingers moved dexterously, she unwove the braid and brushed out the long lock that was beautifully crimped, then she straightened the parting, and began to plait the lock in a fine, narrow braid, tying the end skilfully with a buckskin thong. When the brother's hair was dressed, she was asked to beautify his friend in a similar manner, which she did.

Then the young men began to decorate each other from the stores of the wide open packs. Slides and ribbons and beads were fastened on their scalp locks, and when the men stood up the appendage reached to their knees or below. They turned their backs to each other and adjusted their finery, until each was satisfied with the result. A hollow dish was taken and the paint rubbed in it, the round paint stick was drawn from the case, and the young men, sitting on the ground face to face, entered on the second stage of their decoration. This part of the toilet took much time, as each painted the face of the other. The partings of the hair were made red, and the face colored in bands and dots of red, yellow, and green. While this was going on, these close friends and confidants were arranging a delicate affair.

The friend of the brother was greatly smitten by a certain maiden, but his heart was faint, he could not win the fair lady. Said he, as his friend touched him with dabs of yellow, —

"My friend, I can't speak to her. When I get a chance, then my heart beats so fast that my mouth will not open. You must speak to her for me, and ask her to be kind to me."

"She is not my relation. I have no right to speak to her, and she might get angry."

"I do not think she would get angry, and I want you to help me, I cannot get her out of my mind."

The painting went on in silence, until finally the brother said, "My friend, I will help you. I must think over what I shall say to her."

Another pause, while the paint stick clicked on the dish, and made touches on the face of the friend.

"When will you speak to her?" asked the friend.

"I am going to see another person who let me speak to her last evening; she stopped at the creek. She likes to have me address her. She gave me this match case," he added, with animation, picking up the article.

"Be careful!" broke in the sister, as she bent over her work. "If a man tell of his favors, the news flies!"

"I know when a girl likes me," retorted the brother.

A long silence followed this interruption, during which the friend was made quite a marvel of decoration.

It was now the brother's turn to be painted, and his friend evidently meant to do the work handsomely. Either his elaborate dabs and lines, or his own remarkable visage, seemed to inspire the brother with a friendly determination to forego his own plans and devote himself to friendship on that evening; at last he said, —

"I have thought how I will speak for you. I will step before her and say, —

"Wait. I bring a message to you from one who has for many days been wishing to speak to you, but hesitates because of his inferiority. He has at last begged me to speak to you in his behalf, that you might listen kindly to him, even if your thought should be in another direction, when he comes to make known his wish to you. I myself am beneath your family, and am not worthy of your notice. But the hopeless desires of my friend have touched my heart, and made me bold to come to you. My friend is one of many who desire to be of your people, even if it be to carry burdens and to take care of animals belonging to your father; may it please you to speak kindly to my friend even if your heart declines him. To-morrow as the sun goes down and the shadows of the hills are over the camp and faces cannot be distinguished, the falling of a pole supporting the flaps of your tent shall be a signal that my friend is near and waits to see you. Pity him and come to him that he may open his heart to you."

Early in this speech the paint stick had ceased to do its office and the friend listened intently as the brother delivered himself, hesitating now and then to adjust the sentences. After a pause the friend said: —

"That will be very good. When you have opened the way for me, I will speak to her myself."

"I must say it over, lest I forget some of the words," and the brother delivered the speech almost verbatim. Then the painting was resumed. By and by the brother remarked: —

"You shall see me speak to her, but you must be hid. Should you show only the top of your head she would be angry with me."

"I will not be seen, I will watch," rejoined the friend.

At last the painting and dressing was complete, and the gallants stood up resplendent in necklaces, armlets, garters, and sashes. Suddenly the brother turned, saying: —

"I must perfume my blanket that I may be successful." Opening his pack, he took out seeds, crushed them in his mouth, and blew them over the blanket, then putting it about him passed out of the lodge.

Later, when I stepped out, I saw them on an elevation overlooking the tent of the maiden, in a position where they could make a rapid

circle through a grove toward the creek, and catch the girl as she went for water.

I think the tent pole must have fallen successfully and the young man have found heart and won the maid, for I hear to-day he has taken her to his father's and they are married.

To-day —— told me how a friend of hers served a faint-hearted lover's go-between. This young man stepped before the girl, plead his own unworthiness and his friend's desire to speak with her, and begged for her favor; as he had finished his speech, the girl looked at him with flashing eyes and said:—

"I'll have nothing to do with your friend, or you either."

The young man hesitated a moment as if he was about to repeat his request, when a dangerous wave of her water-bucket made him leap to one side to escape a deluge.

To-day as —— and I sat together, I asked her if Indian men when they wooed a girl always talked to her of their own unworthiness, and humbled themselves to win the maiden.

She looked up in my face and then said after a moment's hesitation:—

"Yes, they always do. What do white men say?"

"About the same thing."

"Do they mean it?"

"Sometimes, I suppose. Do Indians mean it?"

"Sometimes, I suppose," she answered.

And we both burst out laughing.

The complications incident to relationships, real and those growing out of marriage connections and possible marriage claims, seem to make elopement the only means by which a girl can exercise her choice of a husband. Runaway marriages certainly seem to be the prevailing custom. After stolen interviews the young man rides up to the girl's lodge some fine evening, and at a concerted signal she slips out and off they gallop to one of his relations; in a day or two he takes her to his father's house, where she is received as the son's wife. Then follows a feast, and gifts to the bride's relations. These, however, are returned in value to the bride within a few minutes by her parents or relatives. There is no trousseau to get ready, no bother of any kind in the bride's house or family, since the maid keeps her own counsel as to lover and elopement.

Of all the domestic tyrants I have ever read of or met, the Indian

father-in-law is the worst. He seems almost to own the body and soul of the young man who has married his daughter. For the girl soon after marriage returns to the parental lodge, bringing with her her bridegroom, who must work hard to earn his wife. The son-in-law is made to labor, and both he and his property must minister to his father-in-law's pleasure and prosperity. He is in no sense his own master, and if he rebels the father-in-law intimates that the young man must obey or lose his wife. I wonder any man endures it, or any woman either, but I suppose one generation takes its pay out of the next.

To-day the young folk had a laugh at the grandmother, all owing to the custom that the son-in-law must not speak to his mother-in-law, nor must she mention his name. It has been an *ugly* rainy day, and as the grandmother came in, one of the young men said : —

"Grandmother, how is the weather?"

"Drizzles."

"Oho!" they shouted. "What have you done, that is your son-in-law's name."

"I mean," she said, correcting herself, "it rains gusts."

"Why, that is his name, too," they cried, for the old woman had given a translation of the name.

"I tell you, the rain comes down in pieces!" the grandmother retorted, determined to avoid the error this time; whereat the whole lodge laughed, and even the son-in-law joined. He was not able to pretend that he had not heard it.

This has been a prosperous day, for I have had long talks with the old men, and have learned much about the customs of long ago when white folk were seldom seen. . . . If a girl was married off by her parents, that is, made a fine match in the worldly sense, she was dressed in a gala costume, mounted on a pony, tricked out with paint and ornaments, and accompanied by four old men, who fired guns and shouted as the bridal procession moved across the camp to the lodge of the husband elect, who there awaited the coming of the bride. He had already made large gifts to the bride's family and shown himself to be a man of wealth, after the fashion of the people. "When we were young men, we used to deride such marriages. We would rather run off with the girl of our choice. There is an old saying: 'An old man cannot win a girl, he can only win her parents!'"

There is a young fellow, with a fine tenor, who is courting somebody in the neighborhood. Every morning I hear his voice echoing

among the trees, and falling in with the song of the birds and the stir of dawn. I rather enjoy lying and listening to his love-song, having no responsibility in the matter. I wish I could write in between the lines of the music the glory of the morning skies, the cool dewy breezes, and the reedy modulation of his clear voice, that seems a part of nature, as it rises and falls, and mingles with coming day.

Allegretto.

The one bachelor I have met has always interested me. He is so neat and tidy in his ways ; winter and summer he never misses his bath. He is accounted holy, for he has had visions, and can see and talk with the dead. He is one of the kindest, as well as most industrious men I have met with in the tribe. No one but himself knows why he has not married. He evidently believes in matrimony for others. To-day I was told something of his history.

He has two brothers. These men for some reason were unattractive to the girls, and although they tried year after year they could never get a wife. One day the bachelor brother said to one of the two, "I'll help you get the girl you want."

Great was the surprise of every one when it was known that the bachelor had been seen at the creek as if courting. Greater still was the astonishment of the girl to find herself addressed by this attractive but hitherto obdurate young man. The wooing sped prosperously, and the elopement was planned. At the appointed time and place the couple met and together rode to the lodge of one of his own relations, where the brother had been sent to wait for his bride.

On the arrival of the runaway couple the suitor handed the girl over to his brother. Having compromised herself by an elopement, and being ashamed to return, she concluded to accept the situation and make the best of it. The bachelor left the couple together, and relapsed into his old ways, while the people were more astonished than ever at this turn of affairs. It was intimated that he had made use of charms potent with women, in order to secure the girl and hand her over to his brother. Twice this young man courted, both times for the benefit of his brothers, and having settled them in the married state he washed his hands of it ever after.

— sat beside his wife's dead body, wailing as he held the cold hand, and calling her by the endearing terms that may not be spoken in the ear of the living, and crying:—

"Where shall I go now you are gone? There is no place left for me."

An old man looked earnestly at the mourner, and at length spoke:—

"My grandson! It is hard to lose one's mother, to see one's children die, but the sorest trial that can come to a man is to have his wife lie dead.

"My grandson, before she came to you, no one was so willing to bring water for you; now that she has gone you will miss her care. If you have ever spoken harshly to her, the words will come back to you and bring you tears. No one is so near, no one can be so dear as a wife; when she dies her husband's joy dies with her. My grandson! old men, who have gone, have taught me this. I am old. I have felt these things. I know the truth of what I say."

The foregoing leaves are left with all the touches of note-book intimacy upon them, in the hope that by the lifting of the veil here and there upon days passed in Indian homes, something of the human life of the lodge may be seen, and the touch of nature there revealed may "make the whole earth kin."

Alice C. Fletcher.



ARAB LEGEND OF A BURIED MONASTERY.

SOUNDS produced by obscure natural causes have given birth to many legends. In Scotland the noises of sea-caves are attributed to pipers blowing their bagpipes, and reasons are assigned for the detainment under ground of these musicians.

Akin to this is the legend of the Bedouins concerning the "Mountain of the Bell" (*Febel Nagous*), in the Desert of Mt. Sinai. My guide gave me the following version, which is less elaborate than that reported by other travellers :—

"A Bedouin fisherman, going to work one day, met an old man, who saluted him and conducted him into the bowels of the mountain. There, to his surprise, he found a monastery, gardens of date palms bearing fruit, and good water. The monks received him kindly, gave him food, and when they dismissed him made him swear not to disclose the secret of the monastery. The Bedouin went to his village, Tor, on the Gulf of Suez, near by, and related his discovery. The village people went with him to the spot, but found only a sand-bank ; and they wanted to kill the man who had deceived them. But the sound of the nagous, or wooden gong used by the priests to call the monks to prayer, is still heard issuing from beneath the bank of sand."

Another Arab declared that the nagous is heard three times a day, morning, noon, and evening, at the hours of prayer ; he crossed himself when the sound was unusually loud.

The fact is that fine-blown sand resting against the mountain at a high inclination now and then slides spontaneously down the slope, and in so doing causes vibrations which yield deep notes. By moving a large quantity of sand down the slope the note can be obtained at will. I found another hill where the same phenomena obtain, and this seriously disturbed the faith of my camel-drivers.

The wooden gong is in daily use by the monks of St. Catherine, on Mt. Sinai. In fact, they use three of different sizes, one being struck to call to their daily meal the numerous *cats* who live in the rambling old structures.

The principal nagous is a straight plank about fourteen feet long, and nearly two inches thick, hung horizontally by ropes at points four feet from each end. When struck with a wooden mallet a loud resonance is produced. The cat-nagous is a lighter common board about five feet long, used in the same way. These do not displace iron bars and bells, of which a number are also in daily use.

H. C. Bolton.



A MOHAWK LEGEND OF ADAM AND EVE.

AN interesting study might be made of the influence which the teachings of the missionaries of the Christian church have exerted in modifying primitive Indian myths ; interesting also is the effect produced upon the stories of the Bible by the Indian imagination. As a contribution to this study, the following, obtained in November, 1888, from an intelligent Mohawk from the Reservation at Brantford, Ont., may be of some value. The narrator stated that it was current at Caughnawaga.

At first the bodies of Adam and Eve were all smooth and shining, as men's finger-nails are now. But one day Adam was walking about in the garden near the tree on which the fruit was, when he heard something say to him : "Take ! take !" and something, again, saying : "Don't take ! Don't take !" After a while, however, Adam became bold enough and took a fruit and began to eat it. The first bite he took stuck in his throat, and is there to this day. He then gave Eve-a-piece which she ate. Then they both began to suffer change, and all the smoothness and shininess of their bodies began to disappear, and all that was left of it is seen now in our finger-nails and toe-nails. It was the Devil, who had become a snake and climbed up the tree, that tempted Adam. After doing this the Devil returned to the centre of the earth. Even at this day a common form of assertion among the Mohawks is, "As sure as the Devil returned to earth again !" The Indians believed that *Owistos* (? Christ) would kill the Devil-snake by driving a sword through the centre of his head, and pinning him to the earth with his wings outspread. The Indians all hate snakes, and every one (even the women) will kill a snake when he sees it ; when so doing they call out, "*Owistos ! ooayerle ! Owistos ! ooayerle !*" (*Owistos ! I kill ! Owistos ! I kill !*)

The variations from the Biblical narrative are too obvious to need comment.

A. F. Chamberlain.

WASTE-BASKET OF WORDS.

THE following words I have noticed in connection with pension claims from the South. I cannot state their precise locality, but I think they may nearly all be set down to Kentucky and Tennessee:—

GRIFF. — A certain man is described as having a “griff complexion.” He belonged to a colored regiment, but the particular shade intended I am unable to say.

HIRELAND. — A renter or cropper.

JIN. — “I hired him to jin around my farm,” apparently to “chore” or do odd jobs. Compare “gin,” a trap, and the Western “traps” = miscellaneous belongings.

LONG SWEETNIN’. — Molasses, sugar being short sweetnin.’ (Ala.)

MOLLY-COTTON. — A rabbit. “Cotton-tail” is common at the West.

SKAMPED. — Grazed. “He was skamped by a ball.”

SKIRTS. — One who claims to be a doctor testifies that a certain man “had a misery about his skirts,” which appears to mean his sides. Misery is nearly universal for pain. — *H. E. Warner, Washington, D. C.*

FOLK-LORE SCRAP-BOOK.

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE PASSAMAQUODDIES. — A correspondent of the “Lewiston (Maine) Journal,” some time ago, in conversation with intelligent members of the Passamaquoddy tribe, obtained many of their beliefs and superstitions, his principal authority being their priest, Father O’Dowd, whom he quotes to the following effect:—

“The great bugbear of the Passamaquoddies is Kee-zeg-be-set, who is supposed to be a fiend or fire hobgoblin prowling around at all times and ready for any sort of mischief. They believe they see him in the night, sometimes in the form of a rabbit and again in the shape of a fish. An Indian whose conscience may smite him for wrong-doing sees a pair of red eyes staring at him as he tosses in his sleep. It is Kee-zeg-be-set. A drunken Indian beholds in his frenzy some weird shape, and cries out, ‘See Kee-zeg-be-set!’ The Indian mothers believe that this direful hobgoblin tries to entrap their children. As more civilized parents warn their children that if they disobey and go to some forbidden place ‘the booggers will get you,’ so the Indian mothers frighten their little ones with the name of ‘Kee-zeg-be-set.’ They drive him away with the sign of the cross. He is only one of the supernatural beings which they suppose to be hovering around them, intent on evil. ‘Aboo-dom-k’n’ is an evil sprite that is believed to live in the water, to cast evil spells upon Indians who may stroll along the shore, or even to seize or devour children who may be playing in the water. Aboo-dom-k’n is supposed to have a fish’s body and tail, with a woman’s head and hair,

and corresponds to our idea of a mermaid, if we have any. The 'Lam-peg-win-wuk' are sprites who live under the water, and sometimes dance in the waves. It is probable that these are really the phosphorescent gleams made by animalculæ in the sea. The Passamaquoddies believe that up in the Canadian forest there lives a frightful and monstrous old witch called 'Kee-wowk,' who eats human flesh and has a merry feast when she gets an Indian in her fatal hug. Many a red man's bones have been ground between her teeth, they think. When Kee-wowk is attacked by man, beast, or spirit, she tears up a tree by the roots and fights her opponent with the great trunk and branches. No St. George has yet been able to overcome this Indian dragon. 'Gee-bel-lowk' is otherwise known as 'the spirit of the night air.' Many Passamaquoddies gravely tell you that they have seen him, and that he is all legs and head, having no visible body. He is seen perching in the crotch of a tree, making ugly grins at whoever looks at him. No less often the Indians think they see the 'Wu-nag-mes-wook,' little fellows who live under the rocks. They are described as having long, narrow faces, and spending their nights making inscriptions on the rocks. An old Indian told me he had not only seen many of their carvings, but had even observed the Wu-nag-mes-wook at work chiselling them.

"The Passamaquoddies still cling to their old and poetic notion of the nature of thunder. They believe that the rumble of the thunder-storm and the flashes of the lightning are the demonstrations of thunder spirits who are playing ball and shooting their arrows in the heavens. There is a tradition that a Passamaquoddy Indian one day expressed a desire that he might become 'a thunder.' All at once his companions saw him mounting to the sky in the smoke of the camp-fire. He was taken up to the abode of the thunders, placed in a long box, and, by some mysterious process, invested with the properties and existence of a thunder spirit—or as Louis Mitchell puts it, he was 'thunderfied.' He lived for seven years among the thunders, played ball with them in the sky, shot his gleaming arrows with them at the bird they are always chasing toward the south, married a female thunder spirit, and pursued an active and contented life of thunder and lightning. Seven years after his translation a violent storm passed over the encampment of the Passamaquoddies; there was an unusual and frightful contention among the thunder spirits; the rumbles were more terrific than Passamaquoddy ear had ever heard; the air smelled of brimstone; the sky blazed with red and yellow flames; the clouds opened and great forks of fire shot out of them; the rain fell in sheets; peal answered peal; one tongue of lightning spat out fire to another. The affrighted Passamaquoddies, who never had beheld such a storm, believed that the legions of thunder spirits were waging their most awful war. They fell down and crossed themselves. In the midst of their alarm they saw a human form slide down into their camp on a beam of light. It was their old friend, who had made his escape from the pursuing thunders, shaken off his 'thunderfied' existence, and returned to them. He had changed somewhat, but all his old friends knew him. He lived with the tribe till he died. Several of the Indians tell this story, and say it happened when their fathers were children, but they well remember these old men's accounts of it. These thunder spirits are supposed to shoot

bolts down upon the earth. To find one of these bolts is considered the greatest of good luck.

"Peter Sabatis, one of the Pleasant Point tribe, has a piece of flint which he found imbedded in the earth near the roots of a spruce-tree at Spruce Harbor, that had been struck by lightning, which he and the most of his tribe believe to be a thunder bullet or 'bed-dag-k'chi-gou-san.' When the Indians find a tree that has been demolished by lightning they always dig among the roots for the thunder bullet."

HOUSEHOLD FALLACIES. — The "Christian Register" (Boston), June 20, 1889, contains an interesting article under this title, by Prof. J. Y. Bergen. In the course of his paper, the writer points out the force of superstition in controlling existing arrangements of the kitchen. The sunlight is still believed to put out the fire. Potatoes, beets, and string-beans are supposed to boil dry more rapidly than other substances. "In most households, the bread-maker and cake-maker, if interrogated upon the subject, would be found to follow a regular plan in stirring the dough, revolving the spoon always — either in the same direction with the hands of a watch, or the reverse, but not alternating the motion. In stirring cream into butter with a spoon or in churning with a rotary churn, still more importance is attached to keeping up the motion continuously in one direction. And most remarkable of all is the alleged fact that a boiled custard which has begun to curdle overmuch may be checked in its downward career by quickly lifting it from the fire and stirring it the opposite way from that in which it was being stirred when the mischief began."

"Whether, as Felix Oswald would imply in some of his most entertaining writings upon hygiene, the belief in the sanctity of dirt and its consequent remedial virtue is a monkish dogma bequeathed to us from the Middle Ages or earlier times, it is not easy to decide. At any rate, there is at times an abject reverence shown for filth as a cure for various ills. A soiled stocking bound about the neck, as a remedy for sore throat, is a good example of this kind of treatment. And, even among people who would be quite above resorting to such a filthy mode of dealing with disease as this, a belief only a little less nonsensical would be found. It is to the effect that soiled damp clothes are either positively healthful in their effect upon the wearer, or that they are, at least not harmful."

WEATHER AND SEASONS. — From a "First Contribution to the Folk-Lore of Philadelphia and its Vicinity," by Henry Phillips, Jr. ("Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society," 1888, pp. 159-170.)

(a.) *Celestial:*

1. If Candlemas day be bright and clear
There 'll be two winters in the year.
2. If it rains on Candlemas day the winter is over ; if clear it is but half done.
3. If Candlemas day is fair and bright,
Winter will take a rougher flight.

4. Of a storm :
 Long foretold, long last,
 Soon come, soon past.
5. A red sky in the morning is the sailor's warning,
 A red sky at night is the sailor's delight.
6. A halo around the moon denotes falling weather.
7. The rainbow presages that the rain is over ; also that no other universal deluge will ever take place.
8. When the new moon lies with its horns up, it is a sign of dry weather. If the horns are downturned, it is a sign of rain.
9. It always rains Quaker meeting week.
10. When the wind veers against the sun,
 Trust it not, for back it will run.
 When the wind is in the south
 It is in the rain's mouth.
11. Evening gray and morning red,
 Traveller wise will keep his bed.
12. If February gives much snow
 A fine summer it doth foreshow.
13. A rainbow in the morning is the sailor's warning,
 A rainbow at night is the sailor's delight.
14. If it rains when the sun is shining people say, "The Devil is beating his wife."

(b.) *Terrestrial :*

1. If the groundhog sees his shadow on the second of February, he goes back to his hole in the ground for another six weeks' doze, as he knows that the winter will endure so much longer ; *per contra*, if he cannot see it, he stays out, for he knows that the severe weather is past.
2. When cats wash their faces it is a sign of rain.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

REPORTS CONCERNING VOODOOISM. — The following was related to me last summer (1888) by Rev. R. E. Gammon, for several years missionary of the London Baptist Missionary Society at Port-au-Prince : —

1. It is popularly asserted in Hayti and San Domingo that the negroes perpetuate Voodoo orgies, and that cannibalism is still practised. It is said that meetings are held in the mountains, and that the members of the fraternity are compelled to attend at the sound of the drum, notwithstanding their efforts to resist the call. I believe that meetings are held, but do not think they are accompanied with human sacrifices.

The negroes in Hayti and San Domingo are very superstitious, and make use of spells and resort to conjurers. A negro man whom I recently mar-

ried went first to a conjurer to consult him about obstacles which appeared to stand in the way. He was informed that the corners of his house had been "salted," and was directed, in order to have the spell removed, to bring two wax candles, a bottle of rum (about one and a half pints), and a clear glass bottle of about the same size. This he did, and, further gave the doctor a sum of money equal to about eight dollars. The doctor returned the bottle filled with a clear tasteless fluid, that seemed to be pure water, and directed him to drink it. The patient followed this advice, and within four weeks afterwards was married to the woman of his choice. The negroes make use of candles in their peculiar rites, after the custom of the Roman Church. They frequently put a lighted candle under the bed, a custom which gives rise to many fires.

2. A young woman, A. J., 35 years old, daughter of her master, a Mr. —, of Augusta, Ga., an intelligent quadroon, who had been mistress to a white man, and can read, says she believes in a class of persons who can cast spells and make people sick. She would not knowingly let one of them enter her door. They all know each other. In New Orleans they hold meetings, at which spells are cast. These meetings are called together by the head man, on complaint of one of the band. They all dance or walk around a pot which is placed in the centre of the room. As they dance the imprecation is uttered against the person who is to be injured. Fire is placed in or under the pot.

3. Dr. H. N. Bryan of Philadelphia informs me in regard to my inquiries in reference to Voodooism that he had just written the death certificate of a negro man who died of consumption.

The deceased had been a janitor in a large building, and belonged to the "reputable" class. Some time before his death his brother visited the doctor and asked to be told the cause of the sick man's illness. Upon being informed, the brother replied, "No! He is bewitched. He has had a spell put upon him. He is getting old, his family are tired of him, and are trying to put him out of the way. They have bewitched him. They did it once before, and if I had not then gone to another Voodoo doctor, and paid him to remove the spell, he would have died." The doctor tried to reassure the man, but he went away unsatisfied. This brother was an industrious and comparatively intelligent man. His family were well educated, and after the father's visit the children called and told the doctor not to mind what their father had said.

At my request Dr. Bryan made inquiries of the negroes about the Voodoo sorcerers, and was told they held meetings in Philadelphia, at which they performed horrid rites, and that they were able to make themselves known to each other by secret signs. — *Stewart Culin, Philadelphia, Pa.*

ARAB LEGEND OF THE DEAD WOMAN'S OFFER OF MARRIAGE. — In the mountain pass leading to Mt. Sinai, called Nakb-el-Hawi, Bedouins point out a smooth, rounded rock, which they say is the back of a woman, of whom they tell the following story: —

A young Bedouin going over the pass carried his dead mother in a bier

on his head, and meeting a stranger, after the usual greetings, the latter asked what burden he carried. The young man replied, "My mother." The stranger then said, "Give her to me in marriage." The man said, "But she is dead." The stranger nevertheless insisted that the woman should be given him in marriage. The young man declined, when to his astonishment the dead woman spoke out, saying, "Yes, let me be the wife of this stranger." The son remonstrated with his mother, saying to her, "You can't, you are dead." But the mother abused her son, calling him vile names for refusing her request, whereupon the son threw his mother over the precipice and ran away. And the stone shown is her back.

So far the curious legend as told me ; now the moral appears to be that an offer of marriage to a Bedouin woman suffices to raise her from the dead ! — *H. C. Bolton.*

INDIAN TOBACCO. — When the Rev. Samuel Kirkland was crossing Oneida lake in a storm, his Seneca brother, Te-kan-a-di-e, solemnly threw overboard two pinches of tobacco to propitiate the spirit of the storm. This did no good, and the missionary was allowed to pray audibly. The little party escaped, the frail canoe falling to pieces as they reached the land. The Indian acknowledged his own failure, but said he had never known two pinches of tobacco to be without avail before.

While the Onondagas use the original, or "real tobacco," for ordinary smoking, they use no other for religious purposes. They think this brings them nearer to the spirit world and gains the favor of the higher powers. This goes beyond the public rites of worship and touches minor matters. When plants are collected for medicine for their own use, tobacco is scattered around the first one found, and it is left untouched that there may be a blessing on those afterwards gathered. A young Onondaga told me that some boys did this in gathering ginseng last fall, and they thought it brought them wonderful luck, though not a required act. — *W. M. Beauchamp.*

CHILDREN'S RHYMES AND INCANTATIONS. — (See JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE, vol. ii. p. 113.) Another version of the "Carmen Mirum ad Glandulas," contained in Marcellus Burdigalensis, runs as follows :—

Albula glandula,
Nec doleas nec noceas,
Nec panicolas facias,
Sed liquescas tanquam salis (mica) in aqua.

"Hoc ter novies dicens spues ad terram et glandulas ipsas pollice et digito medicinali (middle finger) perduces, dum carmen dices, sed ante solis ortum et post occasum facies id prout dies aut nox minuetur."

The words "glandulas mane carminabis, si dies minuetur, si nox ad vesperam," therefore seem to mean, "You will sing the song of the Glandulæ in the morning, if the day is diminishing (*i. e.*, in winter), in the night-time, if the day is lengthening (*i. e.*, in summer)."

The fortune-teller alluded to in my article on "Children's Rhymes and Incantations" gave me an example of the two united in a song or charm to the firefly, which is also a nursery rhyme.

A rhyme of children, which appears to be an incantation, is mentioned by Thistleton Dyer in his "Folk-Lore of Plants:" "In Cheshire, when children first see the heads of the Ribwort Plantain (*Plantago lanceolata*) in spring, they repeat the following rhyme:—

Chimney sweeper all in black,
Go to the wood and wash your back,
Wash it clean, or wash it none,
Chimney sweeper, have you done?

— being in all probability a mode of divination for insuring good luck." —
Charles G. Leland.

A SWEDISH RHYME FOR COUNTING-OUT. — I can well remember the following counting-out rhyme, used by the children in Sweden some years ago, and, I suppose, still current. The vowel *a* has the broad pronunciation, as in father:—

Apála, mezála,
Mezfínke, Mezó,
Zebedéy, Zebedó,
Extra, Lára,
Caisa, Sahra,
Häck, Väck,
Wällinge säck,
Gack, Du, din, Långe man's väg ut.

There seem to be three distinct divisions in the above rhyme. The first, beginning with "Apála" and ending with "Zebedó," is entirely foreign to the Swedish tongue, and reminds one, I think, of the Romany. The second division, beginning with "Extra," is a mixture of Latin and biblical names. The meaning of "Lára" is unknown to me. "Caisa" is vulgar Swedish for Catherine, generally spelled *Cajsa*. "Sahra" is a Jewish name, common everywhere. The third division, beginning with "Häck," is Germanic and Swedish. "Häck," as it is spelled here, means a hedge, but very likely it originally meant something else. "Väck," probably meaning "away," is both Germanic and Swedish. The last verse is good Swedish as far as the words go, but has no good sense. Literally translated, it would signify, —

Go, thou, thine, long man's way out.

The second verse from the end is also Swedish, but means nothing rational. Literally translated, it would be "Porridge sack." In the last three lines it may be observed that *ä* is pronounced a broad *ai*, as in pair. Again, *d* has the sound of a broad *aw*, if pronounced between the lips. The most interesting part of the rhyme is the first three lines, derived, no doubt, from some outlandish "spells." — *Gustav A. Eisen, Delano, Cal.*

THE BLACK SPIDER, A CHILD'S GAME. — The children in this neighborhood have a game they call "The Black Spider," that is new to me. I give it on the chance of its being unprinted. I believe that the playing of games has revived among the children about us, and am glad to think so.

The children choose a Mother, a Nurse, and a Black Spider, the rest are

the children, all of them flies ; they are named after as many species of flies as the children can remember, Horse-fly, Dragon-fly, Day-fly, etc.

The Black Spider keeps out of sight. The Mother prepares to go out. She charges the Nurse to be very careful of her children, and not let the Black Spider get them. She then goes away.

The Black Spider now appears ; she coaxes, wheedles, and frightens the children, until she finally drags one away.

The Mother, returning, exclaims, "Where is my Day-fly?" or whatever may be the name of the child she misses.

The Nurse replies, "The Black Spider has it."

Again the mother goes out, and repeats her former caution. The same thing is repeated, until finally she comes back, and finds that all are gone, even the Nurse. She cries aloud and laments, then searches for the Black Spider. Finding her, she demands her children. The Black Spider, however, will not give them up.

At last the Spider says : "What will you give me for such a one?" naming one of the flies. The Mother offers cake, candy, money, houses, land, anything she thinks of. After a great deal of haggling a bargain is struck, and the fly purchased. This scene is repeated until all are restored, when the Mother goes off in triumph. — *Julia D. Whiting, Holyoke, Mass.*

"The Black Spider" appears to be one of the numerous forms of the game of "Old Witch," several versions of which are given in "Games and Songs of American Children" (Harper and Brothers, 1883, p. 215). The wide European diffusion and numerous variants of this sport show great antiquity. It rests on the universal belief in a race of female child-stealing demons ; a superstition as old as history, and found among the aborigines of America, as well as among civilized nations of Europe. In other games belonging to this root, flowers, birds, or articles of food are used to represent the children. — *W. W. N.*

ANIMISM AMONG THE MODOCS. — Instances of "cordial" intercommunication between persons and animals are frequently met with in the folk-lore of American and other nations, such mental exchanges being based upon the tendency to invest animals with human attributes. A remarkable story of animism was related to me by a Modoc woman in the northeastern part of the Indian Territory in 1885, which was as follows : —

"My mother, Nancy, was bitten by a copperhead snake. She had previously been in communication with a long black snake, wa'mēnaksh, which acted as her tutelary genius. This black snake appeared at the lodge soon after she was bitten, for the snake not only knew what had occurred, but knew also what kind of snake had bitten her. My mother then sang a "medicine" or magic song from morning till noon ; and during these hours the black snake went to see the biter. In the evening she sang again ; the black snake returned and notified her that the copperhead had been "interviewed" and had no desire to bite, but did so only because she had stepped on it. The magic song was then followed by a vision, and the vision revealed to my mother a remedy for the bite, which cured her."

Among this people and the cognate Klamath Lake Indians the term for

magic song, shui'sh (from shui'na, *to sing*) also means "magic, miraculous remedy," "great medicine," because during its chanting the physical remedy is applied, and the singing itself is thought to exercise magic power. Thus our word *charm* is derived from Latin *carmen*, which means *song* as well as *incantation*, and the Greek *ἐπωδή*, *incantation*, really means "what is or has been sung upon or over a (sick person)."

Somewhat analogous to the above is the fact, that some southern tribes, *e. g.* the Creeks of our days, call the rattlesnake the *chief of snakes*, tchi'tu mi'ko, which recalls to mind the mediæval basilisk, viz., "the snake with the royal crown." James Adair in his "History of the Indians" (1775) has left an interesting passage on this subject (pp. 237, 238), and shows to which qualities that dreaded reptile owes its royal dignity in the mind of primitive man: "The color of the rattlesnake seems to change by every different position the spectator may view it in; . . . for in each of their heads there is a large carbuncle, which not only repels, but (they affirm) sullies the meridian beams of the sun. They reckon it dangerous to disturb these creatures . . . they call them and all of the rattlesnake kind 'kings' or 'chieftains of the snakes;' and they allow one such to every different species of the brute creation . . . the Cherakees fancy the killing of them would expose them to the danger of being bit by the other inferior species of that serpentine tribe, who *love* their *chieftains* and know by instinct those who maliciously killed them, as they fight only in their own defence, and that of their young ones, never biting those who do not disturb them. They do *not* *deify* them, etc." — *A. S. Gatschet*.

SNAKE ORDER OF THE MOQUIS. — In a preceding number of this Journal (Notes and Queries, vol. i. p. 162) attention was called to the necessity of collecting the traditions of the native races. It was then urged that the pressing need of the study of the religions of primitive races is not theoretic discussion, but original research. It was pointed out that the path of the student is constantly barred by lack of information, and fear was expressed that this deficiency might not be remedied until the precious opportunity had gone by. In the same number in which these views were expressed, was printed a form of the legend of the Snake Order of the Moquis, so original in form as to be calculated to excite keen curiosity. During the present year, the publication, in the Fifth Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology, by Dr. Washington Matthews, U. S. A., of the "Mountain Chant" of the Navajoes (neighbors of the tribe already named) has emphasized these statements. The legendary material recorded by Dr. Matthews is so rich, its bearing on mythological and religious questions so various and important, as to emphasize the impossibility of forming any correct opinions respecting the psychology and beliefs of Indian tribes without more accurate and extended information than is yet attained. As always happens when any new source of knowledge is opened, the questions suggested are wider than the means of solution. It appears, at all events, that Indian mythology and religious practice are so closely connected with the general problems of human thought, its knowledge would throw a flood of light on the history of ideas.

Now it happens that in a short time (at the end of August or beginning of September) the Moqui rite is once more to be celebrated. The practices of the festival, indeed, are widely known through the remarkable monograph of Captain John G. Bourke. But a multitude of points remain unexplained, — the varieties of the legend ; the prayers and songs employed ; the religious significance of the ceremony ; the possible esoteric instruction connected with it ; in short, the intellectual history of the celebration. It would be a very great boon if these matters could be investigated by competent authority. Who knows whether the opportunity may ever again occur ? If such a result could be brought about, it would be received with general pleasure.

W. W. N.

AN UNPRINTED GAME-SONG. — The following game-song, not contained in "The Games and Songs of American Children," was communicated to me by an American woman, who could not explain how it was played. The version is somewhat incomplete : —

THE RED HERRING.

Oh, what do you think
I made of his fins ?
I made a whole parcel
Of needles and pins !
Needles and pins and everything ;
Don't you think I did well with my red herring ?

Oh, what do you think
I made of his eyes ?
I made a whole parcel
Of puddings and pies !
Puddings and pies and everything ;
Don't you think I did well with my red herring ?

And what do you think
I made of his tail ?
The best looking vessel
That ever set sail !
The best looking vessel that ever set sail ;
Don't you think I did well with my red herring ?

Fulia D. Whiting, Holyoke, Mass.

FOLK-MEDICINE OF PENSION CLAIMANTS. — In addition to the unusual words obtained from pension claimants (see "Waste-Basket of Words"), I have noted several singular medical practices employed by the same class of persons.

Many claimants state that they were unable to employ a physician, and have treated themselves. One of them had, for piles, carried a "buckeye" in his pocket. Another had "burned old socks in the dirt, and mixed with ashes and cold water." Many readers will remember that a popular remedy for a sore throat is a stocking, not a clean one, but one taken off the foot and wrapped about the neck.

One remedy which I do not remember to have heard of elsewhere, I

learned from a negro man in this city. He is a strict church-member, but his Christianity in no way interferes with a multitude of similar beliefs:—

His wife's mother was terribly afflicted with rheumatism, but was entirely cured by stepping over the house-dog. Not only so, but the dog took the disease and went limping and whining about "just like a person." *He would not have believed it if he had not seen it himself.* — *H. E. Warner, Washington, D. C.*

NOTES ON THE FOLK-LORE OF OTHER CONTINENTS.

IRELAND.—In a previous number (No. 4, Jan.—March, 1889, p. 80), attention was called to a valuable paper on Irish Folk-lore by Mr. James Mooney of the Bureau of Ethnology.

A second paper, entitled "the Holiday Customs of Ireland," was read by Mr. Mooney before the American Philosophical Society, May 5, 1889, and forms pages 377 to 427 in the proceedings of the Society. The festivals particularly described are Saint Bridget's Day, Saint Patrick's Day, Shrove-Tuesday, May-day, Whitsuntide, Saint John's Eve, Hallow E'en, Saint Martin's Day, Saint Stephen's Day and the Christmas holidays, New Year and Twelfth-night. The material is derived in part from personal observation, in part from printed sources. We cite a paragraph giving an account of the usages with regard to household fires on May-day:—

"Fire is held sacred in Ireland, and there are a number of May-day beliefs connected with it. None will be given out of the house on this day for any consideration, as such an act brings all kind of ill fortune upon the family, and especially enables the borrower to steal all the butter from the milk, so that any one who should ask for the loan of a lighted sod of turf on May-day would be regarded as a suspicious character, whom it would be just as well to watch. To give out either fire or salt on this day would be to give away the year's luck. One old writer states that fire would be given only to a sick person, and then with an imprecation, but the butter, if stolen, might be recovered by burning some of the thatch from over the door. In the city of Limerick the fire is always lighted by the man of the house on May morning, as it is very unlucky to have it done by a woman."

"In Donegal, and probably in some other parts of the country, no householder wishes to be first to light a fire on May-day." The author explains this fear by the superstition that it is in the power of a witch to charm into her own possession the butter of those households from the chimneys of which rise the first smoke, relating a tale illustrating this belief.

An interesting part of this article is an account of methods of love-divination employed at Hallow E'en.

The author remarks upon the identity of very many of the Irish practices with those observed in other European countries.

SPAIN IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.—The part which superstition has played in history is vividly and terribly illustrated by a paper of Mr. H. C. Lea, entitled, "El Santo Niño de la Guardia," contained in the "English

Historical Review" for April, 1839. This incident, utilized by the inquisitor Torquemada for obtaining from Ferdinand and Isabella the edict of 1482, expelling the Jews from Spain, consisted in a fable of a Christian child, whose heart, together with a consecrated host, was reported to have been used by Jews for purposes of enchantment; the fictitious victim was sainted by popular fancy. In his account of the English ballad of "Sir Hugh, or The Jew's Daughter" ("The Eng. and Scot. Pop. Bal.," Part V., p. 241), Prof. F. J. Child has brought together a fearful list of cases in which similar murders are attributed to Jews. Germany alone supplies twenty-five examples. The force of the belief is not spent; in 1883, a like story, in Hungary, led to judicial proceedings accompanied by torture; fifteen persons were subjected to detention for a year; their acquittal led to a riot and plunder of the shops of Jews in Budapest!

NATAL. — As long ago as 1859 the Rev. Lewis Grout, a missionary of the American Board now living in Vermont, printed in Natal a grammar of the Zulu language, enlarged by an historical introduction, and provided with an appendix. This appendix contains a selection of pieces, with translations, obtained from the recitation of natives. Some of these pieces have much interest as folk-lore, while they also exhibit the very idiomatic and figurative character of the language. Several narratives (pp. 401-417) contain accounts of the procedure observed in consulting priests relative to sickness, and of that used against wizards. When a malady befalls any person, he takes a present, and accompanied by his friends goes to the priest to make inquiry, to whom, after sitting down, he offers his gift. The priest pours out snuff, takes it, and causes the people to "smite" (the sick person?); after which (apparently from the sound) he pronounces on the disease, and declares that the paternal shade wants something, averring that spirits of ancestors have sent this trouble. "His ancestral shades say, 'Why does he no longer recognize us, since we have preserved him from infancy?' Then the people say, 'Hear, will he never build a large slaying kraal for our sake?'" . . .

The priest finally declares that the shades require a particular cow, "And now the sick man admits it all, and says 'Oh! since that which they require is thus demanded by themselves, who then can refuse it?' Then the people all say, 'Oh! yes, as you say, who could refuse a thing when it is thus demanded by the owners themselves? How can the priest be mistaken, when he has so evidently gone according to the omen? Do ye not yourselves perceive that he has run according to the omen? Then let them have their cow, the very same which they have demanded; and then we will now see whether sickness will leave me.' To this they all assent; and now some one person goes out, and when he has come abroad without the kraal all who are within their houses keep silence, while he goes round the kraal, the outer inclosure of the kraal, and says, 'Honor to thee, Lord,' — offering prayer to the shades, he continues: 'A blessing, let a blessing come, then, since you have really demanded your cow; let sickness depart utterly, thus we offer your animal. And on our part we say, let the sick man come out, come forth, be no longer sick, and slaughter your animal, then, since

we have now consented that he may have it for his own use. Glory to thee, Lord ; good news ; come then, let us see him going about like other people. Now then, we have given you what you want ; let us therefore see whether it was required in order that he might recover, and that the sickness might pass by.' And then coming out, spear in hand, he enters the cattle-fold, comes up, and stabs it ; the cow says, 'Y-e-h,' to which he replies, 'An animal for the gods ought to show signs of distress ; it is all right then, just what you require.'"

If the sick man does not recover, another priest may be sought with a like result. Why it is that a sacrificial animal ought to cry out is indicated by an exclamation of the person offering : "Let your cow cry then, and bring out the evil which is in me." The cow is cut up, and carried into the house, where it is supposed to be eaten by the spirits. "No one ever opens the house while it is said the shades are eating the beef." The sick person pours the gall over himself, saying, "Yes, then, good business this ; let all evil come to an end." The contents of the stomach of the victim are strewn on the fold and within the houses, with an invocation : "Hail, friend ! Thou of such a place, grant us a blessing, beholding what we have done. You see this distress ; may you remove it, since we have given you our animal. We know not what you want, whether you still require anything more or not. They say, may you grant us grain, that it may be abundant, that we may eat, of course, and not be in need of anything, since now we have given you all you want. They say, yes, for a long time have you preserved me in all my going. This kraal was built by yourself, father ; and now why do you consent to diminish your own kraal ? Build on as you have begun, let it be large, that your offspring, still here above, may increase, increasing in knowledge of you, whence cometh great power."

"Sometimes they make beer for the ghosts, and leave a little in the pot, saying, 'It will be eaten by the ghosts that they may grant an abundant harvest again, that we may not have a famine.' If one is on the point of being injured by anything he says, 'I was preserved by our divinity, which was still watching over me.' Perhaps he slaughters a goat in honor of the same, and puts the gall on his head ; and when the goat cries out for pain of being killed, he says 'Yes then, there is your animal, let it cry, that ye may hear, ye our gods who have preserved me ; I myself am desirous of living on thus a long time here on the earth ; why then, do you call me to account, since I think I am all right in respect to you ? And while I live, I put my trust in you our paternal and maternal gods.'"

In reading these interesting narratives, we are strongly impressed with the great desirability of preserving the beliefs and customs of primitive races in their own unadorned accounts. These relations should be printed in considerable volume, and without fear of repetition ; the feeling and expression of the man who still practises and believes in the rites will convey a clearer conception of their real relation to his mind than can be done by the abstract of an observer. For the title of Mr. Grout's work, see vol. ii. p. 87.

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BOOKS.

[Books relating to folk-lore or mythology will receive notice, provided that a copy be sent to the editors of this Journal. Such copy may be addressed to the care of the publishers directly, or to the General Editor.]

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This is one of the few works which absolve the reviewer from the task of criticism of opinion, and leave only the pleasanter duty of expressing admiration and esteem. Whatever may be thought of the importance of popular traditions in their relation to the history of philosophy, there can be no question as to their value for the nations to which they belong. In many directions, linguistic, poetic, historical, they must continue to be a precious inheritance for centuries after they have ceased to exist on the lips, and become a matter of literary record. In our own language, indeed, the stream of oral lore flows somewhat scantily, though allusions in the earlier literature show how picturesque and interesting was the national life of England before the Reformation, Puritanism, and modern education broke off in this respect historical continuity, and separated the customs and faith of modern Britain from those of Britain in the Middle Ages. In Sicily, where such causes of change have been far less effectual, where the present is less remote from the mediæval past, and the ancient stock of beliefs, habits, and ideas is rich and abundant, a harvest can be reaped which leaves fewer losses to regret, and which must forever be valuable to all speakers of the Italian tongue. By gathering this store, and embracing in his collection everything which helps to perfect a record of the life of the Sicilian people, Giuseppe Pitrè has earned the honor of perpetual memory, and produced a work which centuries will not render useless.

The work before us, on the habits, customs, beliefs, and prejudices of the Sicilian people, is the concluding part (volumes 14-18) of the library of Sicilian popular traditions ("Biblioteca delle tradizioni popolari Siciliane"), an undertaking on which Pitrè has been engaged for twenty years. The preceding parts of the library include Songs ("Canti popolari Siciliani," 2 vols., 1870), Tales ("Fiabe, Novelle e Racconti pop. Sicil.," 4 vols., 1875), Proverbs ("Proverbi Sicil.," 4 vols., 1880), and Spectacles and Feasts ("Spettacoli e Festi pop. Sicil.," 1 vol., 1881). A volume on Studies of Popular Poetry, one on Games of Children, and one on Legends, also belong to the series. A volume on Popular Medicine (vol. xix.) will conclude the work.

The scope of the four volumes under consideration may best be described in the words of the author:—

"In spite of these difficulties (of drawing a distinction between superstition and custom) a tacit separation can be observed in the course of this work; and the reader will see successively pass before his eyes, the carnival, with all its extravagances and absurdities, the exhibition of marionettes,

tale-tellers, various reminiscences of the days of chivalry, musicians and dances, customs in the true significance of the term, utensils of every description, practices and habits of sulphur-miners, mariners, and fishermen; he will hear the cries of venders, and words which attempt to translate the sounds of bells and of drums; all this being the material of the first volume.

"Domestic life in its various periods, its most important acts and solemn occasions, will be described in the second; and especially marriage, birth, death, the relation of god-son and god-parent, linking, by the means of baptism, birth with the obligations of decency and manliness (*mafia e l'omertà*); after which, in close psychological relation, come gestures, surnames generally of an insulting character, imprecations, oaths, salutations. In the third volume usages alternate with the beliefs which illustrate the science of the people in its relation to astronomy, meteorology, agriculture, botany, zoölogy, and notions regarding the sky, stars, meteors, earth, plants, animals. Beliefs and superstitions pure and simple are contained in the fourth volume, where is found, not as in the first three, what is material and concrete, but what is spiritual and abstract; while to the vegetable and animal kingdom succeeds the supernatural and marvelous, persons and things considered lucky and unlucky, legends of enchanted treasures, beliefs of children. Thus the reader has a picture of what the Sicilian people does, thinks, and believes, and can comprehend how it clothes itself and eats, what rules it follows in the practical conduct of life, its vows, its beliefs in regard to the world which it inhabits and that toward which it aspires: how it understands family, society, law, religion; a picture at once general and precise, in which will be found an abundance of documents relative to humanity will be found by ethnographers and folk-lorists, sociologists, moralists, and littérateurs. . . . To the students of folk-lore and ethnology in particular, I recommend the usages of superstition, in which ancient generations continue to exist, various governments and extinguished civilizations come to light, with myths and legends of theogonies which history has not yet succeeded in collecting and fixing."

Together with oral tradition, Pitrè has given the written tradition, which often illuminates the former, and establishes its certain antiquity; and he presents at the end of his chapters such bibliographical references as are desirable. The accomplishment of this task has involved, as may easily be understood, immense labor and pains. As an inhabitant of Palermo and a physician, he has had special opportunities, which he has improved to the utmost, and from the commencement of his task, in the year 1870, to the present time, as he observes, no day has gone by without supplying matter. In his collection are represented all the provinces of Sicily, as well as its minor islands.

We shall have occasion, hereafter, to refer to the special subjects of these volumes, or to discuss principles illustrated by them, and which the writer proposes to treat in the future. What has been said is enough to show the invaluable character of the publication, which will give the recorder a perpetual title of the thanks of ethnologists and students of folk-lore.

W. W. N.

TEUTONIC MYTHOLOGY. By VIKTOR RYDBERG, Ph. D., Member of the Swedish Academy ; author of "The Last Athenian," "Roman Days," and other works. Authorized translation from the Swedish by RASMUS B. ANDERSON, LL. D., United States Minister to Denmark, author of "Norse Mythology," "Viking Tales of the North," etc. London : Swan, Sonnenschein & Co., Paternoster Square. 1889. 8vo, pp. xii., 706.

This is intended to make the first volume of an extended work. The English title suggests comparison with the great work of Grimm, translated under the same appellation. Rydberg's book, however, is not like Grimm's, an encyclopedia of popular belief, ancient and modern, but on the contrary a critical and reconstructive discussion of Norse poems and sagas. The scope of the undertaking would therefore have been better indicated, had the original designation been retained, namely, "Investigations in Germanic Mythology, Part I.," under which title it appeared at Stockholm in 1886. Not, however, that there is any objection to the substitution of "Teutonic" for "Germanic."

The peculiar position of the author is indicated in two introductory chapters entitled, "The Ancient Aryans," and "Mediaeval Migration Sagas." Wherever may have been the cradle of the Aryan race, he considers that in the stone age there must have been, in Central or Northern Europe, a common home of the Aryan European people, then consisting of several tribes, of whom the Teutons lived farthest to the north. This ancient Teutondom, he thinks, had its seat in Scandinavia, where the original race-type is best preserved. Memories of this origin he finds preserved in migration legends, and in the creation-myth, according to which the Asa-gods created the original human pair from trees. That this myth is localized in the south of the peninsula indicates the primitive centre. From legends he constructs an account of origins ; the first ancestor, the Scyld of Beowulf, Heimdal of the Norse poems, rather Aryan than German, represents the primeval age of gold ; his grandson, Halfdan, Rydberg identifies with the Mannus of Tacitus, as the forefather of the Teutons. The paradisaical period is interfered with ; Loke (as Rydberg spells the name), foe of the gods, contrives to excite enmity between these and the sons of Ivalde, a mythical race of semi-divine artificers, resembling the Ribhus of the Rigveda, impersonations of the natural generative forces. This quarrel has for its result a disastrous period of cold and deadly winters. With this period of cold are connected the Teutonic migration myths ; the writer seems, though he does not expressly say so, to regard the legend as representative of an actual cosmic fact. The Asa-gods are thus banished from their original dwelling ; after a time the myth represents an attempt as made to recover the primitive Teutonic home from the powers of frost who had possessed it, and this is expressed in a war between two divine races, the Asas and the Vans, to which corresponds, in the human sphere, a struggle between East and West Teutons, represented as the sons of Mannus or Halfdan.

This mention of the manner of procedure of the writer will be enough to show that the book belongs to the class of essays, and not to that of collections. The assumption underlying the discussion is a bold one. To sup-

pose that the mythology of the Teutonic races, as they existed presumably thousands of years before the dawn of history, can be reconstructed from songs and stories recorded (in Iceland) in the twelfth century, none of which songs and stories, in their present form, are older than the ninth century, is to adopt an hypothesis which presents the strongest *a priori* improbabilities. Moreover, the doctrine of the author, that resemblances of tradition of widely-separated Aryan races are to be referred to the remote prehistoric time of their original connection, is not in accordance with the views now generally adopted, that diffusion from historical centres has much more to do with such similarity.

It is somewhat surprising that Rydberg should make no allusion to the existence of opinions inconsistent with his premises. The distinguished editor and student of old Norse literature, Sophus Bugge, in his *Studies on the origin of Norse legends relative to gods and heroes* (Untersøkingar, etc., Christiania, 1881), has set forth views altogether inconsistent with those of the volume under consideration. While admitting the antiquity of some of the mythic characters, he nevertheless considers that the Norse poems and sagas, as they now exist, are essentially a work of the Middle Ages, produced under the influence of classical literature as well as of Christian monasticism. Loki himself, to Rydberg the prehistoric foe of the Asas, to Bugge, is neither more nor less than Lucifer written short. The only possible explanation of the silence of the author is that he intends to discuss these doctrines in the course of his work; but the translator, one would have thought, would have considered an introductory note as essential.

While, therefore, as will be easily gathered from what has been said, the work of Rydberg is not to be regarded as a manual, but rather as setting forth individual views, it will present many suggestions to scholars, who will read it with profit.

The translation is admirably done into clear and vigorous English. The form, type, and paper of the large volume is charming, and does the greatest credit to the taste and judgment of the house of Swan, Sonnenschein & Co., distinguished by their activity in publishing works relating to mythology and folk-lore.

W. W. N.

DIE VEREINIGTEN KÖNIGREICHE KROATIEN UND SLAVONIEN. Geschildert von Dr. Friedrich S. Krauss. Wien: Verlag von Karl Graeser. 1889. Pp. 143.

This little book, very recently issued in Vienna, is No. 14 in a series entitled "Die Länder Oesterreich-Ungarns in Wort und Bild." Dr. Krauss has divided his volume into three parts, and it is to the latter part particularly that I would briefly direct the attention of our folk-lorists. The title of this third part is "Cultur und Volksthum," and under this heading the industrious author has collected a very considerable number of new and interesting items of Croatian and Slavonian folk-lore. Without going into detail, these items relate to the following important subjects:—

I. Folk music, including the words of many folk songs. In addition, Dr. Krauss gives the musical annotation of the more interesting.

II. Folk sayings, together with those bits of homely wisdom known in German as *Sprichwörter*.

III. Beliefs relating to field and forest, many of which indicate a primitive state of mind.

IV. Marriage customs and superstitions. Some of these are very curious and well worth the attention of students of comparative folk-lore.

V. Folk-medicine. Under this heading, Dr. Krauss has given many of the curious remedies prescribed for rheumatism, child-birth, fever, headache, toothache, etc., parallels of which are to be found in different parts of the world.

The above bare enumeration of subjects will serve to give the reader some idea of the scope of this part of the author's little book. Dr. Krauss has, for many years, been diligently adding to the ever-increasing stock of the world's folk-lore, in his special field, in Croatia and Slavonia.

The book is neatly printed in brown-colored ink, and is profusely illustrated.

L. F. Vance.

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HURON FOLK-LORE.

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II.

THE STORY OF TIJAIHA, THE SORCERER.

ONE of the most notable of the many folk-tales of his nation which my eloquent friend, Chief Mandarong (Joseph White), related to me with much animation, and which his intelligent French wife translated with similar readiness and spirit, had a peculiar interest from its reference to the well-known belief of the Indians in a close connection between human beings and the lower animals, and in the preternatural powers which these brute colleagues could sometimes communicate to their human friends. This superstition was, of course, strongly discountenanced by the early missionaries, not, it would seem, for its absurdity (an objection which at that time could hardly be expected), but as partaking of sorcery, and of unlawful commerce with evil powers. It is a noteworthy fact that even at the present day, among the Hurons descended from five or six generations of nominally Christian ancestors, not only does a half-belief in these ancient opinions survive, but a certain resentment is manifested against the opposition of the missionaries to these opinions.

This sentiment will be apparent in the curious historical preface with which the chief introduced the story of Tijaiha. The legend itself displays in its framework not only the strong moral element which I have before noticed as characteristic of the Huron narratives, but also a weird, imaginative power, such as one would look for rather in a German story of *diablerie* than in a genuine Indian folk-tale, as this undoubtedly is. I give it precisely as it was transcribed in my journal, fifteen years ago, from notes taken at the time: —

When the French came (so the chief's words were rendered) the missionaries tried to prevail on the Indians to receive their religion. They asked the Indians if they knew anything about God. The

Indians replied that they did ; that three or four times a year they had meetings, at which the women and children were present, and then the chiefs told them what to do and warned them against evil practices.¹ The missionaries said that this was good, but that there was a better way, which they ought to know. They ought to become Christians. But the Indians said, "We have many friends among the creatures about us. Some of us have snake friends, some eagles, some bears, and the like. How can we desert our friends?" The priests replied, "There is only one God." "No," said the Indians, "there are two gods, one for the Indians and the other for the whites." The discussion lasted three days. Finally, the priests said it was true, — there were two Gods, Jesus and the Holy Ghost. One of these might be the same as the Indian God. The Indians could follow all his commands which were good, and also obey the commands of Jesus. But they would have to give up their allies among the brutes.

Some of the Hurons became Christians, but others refused to accept the new religion. Among these was a noted warrior, a young man, named Tijaiha. On one occasion he left the town with his family to hunt on the Huron River. One day, coming to a deep pool near the river, he beheld a violent commotion in the water, which was evidently made by a living creature. Of what nature it might be he did not know, though he believed it to be a great serpent, and to be possessed, like many of the wild creatures, of supernatural powers. Thereupon, after the fashion of the Indians, he fasted for ten days, eating occasionally only a few morsels to preserve life ; and he prayed to the creature that some of its power might be bestowed on him. At the end of the tenth day a voice from the disturbed pool demanded what he wanted. He replied that he wanted to have such power given to him that he could vanquish and destroy all his enemies. She (the creature) replied that this power should be conferred upon him if he would grant her what she desired. He asked what this was, and was told that she would require one of his children. If he would grant this demand, he might come at night and learn from her the secret which would give him the power he sought for. He objected to this sacrifice, but offered, in place of the child, to give an old woman, his wife's mother. (Mrs. White translated this unfilial proposition with an expression of quizzical humor.) The creature accepted the substitute, and the bargain was concluded.

¹ These meetings are still regularly held among the heathen portion of the Iroquois tribes, in connection with their ceremonial dances. I have been a spectator, and have heard the long and earnest exhortations of the elders, delivered with a truly diaconal solemnity.

That night Tijaiha returned to the pool, and learned what he had to do. He was to prepare a cedar arrow, with which he must shoot the creature when she should appear, at his call, above the water. From the wound he could then draw a small quantity of blood, the possession of which would render him invincible, and enable him to destroy his enemies. But as this blood was a deadly poison, and even its effluvia might be mortal, he must prepare an antidote from the juice of a plant which she named. On the following day he procured the plant, and his wife — who knew nothing of the fatal price he was to pay — assisted him in making the infusion. He also made a cedar arrow, and, with bow in hand, repaired to the pool.

At his call the water began to rise, boiling fearfully. As it rose, an animal came forth. It proved to be a large bird, a "diver," and the warrior said, "This is not the one," and let it go. The water boiled and rose higher, and a porcupine came out. "Neither is this the one," said the warrior, and withdrew his arrow from his bow. Then the water rose in fury to the level of the bank, and the head of a huge horned serpent, with distended jaws and flaming eyes, rose and glared at Tijaiha. "This is the one," he said, and shot the creature in the neck. The blood gushed forth, and he caught, in a vessel which he held ready, about half a pint. Then he ran toward his lodge, but before he reached it he had become nearly blind and all but helpless. His wife put the kettle to his lips. He drank the antidote, and presently vomited the black poison, and regained his strength. In the morning he called to his wife's mother, but she was dead. She had perished without a touch from a human hand. In this manner he became possessed of a talisman which, as he believed, would give him a charmed life, and secure him the victory over his enemies.

But in some way it became known that he had been the cause of the mother's death. This crime excited the indignation of his people, and he dared not go back to them. He took refuge with the Iroquois, and became a noted war-chief among them. After some time he resolved, in an evil hour, to lead an attack against his own people. He set forth at the head of a strong party of warriors, and arrived at the Wyandot settlement, near the present town of Sandwich. It was the season of corn-planting, and two of Tijaiha's aunts had come out on that day to plant their fields. They were women of high rank in the tribe ("for," said Mrs. White, "they have high-people and common people among them, just like the white folks"), and Tijaiha knew that their death would arouse the whole tribe. He ordered his followers to kill them. This they did, and then retreated into the forest to the northward, carefully covering their tracks, to escape pursuit. Their leader's expectation was that the Huron warriors would go off in another direction in search of their enemies, thus leaving their defenceless town at his mercy.

When the Hurons found the bodies they were greatly excited. They searched for ten days without discovering any trace of the murderers. Their chief then consulted a noted soothsayer, who promised that on the following day he would tell him all. During the night the soothsayer made his incantations, and in the morning informed the Hurons that the deed had been done by a party of Iroquois, under the lead of Tijaiha. The enemy, he said, was lurking in the woods, and he could guide them to the spot; but they must wait ten days before starting. The Hurons waited impatiently until the ten days had expired, and then placed the old soothsayer on horseback, and followed him. He led them through the forest directly to the encampment of their enemies. On seeing them they waited till evening, and then through the night, till daybreak. Then, according to their custom, they shouted to their sleeping foes, and rushed upon them. They killed every man in the camp; but on examining carefully the bodies, they were annoyed to find that Tijaiha was not among them.

Being hungry, they seated themselves to eat, and the chief, feeling thirsty, told his son to take his kettle and bring him some water. "Where shall I find water here?" asked the boy. "These men must have had water," replied his father. "Look for the path they have made to it." The lad looked, and found the path, and, following it, came to a deep spring or pool under a tree. As he was stooping down to it a man rose partly out of the pool, and bade the youth take him prisoner. The affrighted boy ran to the camp and told what he had seen. All shouted "Tijaiha," and rushed to the pool, where they dragged him forth by the hair. He stood defiant and sneering, while they attempted to kill him. Their blows seemed powerless to injure him. He caught the tomahawks which were aimed at him, and hurled them back. At length a warrior, exclaiming, "I will finish him," plunged a knife into his breast and tore out his heart. Thrown on the ground, it bounded like a living thing, till the warrior split it open with his knife. Thus ended Tijaiha's evil career. His contract with the serpent had only led him to crime and death.

Such was the "story of Tijaiha," as related by the old chief, speaking with the earnestness of assured belief, and with the readiness evidently due to frequent repetition. The dramatic character of the incidents, and the ingenuity of the plot, from the first movement of the hidden temptress until the renegade is dragged to his death from a pool similar to that in which he had met his beguiler, would do honor to the most experienced romancist. It was plain enough that the credit of this imaginative talent and narrative skill was not due to the worthy chief himself, but, like the same qualities shown in the

"Arabian Nights" and other similar creations, was the accumulated product of native genius, transmitted through many generations of practised story-tellers.

This conclusion is confirmed, and the true purport and importance of the legend are more distinctly shown, by a variation of it, furnished by Peter Dooyentate Clarke, the native annalist, in his little book on the "Origin and Traditional History of the Wyandotts." In this version a new coloring is given to the story. The odium of the sorcery and of the resulting crimes is cast, not upon an individual, but upon a whole society or *gens*, the "Prairie Turtle Clan," whose members had become noted and finally infamous for their addiction to occult and pernicious arts. It was the chosen leader of this clan who, at the instance of his followers, obtained the venomous blood from the creature of the "sulphurous pool." That mysterious visitant, in this version, was not a serpent, but a "white panther," which disappeared from the spring after yielding some of its blood into the leader's vessel. The coagulated and hardened blood was broken into fragments, which were distributed among the members of the clan, to be kept in their "medicine bags," as charms for bringing good-luck to their possessors and ill-fortune to their enemies. The result, however, was that the clan became obnoxious to the rest of the nation. Accused of witchcraft, they were hunted down persistently by those who believed themselves to have suffered by their arts; and the whole clan is now extinct. The leader turned traitor to his nation, joined the Iroquois, led them against his own people, and was captured and killed by them, as related by Chief Mandarong. The narrative of the chief, however, is much more detailed and picturesque than that of the historian, except in one particular. The latter, in describing the occurrences which took place at the panther's pool, adds, in his quaint fashion: "These devoted seekers after a strange god, like the sons of Belial in ancient days, dedicated their *heathen altar* to this mysterious spirit, and offered burnt offerings, and signified their sincere devotion by casting valuable articles into the spring, — which consisted of various kinds of ornamental silver works, such as are worn by the Indians, and which were obtained from the French at that period. They also cast wampum belts, beads, and other articles into the pool, as sacrifice offerings to the strange god." He tells us further that, "while the leader stood beside the spring, chanting a song made by one of the party for the occasion, his friends at the altar offered burnt-offerings of tobacco and medicinal substance of some kind to the strange god, at the same time chanting their devotional song."

This description recalls the similar scene which I witnessed some years ago among the Iroquois pagans, on their Canadian Reservation, at their well-known annual ceremony of the "Burning of the White

Dog." The "altar" in this case was a low pile of firewood, regularly laid, about four feet square and two feet high, with a hollow in the centre. Into this centre, when the pile was alight and burning fiercely, the white dog, which had been previously strangled and decorated for the sacrifice with strings of wampum beads and ribbons of various colors, was suddenly thrown; and as the fire consumed the body, handfuls of finely cut tobacco were cast, from time to time, as incense, into the flames. During this ceremony the leader, standing at one side of the pile, chanted a long hymn of prayer and praise to Hawenniyo (literally, "Our Great Master"), to which his followers, on the other side, responded at intervals by an assenting chorus. The words of the hymn, as I ascertained, were traditional, having been handed down from time immemorial.¹

In Clarke's version, also, the French missionary influence plays an important part. The members of the errant clan, we are told, were warned by the Catholic priest of Detroit against their evil practices. "Throw away," he urged them, "the baleful substance which came to you from the devil, by one of his emissaries in the shape of a panther; for if you keep it among you, you will be ruined by it, body and soul." The author styles them a "heathen association," compares them to some of the "wayward and refractory tribes of Israel" and to the "Salem witches," and tells how at last they were, in a body, accused of sorcery, and "killed outright, on refusing to throw away the baneful substance and renounce the evil god."

It would thus appear that Tijaiha and his followers, whose fate has made such a profound impression on the survivors of the Huron (or Wyandot) nation, were merely the last representatives of the old heathen party in that nation. In some access of religious fury among the Christian majority, these holders of the ancient faith, accused of necromantic arts and malignant practices, were either exterminated or driven to take refuge among the still unconverted Iroquois. That the memory of this outbreak of fanaticism was not pleasing to my friend, the genial and liberal-minded chief, was shown by the exclusion of all reference to it from his version of the legend, except such as may be gathered from the significant remarks with which he prefaced his narrative. The story, as thus explained, may serve as a picture of the mental condition of the Indians, and doubtless of all other savage converts, in their transition from heathenism to Christianity.

Horatio Hale.

¹ A translation of this remarkable hymn, as I obtained it afterwards from the leader of the ceremony, with the aid of the official interpreter of the Six Nations (Chief George Johnson, "*Onwanonsyshon*"), and a full description of the ceremony, will be found in the *American Antiquarian* for January, 1885. The Seneca form of the chant is given in L. H. Morgan's *League of the Iroquois*, page 219, with many interesting particulars relating to the rite.

THE STORY OF THE BEAR AND HIS INDIAN WIFE.

A LEGEND OF THE HAIDAS OF QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S ISLAND, B. C.

LOOKING over my papers a few evenings ago I found the following tale, bearing date of May, 1873, the time when it was recorded. My informant was a very intelligent Haida, by the name of Yak Quahu, whose memory was stored with legends like the following, which he used to repeat of an evening, seated by the camp-fire : —

Not long ago, as our old people tell us, the bears were a race of beings less perfect than our fathers were ; they used to talk, walk upright, and use their paws like hands. When they wanted wives, they were accustomed to steal the daughters of our people.

You ask me to tell you something of bygone days. I will tell you a tale, as I have heard it told round the evening fires by the old people.

Quiss-an-kweedass and Kind-a-wuss were a youth and maiden in my native village, she the daughter of one of our chiefs, he the son of one of the common people. Both being about the same age, and having been playmates from youth, their fondness for each other was such that it was frequently said of them, "If you want Kind-a-wuss look for Quiss-an-kweedass ;" and this youthful fondness in later years ripened into a love so strong that they seemed to live for each other. While they thus loved each other, they knew that by the social laws of the Haidas they could never live as husband and wife, both being of one crest, the Raven. A man who is of the Raven crest is at liberty to take himself a wife from any other except the one to which he himself belongs. By the social laws of the Haidas a mother gives her name and crest to her children, whether Raven, Eagle, Frog, Beaver, or Bear, as the case may be.

While they thus continued to love each other, time passed unnoticed by. Life to them seemed a pleasing dream, from which they were rudely awakened by their respective parents reminding them that the time had come for each to choose a partner in life, from among the youths and maidens of the Haidas, such as would be in unison with their social laws. Seeing that these admonitions passed unheeded, their parents resolved to separate them. In order to effect their purpose the lovers were confined in the homes of their parents, but with them, as with more civilized people, "Love laughs at bolts and bars." They contrived to meet outside of the village, and made their escape to the woods, resolved to live on the meanest fare in the mountain forests, rather than return to be separated.

In a lonely glen by a mountain streamlet, under a shady spruce,

they built a rude hut, to which at nightfall they always managed to return, no matter in what direction they went in search of food. While wandering about they were careful lest they should meet any of their relations who might be in search of them.

Thus they lived until the lengthening nights and stormy days reminded them of approaching winter, with its cutting winds and deep snows. Then it was that Quiss-an-kweedass found it necessary to revisit his home, and resolved to make the journey alone, Kind-a-wuss preferring to remain, rather than face her angry relations. Having to stay in the solitude of the forest, she urged him to promise to return before nightfall of the fourth day, a request to which he readily assented. Early next morning he made ready to go. While he was making preparations, Kind-a-wuss thought she would accompany him part of the way, in order to shorten the length of his absence. As they walked along together they discussed the probability of his receiving a welcome, until she thought it advisable to return to the hut, which she did, little thinking what would happen to each before they should meet again. Leaving Kind-a-wuss to find her way back to her mountain home, let us follow Quiss-an-kweedass on his way to his father's house. Leaving her he loved so well, he felt ill at ease for her safety.

When he reached home his parents kindly welcomed him, made inquiries as to Kind-a-wuss, and her whereabouts since they had departed; and he told them all. When they heard how they lived, and that she had become his wife, their wrath waxed hot. They told him he should never go back, for they would keep him until she also should return, as they would make him their prisoner, which they did. How and where they kept him, tradition, as far as I am aware, does not tell.

When he could not get away he felt ill at ease with regard to her he left behind. He urged his people to let him go and save her life, for she would never return alone. They listened to his appeal, yet thought differently, and still detained him. Seeing this he grew determined to effect his escape, which he did, after being confined a considerable time. As soon as he was at liberty he made all haste to reach his mountain home, hoping to meet Kind-a-wuss, yet fearing something might be wrong.

When he arrived at the place where he had parted from her, he found by the footprints on the soft earth that she had started to return. Drawing near the hut he listened, but he heard no sound, and saw no traces of any one having been there lately. When he went inside he was surprised and horror-stricken to find that she had not been in the place from the time of their departure. Where was she? Had she lost her way while returning? Hoping to find some clue

to her whereabouts he searched the hut, looked up and down the stream, through the timber up to the mountains, calling her by name as he went along, — “Kind-a-wuss, Kind-a-wuss, where art thou? Kind-a-wuss, come to me; I am thy own Quiss-an-kweedass. Do you hear me, Kind-a-wuss?” To these appeals the mountain echoes answered, Kind-a-wuss.

After ineffectually searching the country for a number of days, sorrowful and angry, he turned his footsteps homeward, grieving for the dear one whom he had lost, and angry with his parents, whom he blamed for his misfortune. Reaching home, he called the attention of the villagers to his trouble, and claimed their assistance, to which appeal a large number responded, among whom were the two fathers, one anxious for his daughter’s safety, the other disturbed because he had detained his son.

Early on the morning of the third day after Quiss-an-kweedass arrived, this party, with himself at the head, set out for a final search, determined to find her dead or alive. After a search extending over ten days, during which time nothing was found except a place where traces of a struggle were visible.

As weeks gave place to months, and months to years, Kind-a-wuss seemed to have been forgotten, her name was seldom mentioned, or only as the girl who was lost and never found. Yet there was one who never for a moment forgot her, — her lover, who believed her still alive, and did all in his power to seek her. Having been so often foiled, he thought he would visit a medicine man, or *skaga* (*skak-gilda*, long-haired), who was clairvoyant, in order to see whether by means of his gift this man could reveal anything. On this idea he acted.

When he came to the *skaga*, Quiss-an-kweedass was asked if he had with him anything which she had worn. On leaving the hut he had brought with him a part of her clothing, which he gave the *skaga*, who, upon taking it into his hand, thus began: “I see a young woman lying on the ground, she seems to be asleep. It is Kind-a-wuss. There is something among the bushes, coming toward her. It is a large bear. He takes hold of her, she tries to get away, but cannot. He takes her away with him. They go a long way off. I see a lake. They reach the lake, and stop at a large cedar tree. She lives in the tree with the bear. She has been there a long time. I see two children, boys. She had them by the bear. If you go to the lake and find the tree, you will discover them all there.” This was cheerful news for Quiss-an-kweedass, who lost no time in getting together a second party. This party was led by the *skaga*, who by means of his gift soon found the lake, and also the tree. There they halted, in order to consider what was best to be done in case of anything

happening. It was agreed that Quiss-an-kweedass should call her by name before venturing up a sort of step-ladder which leaned against the tree. After calling her several times she at length looked out, and said, "*Keesis tout ah ejin*, where do you come from? and who are you?" "I am Quiss-an-kweedass," said he; "I have sought long years for you; now that I have found you I mean to take you home with me. Will you go?" "I cannot go with you yet, because my husband, the chief of the bears, is not at home; I cannot go until he returns." After a little familiar conversation she consented to come down among them.

After they had her in their power they carried her off with them, making all haste homewards.

When they reached their home her parents were glad to have their lost child again, safe and sound, and Quiss-an-kweedass to recover his loved one. Although at home, and kindly welcomed, she felt ill at ease, on account of her two sons, and wished to return for them. This her friends would not allow, but offered to go and bring them. To this she replied, that their father would not allow them to go away, "but," said she, "there is a way by which you may get them;" that is, the bear had made for her a song, which he used to sing; if they would learn it and go to the tree and sing it, he, the bear chief, would give them all they wished.

After learning the song a party went to the tree, and began to sing it. As soon as the bear heard the song he came down, thinking Kind-a-wuss had returned. When he saw that she was not there he felt bad, and at first refused to let the children go, but afterward consented when they threatened to take them by force. I shall here leave the party on their way back with the two boys, and give the story told by Kind-a-wuss, respecting the manner in which she fell into the power of the bear. After she turned back toward the hut she had not gone far before she felt tired and sick at heart for her lover; in order to rest a little she lay down in a dry, shady place, where she fell asleep. While in this state the bear came along and found her.

When she found herself in the bear's clutches she tried hard to get away, but found her efforts useless, as she was completely in his power. So he took her an unwilling captive to his home, which was near a large lake. As the entrance to his house was rather high above the ground he had a sort of step-ladder made, whereby he could get easily up and down, and sent some of his tribe to gather soft moss wherewith to make her a bed.

When she thought of her lover and her relations she used to wonder why no one came to seek for her; and when the bear saw her down-hearted he would tell her to cheer up, and do all in his power to make her happy.

As time passed on into years, and none of her relations nor her lover came near her, she began to feel more at home with the bear ; and by the time the search party arrived she had given up all hope of ever being found. The bear did all he could to make her comfortable, in order to please her ; he used to sit and sing, and for that purpose had composed a song, which to this day is known among the children of the Haidas by the name of the Song of the Bears. I have heard it sung many a time and should be glad if I could write it down ; but unfortunately my ability to write music is deficient. I am sorry that it is so, because there is a host of ancient songs and tunes among the people which I would like to preserve, but cannot on that account.

With regard to the words of the bear's song, I have long tried to get them from this people, but was unable to succeed until 1888, when I obtained them from an old acquaintance. Whether he gave them correctly or not I cannot say, but shall give them as I got them from him. They are as follows : —

“ I have taken a fair maid from her Haida friends as my wife. I hope her relatives won't come and take her away from me. I will be kind to her. I will give her berries from the hill and roots from the ground. I will do all I can to please her. For her I made this song, and for her I sing it.”

This is the song of the bear, and whoever can sing it has their lasting friendship. On this account large numbers learned it from Kind-a-wuss, who never went again to live with the bear. Out of consideration for her, as well as the many troubles of the lovers, they were allowed to live as man and wife, and dwelt happily together for many years in her native village.

As for the two sons, whom I shall call Soo-gaot and Cun-what, as they grew up they showed different dispositions, Soo-gaot keeping by his mother's people, while the other, following his father, lived and died amid the bears. Soo-gaot, marrying a girl belonging to his parental tribe, reared a family, from whom many of his people claim to be descended. The direct descendant of Soo-gaot is a pretty girl, the offspring of a Haida mother and Kanaku father, who inherits all the family belongings, the savings of many generations. The small brook which flowed by their mountain home grew to be a large stream, up which every season large quantities of salmon run. That stream is in the family to this day, and out of it they catch their supply of food. This is the story of the chief of the bears as told to me by Yak Quahu in 1873. I have heard it a number of times since, and at each time of telling a great deal of the original is lost or forgotten, showing that after a few more years many of these old legends will have passed away. In giving names I have employed the names

of Haidas known to me, being unable to get the original ones. Quiss-an-kweedass means one who measures the ground, Kind-a-wuss a half-caste. The girl of half Kanaku descent is now, in 1889, a full-grown woman, the mother of two nice boys. The bear seems to be a Haida tribe or clan rather than an animal. Until lately there was the Bear tribe, the Skannah tribe, the Kinguestan or Frog tribe, and the Tsing or Beaver tribe, known as the Bears, Skannahs, or Kinguestans, as the case might be. All had their chiefs, and a tomb in which they were buried. For instance, the Frogs had their tomb after the following fashion: A house about twenty feet square was built, in which was placed a wooden image of a frog, around which in boxes were laid members of the Frog tribe as they died. These houses were called in Haida language *Sathlinum Nak Kinguestan*, House of the Frogs, and so on with all the rest. *Sathlinum*, or *Sathling-un Nak*, means dead-house. In this legend there is a remarkable resemblance to the old story of Valentine and Orson.

James Deans.

OAK VALE, B. C.

ONONDAGA TALES.¹

II.

O-KWEN-CHA, OR RED PAINT.

ALBERT CUSICK, or Sa-go-na-qua-der, began writing out this story, but finding it slow work he dictated the rest to me, and I took it down with care. He remarked the three trials in several instances, which are so frequent a feature of European tales. Other coincidences will be noted, as the three animals which aid in the last adventure, but other things are purely Indian.

There was once, a long time ago, a little boy named O-kwen-cha, or Red Paint, who lived with his old grandmother in an old *ka-no-sah hon-we*,² or wigwam, which had no windows, and but one doorway. The door was made out of the skins of wild animals, such as deer, bears, wolves, and foxes. The old skin door was so old that nearly all the fur had disappeared, and the smoke-stack was so large that a little way off the old wigwam seemed to have no roof. This smoke-stack was its window and chimney. But the old *ka-no-sah hon-we* had a roof of bark, covered with moss. The bark was so old that a young maple was growing on the roof, and the moss so thick that the bark could not be seen from the outside. The inside of the old wigwam had no floor, and the fireplace was in the centre, on the bare ground. On one side of its walls were hung dried venison and bears' meat. On another were war-clubs, bows and arrows, feather heads, and buckskin leggings, moccasins, and buckskin coats. These had not been used for many moons. There was also a *ga-na-cho-we*, or Indian drum, and many other things used in hunting, dancing, and war were hung on these old bark walls.

O-kwen-cha's grandmother did all the work, brought all the wood, and killed the game. Many a time she returned with a deer or a bear on her back, and sometimes brought a string of fish, so that they always had plenty to eat. O-kwen-cha's grandmother went away every day, but one thing she always told him when about to leave, he must not touch the Indian drum that hung upon the wall.

O-kwen-cha, or Red Paint, was a very small boy, about knee-high, and his clothes were made out of the skins of different wild animals. The coat which he wore was a fox-skin, and his leggings the skin of a white weasel. His belt was a rattlesnake's skin, and his feather

¹ See *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. i. p. 44.

² An Onondaga term for the *original*, or bark house, as distinguished from modern buildings.

head-dress was made of the feathers of a partridge. In his belt were stuck a war-club, a stone tomahawk, and a bone scalping-knife. On his back hung his arrow-pouch, full of arrows, which his uncles had made for him many moons ago. His bow was made from the rib of a *Ka-ya-kwa-ha*, or Mammoth Bear. All his face was painted with streaks of red, that could not be washed off. This was why he was called O-kwen-cha, or Red Paint.

So you can imagine how O-kwen-cha looked, with his wild Indian dress. He was never allowed to go out of this *ka-no-sah hon-we*, or wigwam, so he amused himself, day by day, shooting at the flies and fleas, and sometimes at his grandmother's old moccasins.

In this wigwam were four beds that no one had slept in for many moons. O-kwen-cha had his mind full of these things, and sometimes would sit and think what the beds were for, and why he was so often told not to touch the Indian drum, and why he was not allowed to go hunting with his grandmother, and be out of doors. While in these deep thoughts he would get up and give a little war-whoop, and then say to himself that he was a young man, and as good a runner as any warrior; that he could hunt, as he had killed many flies and bugs. This made him bold, and sometimes he would say, "I could kill a bear like this." Then he would take an arrow from his pouch and shoot at the dry bear's meat on the wall. Then he would pull the arrow out of the meat, and look at the point for fresh blood.

One day, getting tired with his games, he thought he would amuse himself with something new. Thinking what it should be, he set his mind on the *ga-na-cho-we*, or Indian drum. So he got upon the bed, and reached the drum. As soon as he got down he said to himself, "This is the way I think my uncles used to do." Then he began to drum and to chant his war-song, "*Ha-wa-sa-say! Ha-wa-sa-say!*" etc. Then came his uncles from under the four beds, dancing the war-dance. When O-kwen-cha's uncles danced, the dancing was heard throughout the world. His grandmother was at the end of the world when he danced with his uncles, and she heard the beating of the drum and the dancing, as plainly as if she had been in her own wigwam. So she ran home at once, and whenever O-kwen-cha's grandmother ran, her steps were heard throughout the world. So the world and its people and the bad men with magic powers heard the beating of the *ga-na-cho-we*, or Indian drum, and the dancing, and the running of the old woman. Then the people of the world said, "He, Ha!" (*i. e.*, Ho, ho!) "So Cho-noo-kwa-a-nah (*i. e.*, Un-combed Coarse Hair) is in trouble again. We will soon know which of the men with magic powers will try to take her life, or her children's life, if she has any more left."

While he was beating his drum, O-kwen-cha heard his grandmother running for her wigwam. He got right down and put the drum in its place ; but he was real sorry to do this, for he had lost the fun he had had with his uncles. When the drum was hung up they were no more to be seen. He looked under the four beds whence he saw his uncles come, but they were not to be found there. So he went back and put more wood on the fire, listening for his grandmother's footsteps. At last she came, with the sweat on her face, and all out of breath. "Oh, my grandchild," she said, "what have you been doing? Oh, you have caused my death! You have killed me! What have you been doing?"

O-kwen-cha replied, "Oh, nothing ; only I have been making your old moccasins dance. Oh, it was real fun to see your moccasins dance!" But Cho-noo-kwa-a-nah, his grandmother, said, "But whose foot-tracks are these on the dust?" "Oh, those are your moccasin tracks," he said ; "just see what I can do." So he went to a corner and got his grandmother's old moccasins, putting them in a row, and then taking his bow and arrows. He then began to beat on the string of his bow, and sung his war-song, "Ha-wa-sa-say! Ha-wa-sa-say!" and the old moccasins danced till the wigwam was full of dust. "Oh!" said his grandmother, "O-kwen-cha is quite a witch!"

She went off the next day, and he had the dance of his uncles again. Again the world heard the drum and dancing, and the running of Cho-noo-kwa-a-nah. When his grandmother came he repeated the moccasin dance. On the third day he made his uncles dance again, and the world heard the drum and dancing, and the running of Uncombed Coarse Hair.

This time Coarse Hair had not been very far, so she caught O-kwen-cha with his Indian drum still in his hands when she came into the wigwam. She had hardly said a word when a very tall man appeared. He was so tall that he could not walk into the wigwam where Red Paint and his grandmother lived, but when he came in he had to crawl on his hands and knees, and he stooped down while he talked. This was what he said : "Three days from to-day you are to appear at my place, and be ready for a grand wrestling match. We are to bet for our heads. If I throw you three times I will cut your head off ; and if you throw me three times you may cut my head off, and save your life." This tall man's name was Sus-ten-ha-nah, or "He Large Stone," for he lived on a very large, flat stone. He lived on human flesh, and never was beat in wrestling. He cut off the heads of all whom he threw, and ate their flesh.

As soon as Sus-ten-ha-nah left Coarse Hair's house she made ready for her journey to the large, flat stone. It was three days' journey to this. As she left her wigwam she said to O-kwen-cha, "You must

stay here and not go out of doors, for you have plenty to eat and plenty of wood. Only hope that I may throw and kill Sus-ten-ha-nah when we wrestle." So she went away, feeling very sorry, for she knew that her days had now come to an end.

She journeyed a day. In the evening she made a fire, ate her dried bear's meat, and stayed over night. In the morning she ate again, and took her journey. About noon, on the third day, Coarse Hair reached the place where Sus-ten-ha-nah lived. He was anxious for her coming, for he was now very hungry. He had eaten up all that came in his way, all that lived near and far, and all the game he could find. He was a great eater. He would eat a whole bear or deer at a single meal, and now he had eaten nothing for a long time.

Coarse Hair got up on the flat stone. Hardly had she done this when He Large Stone seized her by the neck, and was going to throw her on the stone. Just then he heard some one calling to him, "Here, here! that is not the way to wrestle! Here, here! give me the chance, grandmother!" Sus-ten-ha-nah stopped to see where the voice came from, and said, "Ho, ho! plenty of game to-day!" He was looking afar off, when the hallooing was repeated, "I say, grandmother, give me the chance!" Coarse Hair was also looking around to see whence the voice came, when O-kwen-cha appeared, coming through the stone, and saying, "Give me the chance! give me the chance to wrestle!"

Red Paint, small as he was, was now very powerful in magic. "Ho, ho!" said He Large Stone, "so you want to wrestle with me, do you? What do you amount to?" said he, at the same time catching Red Paint by the legs. He tore his body in two pieces, and threw them aside. Then he went at Coarse Hair again, but up came O-kwen-cha once more, crying, "Give me the chance, grandmother!" So she let him try again.

He threw He Large Stone three times, and then Sus-ten-ha-nah said, "Now you can cut off my head." So he knelt down to give O-kwen-cha a chance to cut his head off. As soon as this was done the head flew high up in the air, and Red Paint and his grandmother wondered when it went up so high. The body remained kneeling. While they looked the head came down again, and stuck to the body. Then O-kwen-cha took his bone scalping-knife and cut off the head again. Then the head flew up again, for three times. The third time, when the head flew up, O-kwen-cha said to his grandmother, "Let us draw the body to one side;" and they laid it on the flat stone. When the head came down it struck on the stone, and that flew into a thousand pieces, which were scattered all over the world. That is why we have stones lying about everywhere. The head also broke into a thousand pieces, which flew all over the earth, and the

brains became snails, and that is why they are found everywhere (Ge-sen-weh, *brains*, is the Onondaga name for snails also.) Thus O-kwen-cha killed Sus-ten-ha-nah.

His grandmother said, "Now we have killed our enemy we will go home." Red Paint replied, "No! we have lived below long enough. Now I have to go after my uncles." Then he told her to go home alone. When she had gone, he went to work and gathered all the bones that lay there, of those whom Sus-ten-ha-nah had killed, and put them all together in a row — all that he could find. Then he went to a big hickory tree which stood there, and called out, "Euch! Euch!" or "Take care! take care! This tree will fall over you; you had better get out of the way." He pushed hard on the tree and the big tree fell, and the bones came to life, and all began to run away. Some had short backs, and some short legs, and some had big heads on little bodies, or little heads on big bodies; while some had the heads of bears, and others of deer or wolves, for the right bones had not always come together.

When Red Paint saw how oddly they looked he made them exchange heads and bodies, and all other parts that did not match; so that the men looked like men, and the bears and deer as bears and deer should. Then the people wanted Red Paint to stay with them, and be their chief; but he said, "No. Go back to your own homes and your own people, your fathers and your mothers." He found one of his uncles in the crowd, and told him to go home to his grandmother. "Tell her," said he, "I am going to find my other three uncles." Then all the people went to their homes, and Red Paint made his journey again.

When the evening came he built a little fire, and lay down for the night. On the third day of his journey he heard an Indian drum somewhere, he could not tell where. In the evening he built a fire again, and heard the drum all the time. Then he went to sleep, but when he woke again he found himself a great way from his fire, and dancing. He was going towards the drum. He said, "He, he! the old fellow is quite a witch!" When he journeyed in the morning he went towards the drum again, and heard it all the day, but did not see it. He stopped again and made a fire.

The same thing happened again, and he found himself dancing in the morning. The sound grew louder, and the third day he came to an opening, where there was a great crowd. A big man was beating the drum very hard, as he sat by a kettle of boiling soup. The people were dancing around, very hungry, and waiting for him to give them some soup. Every little while he grabbed one of them and ate him, while Red Paint stood a little way off to see what he was doing.

Then Red Paint took his war-club and ran at the man, whose name was Kah-nah-chu-wah-ne, or "He Big Kettle." When he ran at him he hit him on the forehead with his club, but he seemed not to notice it at all. He hit him again, and the third time Kah-nah-chu-wah-ne looked up, and scratched his forehead, saying, "It seems to me the mosquitoes bite." Red Paint called out, "They do bite, and I will show you some more of that." He Big Kettle tried to catch him, but Red Paint got hold of him, and they began fighting. In the midst of this O-kwen-cha took his bone scalping-knife again and cut off his head, throwing it into the big kettle of soup. The people were very glad when they saw this, and wanted Red Paint to be their chief, but he said he could not, for he had something else to do. Then they wanted something to eat, but he said, "If you eat the soup in the kettle you will all die." So he sent them away to their own homes, their fathers and mothers, their wives and their children.

After the people had gone away, he broke in pieces the big kettle and the big drum. Also he made a big fire, and when he had cut Kah-nah-chu-wah-ne's body in pieces he threw it in the fire. When everything was destroyed, he gathered all the bones and placed them in a row on the ground, near a big pine tree. He gathered all he could find, and arranged them as well as he could, by their appearance. Then he pushed hard against the tree, and called out, "Euch! Euch! Look out! look out! this tree is going to fall on you!" Then the bones came to life and ran out of the way. But some had long arms and some short; the heads had sometimes got on the wrong bodies, and he had to exchange different parts, until all appeared as men, deer, and bears should. He found one of his uncles there and said, "You must go home to my grandmother, and tell her I am going to find my other two uncles." So he sent them all to their homes, and went on alone, going west all the time.

When he had travelled three days he heard the barking of a dog, as though it were a great way off. He went in that direction all day, without seeming to come near him. He built a fire and camped that night, but when he had travelled all the next day he had not seen the dog. On the third day he met a tall man, whose flesh was eaten on the legs from his feet to his thighs. When O-kwen-cha first saw the man he stopped and looked, and he was a great way off. Then he saw the dog running after the man and biting great pieces of flesh from his legs. The man cried out as if in great pain, every time the dog bit him.

Then Red Paint said, "I wish my dogs were here to fight this dog." So he whistled for his dogs to come. His dogs were Ok-wa-e, or Bear, and Ku-hah-sen-tea-tah, or Lion. These were his dogs, as he called them. He set them on the big dog which bit the man. Lion

and Bear pitched on the dog, killed him, and tore him in pieces. Then Red Paint said to his dogs, "Go back to your places till I call you again."

He then put spittle on the tall man's legs, and the flesh healed up, until all was right again. Then he saw that he had found his third uncle. He told him to go back to his grandmother, for there would be no dangers on the way. All dangers were now over. He said, too, "I am going to find my other uncle. Tell my grandmother I will soon be back."

Red Paint then went on. He had journeyed three days when he came to a settlement, and went at once to find one of the people who was very poor. On one side of the reservation¹ he found a little boy at play, and made friends with him. They became great friends in a little while, and the little boy asked him to go to his home and stay with him. He lived with him quite a time, and they often went out hunting with their bows and arrows. The little boy had a small bow, but O-kwen-cha's was of the rib of the Mammoth Bear. He was a good hunter and killed much game.

At last these boys became such good hunters that they came back with partridges or wild turkeys almost every day. Sometimes they had a deer or bigger game. The little boy's mother liked Red Paint very much, because he was such a good hunter, and would have been very sorry to part with him if he had wished to go home.

One day the little boy, Red Paint's friend, said to him that there was to be a great feast at the long house (council-house) that night. There would be dancing and many things to amuse the people. There would be big kettles of soup for the feast, and they would make wampum, too. O-kwen-cha said, "How is this, that the people are going to make wampum?" His friend answered, "They are going to hang up a human being's skin on a long pole. This skin the people have had for a great many moons back. When they want to make wampum they take the soup and pour it in the mouth of the skin, and as it passes through it turns into wampum and falls down."

Now this skin was the very one that O-kwen-cha was after.

He asked his little friend to go with him that night when they held their grand feast, and he replied, "I'll ask my mother and see what she says about it." But his mother said, "No; you two had better stay at home. The people will run around so that I am afraid they will run over you." But on the night when the dance was to be, O-kwen-cha had already made up his mind what to do.

Quite late in the evening, when the whole nation was gathered at the long house, he went over, and there he saw a great crowd of

¹ The Onondagas habitually use this word.

people. Then he said, "I wish Tah-hun-tike-skwa, the bat, would come here. Then I wish that Che-ten-ha, the mouse, would be here. And I wish that Tah-hoon-to-whe, the night-hawk, would be here, too." So these little creatures came, and he told them what to do. He said to Tah-hun-tike-skwa, the bat, "You may amuse the people in the long house by flying around, so that they will chase you." He told Che-ten-ha, the mouse, to climb up on the pole and gnaw off the cords which held up his uncle's skin. He told Tah-hoon-to-whe, the night-hawk, to fly to and fro between him and the mouse, to tell him how the mouse got along.

So the bat went into the council-house, and the people had great sport running around and trying to catch him. After a while Tah-hoon-to-whe came to O-kwen-cha, and said, "The cords are almost broken now." The night-hawk also went into the long house, and told the bat that the work was about done. Then the night-hawk and bat flew off and left the people, who were almost out of breath. The sweat poured from their brows, so lively a time had they had in chasing the bat. When they had cooled off, a leading man made a speech about the ceremony now to take place, but while he was speaking, O-kwen-cha went and took the skin of his uncle away. When he did this he stopped and thought, "I wish all the people would go to sleep in the long house."

He went back to the council-house and found them all asleep. Then he said, "I'll pay you for taking my uncle's skin." So he went in and cut off the leading man's head, taking it with him, and hiding his uncle's skin. He had gone but a little way when the people woke up again, and found the principal chief's head had been cut off and carried away. When they went to find the skin, that was gone too. Then there was a big stir, and some said they knew Red Paint was on the reservation and had done this, for they had seen him on one side of the village with the little boy. Then there was a greater stir, and some cried, "Where is he? Look for him! Search for him! Kill him!" Then Red Paint pretended to be looking too, and halloed from where he was in the dark, but a little way off, "Here he is! here he is!" Then they began to chase him. He ran ahead of the rest, calling on them to follow. "There he is!" said he, "there he is over yonder!" But he carried the chief's head all the time, while pretending to be one of them. They ran a long way off, and some got out of breath and went back, giving up the chase.

Then O-kwen-cha went back to the council-house too, reaching it about daybreak. "There," said he, "I have killed the man who stole the skin! I have killed the man who cut off our chief's head!" So they thought it was Red Paint's head, and when he threw it into the

crowd they kicked it around, having a game of football with it. While they did this he slipped off, and got his uncle's skin from the place where he had left it. When he had run very far off some one noticed the head, and said, "Why, this is our chief's head, and not O-kwen-cha's!" When they lifted it, so it was. Then they said, "Red Paint has cheated us again!" There was another great stir, and they shouted, "Chase him! Kill him!" They threatened to catch him and take his skin off, too. But Red Paint was very far off by this time, and when they chased him it was too late.

When he was going towards home by himself, he found it very lonesome. "Why should I not have company?" he said to himself, "while I have my uncle with me?" Then he began to breathe in the mouth of the skin, and the last of his four uncles came to life again. So they journeyed homeward together, having a pleasant time.

When he got to his grandmother's, she had fastened the old door very tight, so that no one could come in. He rapped at the door and begged and begged her to open it. He said, "Grandmother, I have got back now, with my fourth uncle;" but all the answer was a cry out of the old *ka-no-sah hon-we*. They begged and begged again, for a very long time, but all the answer they got was the cry of his old grandmother. At last they broke the door in.

When they got inside the wigwam, Red Paint found his grandmother had become a very old woman, and was bending over a little fire trying to warm herself. The dust and ashes lay on her back about an inch thick. She always cried now when any one rapped at the door, because, after Red Paint was gone, the rabbits would come and rap at the door. Sometimes the squirrels would come, and would say, "Grandmother, I have got back." This they did to fool her, making her think it was Red Paint. When she opened the door, away would run a rabbit or a squirrel. This made her cry when any one came and rapped, for she said, "It is only a rabbit, a squirrel, or a coon. You are fooling me;" for she was a very old woman.

When he saw her so old, Red Paint said, "I will make a young woman out of my grandmother yet." Then he took a little stick and stuck it in the back of her head under the loose skin, and twisted it until all the wrinkles were straightened out, and her face became smooth again. His grandmother looked up, and there was not a wrinkle on her face, and she seemed a handsome young woman. Then she turned around and saw Red Paint standing there. She knew him at once, and this made her so glad that she felt young again all over.

O-kwen-cha said, "Now we will fix up the old house." He went around and looked at it, and said, "I want it such a size," and at

once there was a nice new house, where the old *ka-no-sah hon-we* had been. Just then the other three uncles came along. They had been hunting on the way, and had not travelled fast, but they brought plenty of bear's meat, which they had dried on the hunting grounds. So O-kwen-cha restored his family, and when I came away they were all living happily.

The Onondagas commonly end their stories with "when I came away," etc.

A. Cusick thought this a genuine old Onondaga story. He had it from a great story-teller, Bill Lije, otherwise Soo-noo-weh, "a valuable house," who died some years ago.

W. M. Beauchamp.

PONKA AND OMAHA SONGS.¹

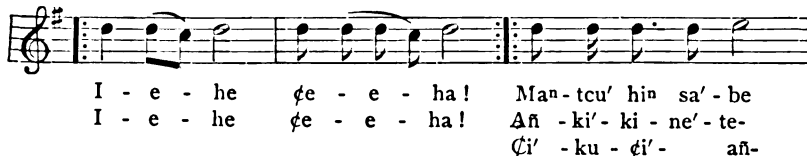
I. PONKA SONGS.

1. Song in honor of Ubi-ska's victory over the Pawnees in 1855. The original is given in singing notation, and probably differs from the spoken language : —


ORIGINAL.	TRANSLATION.
Hi'-ai-o-hi+!	Hi-ai-o-hi+!
Hi'-ai-o-hi+!	Hi-ai-o-hi+!
Hi'-ai-o-hi+!	Hi-ai-o-hi+!
Hi'-ai-o-hi+!	Hi-ai-o-hi+!
U-bi'-skă ctě he+!	Ubi-ska was he!
Pa-hañ'-ga-qtcī ke+!	He was the first one!
Cu'-gœe-ga'-ji a-he+!	He did not send him back to you!
Gañ'-xī nañ'-wa-pe+!	And they fear us!
Ce'-na-wa'-gě a-he+!	They are exterminated!

"He did not send him back to you," addressed to the Pawnees at home, refers to a Pawnee slain by Ubi-ska.

2. Song of defiance, addressed to a Dakota : —



I - e - he çe - e - ha! Mañ - tcu' hin sa' - be
 I - e - he çe - e - ha! Añ - ki' - ki - ne' - te-
 çī' - ku - çī' - añ-



hi' - a - he! I' - ki - cta' - ji Hi - a - ha+!
 a' - wa - gañi! I' - ki - cta' - ji
 ki - ça - ga

Translation. — Black-haired grizzly bear! We must fight together! Hasten on my account! He is not ashamed of himself! He is not ashamed of himself (though he fears to meet me)! Iehe-geeha, Hiahe, and Hiaha cannot be translated.

3. Part of a song of ridicule : —



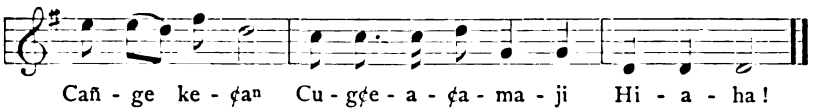
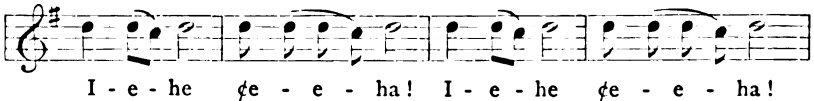
Ka' - ge, năñ' - de çī - çīñ - ge!

¹ See *Journal of American Folk-Lore*, vol. i. pp. 65, 209.



Translation. — Friend, you have no heart (principle?)! Friend, why do you weep?

4. Song of triumph, sung by a mother to her infant: —



This refers to a horse that had been killed by a Ponka in a fight with the Dakotas. Its bones lay on the bluff till they crumbled to dust. So the woman sang, "The horse which lay (there) long ago, I did not cause it to go back to you (Dakotas)!"

II. OMAHA SONG.

Taken from the myth of the Raccoons and the Crawfish. The elder Raccoon is supposed to sing, and to be answered after each verse by the younger brother.¹

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Ka'-ge mi'-xa ha',
Ha'-zi a ^{n'} -gat añ-ga'-çe te ha',
Ka'-ge mi'-xa ha'! | O younger brother Raccoon!
Let us two go to eat grapes,
O younger brother Raccoon! |
| 2. Ka'-ge mi'-xa ha'!
Na ^{n'} -pa a ^{n'} -gat añ-ga'-çe te ha',
Ka'-ge mi'-xa ha'! | O younger brother Raccoon!
Let us go to eat choke-cherries,
O younger brother Raccoon! |
| 3. Ka'-ge mi'-xa ha'!
Xa ^{n'} -de a ^{n'} -gat añ-ga'-çe te ha',
Ka'-ge mi'-xa ha'! | O younger brother Raccoon!
Let us go to eat plums,
O younger brother Raccoon! |
| 4. Ka'-ge mi'-xa ha'!
Ma ^{n'} -cka a ^{n'} -gat añ-ga'-çe te ha',
Ka'-ge mi'-xa ha'! | O younger brother Raccoon!
Let us go to eat crawfish,
O younger brother Raccoon! |

¹ The author has the Kansa and Osage versions of this song.

III. SONGS USED IN DANCES OF FOREIGN ORIGIN.

1. A song of the Haⁿ-he wa-tci, obtained from Fred Merrick:—

Ha_n' - he mi' - çi go+ Ha_n'-he mi' - çe Ha_n'-he mi' - çi go+

Han' - he mi' - çi Han' - he mi' - çi - hi go+

D.S.

This song cannot be translated. Though “haⁿhe” is *night*, and “watci,” a *dance*, in the Iowa and Oto language, “Haⁿhe watci” does not mean “Night Dance.”

2. Fragment of a song of the Mandan Dancing Society. Furnished by Fred Merrick. It begins thus: “Hi-ø+ -ho i-ha', Hi-ø+ -ho i-øau'.” It ends with “Hyu'-ho-ho.” These words, as are all the others from foreign songs, are expressed in Omaha notation.

3. Four songs of the Wichita Dancing Society. Obtained from Fred Merrick, and expressed in Omaha notation.

(a) This refers to making medicine for horses. The style of the tune may be inferred from the music of the first line:—

He - çe - çe - çe! çi - wa - a - ka - ça!

He'-çe-çe'-çe çi'-wa-a-ka'-ça!
 Çi'-wa-a-ka'-ça!
 He'-wa-ça-wa'-wa çi'-wa-a-ka'-ça!
 He'-wa-ça-wa'-wa çi'-wa-a-ka'-ça!
 Çi'-wa-a-ka'-ça, çi'-wa-a-ka'-ça!
 He'-wa-ça-wa'-wa çi'-wa-a-ka'-ça!

(b) Meaning of song unknown. The final “Hi! hi!” is spoken with emphasis.

Hi-gi'-hi-wa'!

Hi-gi'-hi-wa'!	Hi-gi'-hi-wa'!
Hi-gi'-hi-wa'!	Hi-gi'-hi-wa'!
Hi-gi'-wa-ça'!	Hi-gi'-wa-ça'!
Hi-gi'-hi-wa'!	Hi-gi'-hi-wa'!
	Hi! hi!

(c) The last line in this song is a call to fill the pipes : —

He'-haⁿ-wi' cu-cta'-ka-wi' !

He'-haⁿ-wi' cu-cta'-ka-wi' !

Ka'-ti-daic' cu-cta'-ka-wi' !

(d) Song referring to making medicine for horses.

Ha'-we ga-ti'-ke go'-wa !

Ha'-we ga-ti'-ke go-go'-wa-hi !

Ha'-we ga-ti'-ke go'-wa !

Ha'-we ga-ti'-ke go'-wa !

IV. SONGS OF THE HE-KA-NA DANCE.

(a) Meaning unknown. Obtained from Fred Merrick.



Ka' - yu - wa' - ne, ka' - yu - wa' - ne, Ka' - yu - wa' - ne,

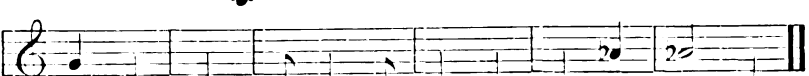
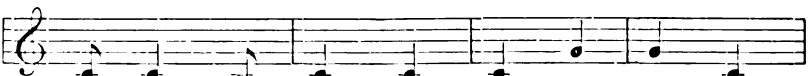


ka' - yu - wa' - ne, *ŋe'* - he - ka' - yu - hu' - wa - ne !

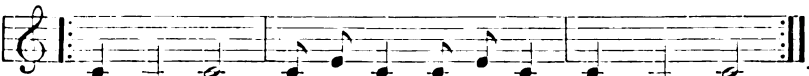


Ka' - yu - wa' - ne *ŋe'* - he - ka' - yu - hu' - wa - ne + !

(b) Tune obtained from Francis La Flesche.



(c) Song obtained from Fred Merrick. The word was probably intended for the Iowa and Oto, "waci-re," *dance thou* !



Wa' - ci - ge', wa - ci' - ge, wa - ci' - ge, wa' - ci - ge'.

(d) Song furnished by the same.

He gi'-ta wi'-hi' gi'-ta a-wa'-ha
 Hi'-nañ-ke gi'-ta a-ğa'-ha,
 Gi'-ta a-ğa'-ha.
 Hi'-nañ-ke gi'-ta a-wa'-ha,
 Hi'-nañ-ke gi'-ta a-wa'-ha,
 Gi'-ta a-wa'-ha !
 Hi'-nañ-ke gi'-ta a-wa'-ha !

Gi'-ta a-ğa'-ha.
 Gi'-ta wi'-hi', gi'-ta a-wa'-ha !
 Gi'-ta wi'-hi', gi'-ta a-wa'-ha !
 Hi'-nañ-ke gi'-ta a-ğa'-ha !
 Hi'-nañ-ke gi'-ta a-wa'-ha !
 Hi'-nañ-ke wi'-ta a-ğa'-ha !

(e) Song furnished by the same. The tune begins thus :—



Ha'-i-ya-hi' hyu'-a-do hi-i'-i-ha' !
 Hwi'-i-hi' hyu'-a-do hi-i'-i-ha' !
 Hi'-i-hi hyu'-a-do hi-i'-i-ha' !

Hyu'-do, hyu'-a-do hi-i'-i-ha' !
 Hwi'-i-hi' hyu'-a-do hi-i'-i-ha' !
 Hwi'-i-hi' hyu'-a-do hi-i'-i-ha' !
 Ha'-i-ya-hi' hyu'-a-do hi-i'-i-ha' !
 Hwi'-i-hi' hyu'-a-do hi-i'-i-ha' !

(f) Ditto.

Hi'-nañ-ke' maⁿ-giⁿ do' (sung four times) !
 Hai'-a-ge' a-hau' (sung twice) !
 Hi'-nañ-ke' maⁿ-giⁿ do' !
 Hi'-nañ-ke' maⁿ-giⁿ do' !
 Hai'-a-ge' a-hau' !
 Hai'-a-ge, hai'-a-ge !
 Hi'-nañ-ke' maⁿ-giⁿ do' (four times) !
 Hai'-a-ge' a-hau' !

“Hinañke maⁿ-giⁿ do” means *The woman walks* ; hai-a-ge ahau, *hurry* ; and He-ka-ne maⁿ-giⁿ do, *they dance*, according to the informant. The second verse is formed by substituting “Hekane maⁿ-giⁿ do” for “Hinañke maⁿ-giⁿ do,” wherever the latter appears in the first verse.

5. Tukala's song, as obtained from Francis La Flesche. The words of this song, which were in Oto, were not gained :—





F. Owen Dorsey.

4
ADDITIONAL NOTES ON ONONDAGA WITCHCRAFT
AND HOⁿ-DO'-I. 7

AT Onondaga there are persons who pretend to identify and distinguish ailments of which witchcraft is the cause; to determine who is the witch implicated, and even, when consulted in time, to effect a cure. In the absence of a better word these may, for the sake of convenience, be called witch-doctors. I have in mind an old man in particular, living in a small cabin well up the hillside, who is considered very skillful. Once when a young girl died he advised the mother to search carefully near the house, and, if she found any scraps of cloth, to keep them and watch for a woman wearing a dress which matched the pieces. Should such a woman be discovered, she would, without doubt, be the person who had bewitched the child. Soon after a piece of cloth was found which corresponded with a dress worn by a Seneca woman living among the Onondagas, who, though protesting her innocence, is still regarded with distrust by the mother and friends of the dead girl.

As to the cure of persons bewitched, there are several courses adopted by these witch-doctors or conjurors. A general belief seems to be that the victim is killed by the presence of a foreign substance which has, so to speak, been shot or otherwise introduced into the body, in some mysterious way. One man spoke of actually putting the object into a gun (presumably a magic gun of some sort, and noiseless) and shooting it into the person whom it was intended to kill. Accounts differ on this point, but the cure is usually wrought by removing the fatal missile or charm. This is done by deceiving the spectators through the employment of trickery. At times the afflicted part is bandaged, especially if it be one of the limbs, when on the following day, upon the removal of the cloths by the witch-doctor, "a few gray and black hairs," "a bit of shawl fringe," or a "small coal of wood neatly sharpened at both ends," any or all of these, or similar objects, are found to have been drawn out by the bandages.

Another method, which partakes more of the nature of a surgical operation, is the following: A woman who was suffering severe pain in her side called in the old man already referred to, and asked his advice. He examined her side, and, having ascertained the woman was a victim of witchcraft, told her that he could cure her, but the operation being an exceedingly difficult one, he would have to bring a stronger man to assist him, and a pint of whiskey must be provided for their use to keep up their strength. An incision was made at the point where the pain was most intense, and the large end of

a horn applied to it. Then through a hole in the smaller end of the horn the men sucked violently for a long time, drawing much blood and perspiring profusely with fatigue, relieving one another from time to time, and occasionally taking a drink of whiskey. Finally, a stony object of a whitish color, and soon after a small bunch of yarn, were sucked through. The doctor carried these away with him, and the woman recovered. The old man was probably cunning enough to foresee the beneficial effect of this barbaric cupping process, while it is quite possible that the imagination may have contributed to produce a favorable result.

In my article, "Witchcraft and Demonism of the Modern Iroquois," in No. III. of this Journal, the use of the words "devil" and "devil-dances" (which occur repeatedly) is misleading. *Hat-do'-i*, plural *Hoⁿ-do'-i*, having no exact equivalent in English, is untranslatable; while the Indians, with scarcely an exception, being unable to make nice distinctions in their choice of English words, can give no accurate idea of its true meaning. The word "devil" should have been omitted, as the *Hoⁿ-do'-i* are careful to avoid anything in their costume which might suggest the conventional devil, or Satan. This is probably to afford no ground for the accusation of "devil-worship." As an illustration of this: a young man once made his appearance among the other *Hoⁿ-do'-i* with horns attached to his head, and a tail, so arranged with strings that it could be lashed from side to side. On going into the council-house, he was told by one of the chiefs to leave immediately, and not to return unless he changed his disguise. Nevertheless, the Onondagas, in speaking English, occasionally say "devil" and "false-face" (the latter more frequently) to signify *Hat-do'-i*, though they know that neither is correct. Morgan employed "False-face (*Gā-go-sā*)" in this sense, though *ga-guⁿ'-sa* (meaning "face" or "mask") is simply the mask used by the *Hat-do'-i*.¹

There is a legend which runs as follows: A long time ago *Hat-do'-i* and *Taiⁿ-hi-a-waq'-gi* (Holder of the Heavens) stood near a wooded hill, boasting of their power as conjurors. *Taiⁿ-hi-a-waq'-gi* pointed to a tree and said, "That tree standing there, I can kill it so that all its leaves will wither." Whereupon he tried to do so, but only succeeded in blighting about half its branches. Then *Hat-do'-i* said, "If that is all you can do, I am stronger than you. I can kill many trees, and make yonder hill move towards me." *Taiⁿ-hi-a-waq'-gi* answered, "If what you say is true, then you are stronger than I." So *Hat-do'-i* crawled about on the ground, sang, danced, and shook his rattle (as the *Hoⁿ-do'-i* do in the dances), and the hill moved toward him until it came very close. Then he asked *Taiⁿ-hi-a-waq'-gi*

¹ Fifth Annual Report of the Regents of the University, Albany, 1852, and reprinted in the Third Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology, 1881-82.

what use he intended making of his mysterious power. The latter replied that he would use it for the benefit of mankind, and that he would try to save them from illness and misfortune. Hat-do'-i said that he, too, would drive away disease and witches, but only on condition that people should show him proper regard and do as he wished. Whenever a man had nose-bleed or hemorrhage (any "red" disease), he would take it away if the man would give him Indian tobacco (o-yěnk'-wa oⁿ-we), and make a feast for him consisting of white corn-meal in the form of mush or pudding (o-djis'-kwa) with a gravy of deer tallow or bear's grease. At the present day, these latter being scarce, pork usually takes their place.

When a young man wishes to become a member of the Hoⁿ-do'-i band or society, he must have nose-bleed, red or swollen face, distortion or lameness of the limbs, or some other ailment, and must make a feast.¹

The Hoⁿ-do'-i pick him up bodily, set him on the floor in front of the fire, and rub ashes on his head. Then they lift him up and dance with him, and finally he is given, like the others, o-djis'-kwa (white corn-meal pudding), and also Indian tobacco, some of which is put in the fire and the rest saved by him. Since the publication of the first paper I have learned that the small masks or maskoids were, and perhaps still are, sent to the candidates when they are received into the society, as a sort of notification of their election to membership.

Should a young man enter the band without having prepared the usual feast, he exposes himself to the anger of the Hoⁿ-do'-i. An incident of this sort happened some years ago, when the council-house was provided with a large fire-place. On the youth's first entrance to the building in the character of Hat-do'-i he was thrown into a sort of frenzy (supposed to have been caused by the Hoⁿ-do'-i), and dashed into the fire in search of tobacco, rolling the logs out upon the floor and scattering the coals in all directions with his bare hands. He was told that he should be given tobacco if he would leave the fire, upon which he immediately came out, replaced the logs, and though he had been enveloped in flames he was not in the least burned. It is customary for the leader of the Hoⁿ-do'-i thus to rush towards the fire, when he first enters the building, with the avowed intention of scattering the embers to find the tobacco which is usually burned, but the chief whose duty it is to receive the band goes through the form of struggling with him, and finally hurling him back, at the same time quieting him with the promise of tobacco.

¹ According to L. H. Morgan, admission to the band "depended entirely upon the omen of a dream." See Fifth Annual Report of the Regents of the University, Albany, 1852; also, Third Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology, 1881-82.

One evening last winter I was invited to attend a dance of the Hoⁿ-do'-i at a private house, where a young woman of the family was affected with headache, and inflammation of the upper lip and other parts of the face, probably erysipelas. In most respects the ceremony resembled the annual dances at the council-house, already described. But in this case the dancers (there were four of them) came to the house unmasked, and disguised themselves afterwards outside. The man appointed to take charge of the ceremonies first burnt some Indian tobacco in the fire, throwing it in gradually in small pinches. When about half of it had been burned, the rest was placed at the back of the stove, and, after the ceremony, was distributed and burned by the Hoⁿ-do'-i. The pails which had been brought by the dancers or their friends were then placed in the middle of the floor, and when a ladleful of o-djis'-kwa had been put in each they were set back out of the way, and a chair was drawn in front of the stove and occupied by the sick woman. The fire having been allowed to burn low, the Hoⁿ-do'-i now entered, crawling, the leader, dipping his hands in the ashes and having beckoned to his followers to do the same, amid much grunting and uncouth pantomime, proceeded to rub his dusty hands on the woman's head, in which he was imitated by all the others, including the unmasked men and women present, the latter, however, without any grunting or other demonstration. Then a song was started; time was beaten on the floor with a stick, and the masked and unmasked men both danced for about a minute. Then the Hoⁿ-do'-i went out, and a slice of fried pork with a spoonful of grease was added to each one's portion, when they were again summoned, and having danced as before retired. The next addition to the contents of the pails was a piece of bread, which completed the gift of food. The medicine men came in for the last time, and having repeated their previous performances, lifted the woman and chair from the floor, danced with her, turning her once around and setting her down. The ceremony was now at an end, and each took his pail and went away.

The curious depressions or sink-holes near Jamesville, N. Y., known as the Green Lakes, have long been associated, in the minds of the Indians, with the Hoⁿ-do'-i, who are supposed to frequent them, and are said to have been seen to enter the solid walls of rock, and thus disappear from sight.

When masks are not in use they are laid away, out of sight, face downward. Leaving them with the face up, like a corpse, thus intimating that they are dead, would displease the Hoⁿ-do'-i, while if hung up with the face out they will be noisy at night and cause trouble.

I neglected to state, in the previous article, that the keeper of the

door in the dance of January 26th (see page 193) always wears a mask of woven corn-husks, circular in form like a husk door-mat, with oblique, oblong eye-holes.

The turtle-shell rattles are nearly all made from the female snapping-turtle (*Emys serpentina*), as they are larger than the males and are more frequently caught, especially in the spring, when they leave the deep water of the muddy streams and resort to the shallow and marshy borders to lay their eggs ; while the males, though sometimes seen in such places, being more wary and quicker in their movements, usually escape. There are, at Onondaga, one or two rattles of enormous size, and so heavy that only the strongest man is able to use one throughout the duration of an ordinary dance, though they are shaken with both hands.

De Cost Smith.

A

ONONDAGA SUPERSTITIONS.

HUNTING.

THE Onondagas, living as they do far from the resorts of large game, have abandoned the chase as a means of subsistence. Most of the young men know little of woodcraft, though some of middle age still visit, in the autumn, the wooded sections of the state (New York) to hunt. My brother and I were recently the companions of an Onondaga, of perhaps forty-five years, on one of these trips. He knew nothing of the particular region we had selected, but would start out unhesitatingly in any direction and pass a whole day in the woods without losing his way for an instant. Tracks in the leaves, browsed twigs, moss bitten from the roots or tree-trunks, signs or sounds of animal life, he seemed to notice immediately, and almost instinctively. I heard from him many superstitious sayings of the "old people" concerning hunting, most of which he believed implicitly. Among them are the following.

Tobacco smoked on hunting expeditions should be, by preference, Indian tobacco, *N. rustica*.

Fawns or partly grown deer notice the presence of the hunter more readily than adult animals, and warn the others. I am not prepared to say that there is not some truth in this.

It is bad to kill any animal of a species other than that hunted, as the animal so killed changes after death to a deer, or to an individual of whatever species the hunter is in search, and gives the alarm. I was told this one evening after killing a porcupine so quietly that the Indian, who was some fifty yards away, knew nothing of it until told. He said, besides, that porcupines are eaten and relished by the Indians.

Cheese should never be used by a hunting party, for deer scent it at a long distance.

Chewing spruce gum also diminishes the chances of success. A chief called Captain George once hunted for many days unsuccessfully. He had been chewing gum and was finally warned not to do so. Acting on this advice, he killed two deer on the following day, and afterwards a large bear.

It is commonly believed that the Indians, in years past, owed their success in hunting to the possession of charms or fetiches ("poison"), which when properly used exerted their influence against the lower animals, but if neglected or employed ignorantly, imperiled human life also. Such charms are supposed to be now in use at Onondaga, especially in trapping. A story told by a Seneca woman will explain this belief more fully. She said that an old man, a relative of

hers, was very fond of hunting, and used to go occasionally to the woods with a kettle containing some white beans and a white chicken. It was thought that he offered these as a feast to his hunting genius or spirit, as it was necessary to do this periodically in order to prevent its injuring human beings. He sometimes stayed two days and nights in the woods. After this old man's death, the children of his family began to die, one by one, of a strange malady, vomiting blood being one of the symptoms. Several times a spot of fresh blood was found in the attic, and an old woman told the family that they must all leave the house and destroy it, as the illness was caused by the old man's hunting fetich, which was undoubtedly hidden somewhere about the building, and which since his death had not been properly feasted. She also said that when the next child died, every one should go out and no one should stand near the bed, as the evil would then pass to any one who might be near. If it was necessary for some one to remain, it should be a person who was not of the family. When all but two of the children had died, the mother decided to leave the house, and upon its being pulled down, the fetich, wet with fresh blood, was found tucked above a rafter near the peak of the roof, directly above the spot where the blood had been seen on the floor. Upon examination, the charm was found to consist of a white bone from a large (supernatural?) snake, nicely wrapped with silk.

De Cost Smith.

SKANEATELES, ONONDAGA CO., N. Y.

6

THE GREAT MOSQUITO.

Iroquois
Legend

ONE of the old legends of the Iroquois related to a monster whose diminutive descendants are a torment yet, — the Great Mosquito. The story is very simply told in David Cusick's "History of the Six Nations," and is here quoted verbatim:—

"About this time a great musqueto invaded the fort Onondaga; the musqueto was mischievous to the people, it flew about the fort with a long stinger, and sucked the blood a number of lives; the warriors made several oppositions to expel the monster, but failed; the country was invaded until the Holder of the Heavens was pleased to visit the people; while he was visiting the king at the fort Onondaga, the musqueto made appearance as usual and flew about the fort, the Holder of the Heavens attacked the monster, it flew so rapidly that he could hardly keep in sight of it, but after a few days chase the monster began to fail; he chased on the borders of the great lakes towards the sun-setting, and round the great country; at last he overtook the monster and kill it near the salt lake Onondaga, and the blood became small musquetoos."

In Clark's "Onondaga," two monsters stood on opposite banks of the Seneca River, destroying the passing Indians. Hiawatha soon killed one, but the other was pursued until slain by Onondaga lake. He threw up sand-hills in his dying struggles, and the small mosquitoes, rose in clouds from his decaying body. Another version differs from this only in bringing all the Cayugas and Onondagas against the monsters, and destroying them after heavy loss.

As Mr. Horatio Hale has well observed, there has been a confusion of Hi-a-wat-ha with Ta-oun-ya-wat-ha, the Holder of the Heavens, and the Onondagas certainly now identify their deliverer with the latter. Places connected with the story are still pointed out. On the Tuscarora reservation is a large stone where the Holder of the Heavens rested during the long pursuit. Two depressions appear; one where his body reclined, and another where he leaned upon his elbow. Chief Abram Hill told me he had seen the tracks of the pursuer and pursued, a little south of Syracuse, where the Onondagas kept them fresh not long since. He said those of the monster were twenty inches long, bird-like, and could be traced for twenty rods.

W. M. Beauchamp.

8

TSIMSHIAN PROVERBS.

THE character of a people reflects itself in its proverbs and sayings. They contain the gist of philosophy; they reveal the feelings inspired by the aspect of nature; they prove which historical or legendary events have been most impressive; they show what is considered good, what bad, what is deemed venerable, what ridiculous.

I have collected a few Tsimshian sayings of this description, which are given here with explanations. The Tsimshian call these sayings *Shim nahoulth nha houit* (which means, "as the saying is"):

1. It is not good to be too covetous; or, translated more literally, it is not good to have too much one's own way (*Whati āmlth wagulsha wāltk*).¹ The Tsimshian, who highly esteem wealth and prowess, still advise man not to regard solely his own interest, nor to rely solely on his own power and resources.

2. He is punished for leaving because he could not get the crab's claws (*Tin wilāgwish da whatiuk halthagaou da*). The claws are considered the best part of the crab. The saying means: If you are not content with what fate assigns you, and impatiently try to improve your conditions, you will, instead of gaining, lose what you have.

3. A deer, although toothless, may accomplish something (*Am-biiklth wun da wha wān*); *i. e.* Don't judge a man by his outward appearance.

4. You are not the only one whom *Tkēmshim* gave intelligence (literally, into whom *Tkēmshim* put a mind). (*Althga kshat nunglth nha shagaudish Tkēmshim*). *Tkēmshim*, in Tsimshian mythology, is the creator of man and animals, of sun, water, and fire. He is the grandson of the Deity in heaven, and appears generally as the raven. He corresponds exactly to *Yētl* of the Tlingit of Alaska, and to *Omeatl* of the Kwakiutl of Vancouver Island. In general character the raven legend bears a striking similarity to the *Lox* legends of the Algonquin.

5. Heaven looks down on him (*Tikīniāzilth Laʔa*); said of a poor man who is suddenly favored by good fortune. Heaven is considered the Deity, and the man upon whom he casts his eyes is successful in all his undertakings. Therefore it is a common prayer of the Tsimshian: O Heaven, look down upon us, your children!

¹ Bishop Ridley's alphabet for the Tsimshian language has been applied in the present paper. The vowels have their continental sounds, except *u*, which is pronounced as in *cur*; and *ou*, pronounced as in *bough*; *g* is a deep guttural; *k*, the German *ch* in *Buch*; *lth*, an explosive *l*; *z*, when initial, is equal to *ds*; when terminal, to *ts*.

6. He is just sleeping on a deerskin (Lam ktam wuunt) ; literally, letting him sleep on a deerskin : *i. e.* he is just now enjoying a comfortable rest, but soon he will have to endure hardships and privations.

7. He is just enjoying the water lilies for a short time (Lam gakt onu/ltth). The meaning is the same as that of the foregoing saying. It relates to a hunter, aiming at a bear, who is feeding on water lilies, — a parable of the transiency of the pleasures of life.

8. He wants to die with all his teeth in his head (Shagum dum ba/kt/a wāntk). He acts so foolishly that he will not live to be an old (toothless) man.

9. Is this war, father? (Hawulthā wildōgiadi abi?) Said when an extraordinary series of misfortunes has befallen a man. The saying is taken from a legend.

10. It seems you think that Nass River is always calm ! (Walumsh gup lthawāltk gulth Kulōshimsh ; literally, As though Nass River were always calm !). The estuary of Nass River is very rough, strong winds prevailing throughout the year, and making the passage of canoes dangerous. The saying is used for characterizing foolhardiness of men who assume that all circumstances must be favorable to them.

11. You think you are as handsome as the sun's (moon's) child (Wudi na lthgōlthk ga gemuga ; literally, as handsome as the sun's (moon's) child). Used to signify a vain person. Sun and moon have the same name.

12. As awkward as Ushgaduquah (Gupwum ugh-gitsh Ushgaduquah). Ushgaduquah is a character in an Indian tale.

13. (You act) as if you were rich (Walumsh gup gaimunksh) ; said to signify an extravagant person.

14. You mistake the corner of the house for the door (Ltha gun lugsou ran amōoshet), to signify a gross mistake.

15. Go where your ears will be full of grubs (Gau dum wilu kshāna zimōnt), said to a man who goes foolhardily to his own destruction. The saying means : Your head will be full of grubs like that of a salmon which has been thrown away by wasteful people without having served any good purpose (not having been eaten).

16. What will you eat when the snow is on the north side of the tree? (Gaulth dum gabuna zida ltha shta maqushlth nashtaulth gan?) The saying refers to the end of winter, when food is scarce. It is a reproach to the careless and wasteful.

Mrs. O. Morison.

METLAKAHTLA, B. C., *January*, 1889.

✓
LEGENDS OF IOWA.

LEGENDS will originate wherever men and women may happen to congregate. It is, however, somewhat startling to learn that legends exist in countless numbers among the people of the Western States. Portions of Illinois and Iowa, which fifty years ago were a wilderness or a prairie waste, to-day teem with romantic stories, and scores of objects with which are connected strange adventures or incidents are pointed out to the traveler who has the fortune of coming across one of those most indispensable members of Western society, an old settler.

It has been said that legends reflect the character of a people, and if such is the case, the early Western settlers must have been sturdy men who saw good in everything, and opposed all strictly vulgar superstition; for the great majority of their legendary stories contain morals and poetic inspirations of the highest order. They are free from the dross of superstition found in the tales of England, Germany, and France; they do not breathe the romantic but misleading spirit of occultness which pervades the fables of the Orient; nor do they in any way resemble the weird, uninspired sagas of the Norse peasantry.

The legends of the West are as sturdy, as independent, and as forcible as the men who created them, and for this reason, if no other, deserve more than passing mention.

What could, for instance, be more poetic than the story of the "Lone Tree," which was related to the writer not long ago by one of the oldest settlers of Eastern Iowa? The tale—or, to speak more properly, the legend—is based on an oak tree, for many years the only one standing within a radius of eight or nine miles. How did the tree come there? That the unsophisticated pioneers could not explain; so they resorted to invention, and gave currency to a story which will live long after they have been forgotten. Early in the year 1840, so the report goes, soon after the so-called Blackhawk Purchase had been consummated, a young couple emigrated from New York State to the West. The man (Bill Brewster was his name) was open-hearted, hospitable, and courageous, and his wife was a representative American woman of the middle class, industrious, kind, and faithful. After their arrival in Iowa the two young people went out "prospecting" (looking for suitable land) every day, and finally reached a tract of fat prairie land which promised to yield rich crops. Here they decided to take up their abode; and the woman, relieved of all anxiety and worry then and there gave birth to a son, and at the same moment—to commemorate the event—an

oak sapling sprang up which was ever afterward called the "Lone Tree." The sapling, in course of time, became a stout oak tree, and stood for many years in its isolated position, a mystery to the uninitiated, an object of never-ceasing curiosity to the old settlers, and a monument of interest to the student of American life and manners, until a vandal cut it down, four or five years ago, to obtain a supply of fire-wood without the necessity of hauling it nine or ten miles.

Scarcely less interesting is a bit of legendary talk current in the region of the Wyoming Hills (a chain of mound-like elevations located on the western shore of the Mississippi River, between the towns of Davenport and Muscatine, Iowa). These hills were once upon a time the meeting place of thousands of Indians, and hundreds of their dead were buried in gigantic mounds constructed on the crests of the elevations. When the white settlers first appeared, they received a cold welcome from the red men who wandered through the country which was once their own, but had been ceded to the United States government by their chiefs. The savages carried vengeance in their hearts and murder in their eyes; and many a bold agriculturist, who had braved the hardships of pioneer life to acquire some land for his family, never returned from his cornfield, and the wailing and lamentations of widowed women and fatherless children were echoed from one farm to the other almost every week. One of these men went out one Sunday morning to collect his cattle. He ascended one of the sloping hills, not noticing the form of an Indian who was lying concealed among the tall weeds growing on the summit. The settler's foot never crossed the threshold of his home again. He was cruelly murdered by the hidden foe, and his body thrown in the waters of the Mississippi. His wife, growing anxious about his welfare, at noon sent out her little daughter to hasten her father's return. The child, inured to danger, undertook the task; but had not proceeded far when she noticed a red man on the hill, and, turning around, one behind her. Escape seemed impossible; but just at that moment a crevice large enough to conceal her opened in the side of the hill. She sought the refuge thus providentially offered; and as soon as she had concealed herself the opening closed, and to her startled sight was revealed a cavern of large dimensions, of which she was the only occupant. Not until the following evening did the crevice open again. The girl, almost famished by this time, crept out of her hiding-place, and, seeing that all danger was past, ran home, where she related her strange story to a number of neighbors who had met at the cabin to solve the mystery of her disappearance. Subsequent search failed to reveal a cavern anywhere near where the girl had been so miraculously saved; but it would, nevertheless, be a dangerous thing to doubt the veracity of this tale in the presence of the few survivors

of those stirring times; and popular taste has applied to the hill, which will sooner or later be made famous by this story, the not very euphonic but very significant name of "Providence Hole." This pretty piece of fiction, the writer is constrained to add, has a prototype in a German story, but it is doubtful whether the people who repeated it on the banks of the Mississippi fifty years ago were aware of the existence of the Teutonic fable. It is safe to claim the story of Providence Hole as a purely Western production, which, when properly embellished, will be entitled to rank with the highest specimens of folk-lore.

Another and scarcely less interesting instance of providential interference with the affairs of men has many believers among the good folks inhabiting the bottom lands of the Cedar near its confluence with the Iowa River. In the early days of Iowa this part of the territory was inhabited by a wild, desperate class of people, who lived on what they could steal from more industrious neighbors. Horse-stealing was the favorite pursuit of the male portion of this community, and many enterprising men saw the fruits of their toil destroyed for want of live-stock which disappeared at the most inopportune times. Horse-thieves in those days expected no mercy when they had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the settlers; and when one bright June morning in the year 1840, nine of them were caught by a detachment of outraged farmers, they prepared themselves to meet death with bold faces. The gang was conducted to a huge oak tree on the banks of the Cedar River, whose nine branches invited the settlers to finish their work of vengeance. One man after the other was supplied with a hempen neck-tie, and arrangements were made to send them to kingdom come at the same instant. The signal was given. A fierce stroke of lightning and a deafening roar of thunder followed the command which was to end the earthly existence of nine human beings. Eight bodies dangled in the air. The ninth was lying on the ground, saved by the lightning which had ripped the branch on which he was hanging from the trunk of the tree. It was a miracle, for the man, after recovering from his stupor, proved his innocence to the satisfaction of the "vigilants." The eight thieves had met their fate, but Providence interfered in a way that could not be misunderstood to save the life of the guiltless. The tree made famous by this incident is still standing, — at least it was two years ago, — and the strange tale here related has become a treasured legend among the old settlers of the vicinity, which is no longer the hiding-place of desperadoes, but a veritable Eden inhabited by prosperous and intelligent farmers.

A fourth legend had its origin in the present city of Muscatine, known in the early days as Bloomington, Iowa. This town is built

on many hills which overlook the Mississippi River. In the days preceding the settlement of Iowa by whites, the vicinity of Muscatine is said to have been the favorite resort for Indian lovers who passed many hours on the noble bluffs thinking of the maidens they adored. In most cases this harmless pastime had no serious results, but once upon a time an Indian warrior fell in love with the beautiful daughter of a mighty chief. His tender feelings were reciprocated by the copper-colored charmer, but her father would not listen to the pleadings of the obscure lover. There was no war at the time, and consequently the ambitious brave had no opportunity to distinguish himself, and win the apple of his eye by deeds of bravery, which seems to have been the only way in which the stern parent might have been moved. Elopement was out of question as the country was inhabited by faithful followers of the chief who would have "tomahawked" the venturesome youth had he attempted to run away with the girl. Life became unbearable, and to end their sufferings the couple concluded to end their existence. As soon as the lovers had formed this desperate resolution, they made their way toward the river, where they found a canoe. Chanting a death song and exchanging sentiments of undying love, they floated down the river until they came to the bluffs already referred to. Here they disembarked, ascended one of the steep hills, and, embracing each other, threw themselves into the quiet river below. The incident was industriously discussed by the few white families then living in that neighborhood, who forthwith named the once picturesque bluff "Lover's Leap." Another version of the adventure here recorded is not quite as romantic. In it the love-lorn brave and his devoted girl are described as a very ordinary white couple who ended a life of disappointment by drowning themselves. This matter-of-fact account of the tragedy may be the true one, but the rising generation is inclined to put faith in the Indian tradition, which, as has already been stated, originated not with the red men but with the early white settlers.

To repeat stories like the foregoing without the least attempt at embellishment may detract from their literary merit ; but the object of the writer has been to prove that the American people are just as poetic in their conception of strange phenomena as those of Europe, and that has in a measure been accomplished. Some day, there can be no doubt, an author born with the gift of portraying the thoughts and feelings of the "common people" will collect these American legends, and present them to the world as the most finished specimens of folk-lore to be found anywhere.

G. W. Weippiert.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE FOLK-LORE OF NEW ENGLAND.

IN the year 1800 my father purchased one hundred acres of "wild land" in Grafton County, New Hampshire, lying upon the Connecticut River. For many years he struggled in the virgin forests, and paid for his farm; afterwards adding to it, by purchase, other lots of land partially cleared. He endured many hardships of pioneer life, without much of a chance for education; and it was not until the early settlers had paid for their farms, and had raised a surplus of produce, that any great interest was taken in educational matters. In such neighborhoods it was not strange that myths, belief in witchcraft, and reliance upon signs, should exist in a certain measure. Visiting among the neighbors was very common, particularly on autumn and winter evenings, without formality or invitation. Their "latch-strings were always out," and when the rap was heard at the door the almost invariable reply was, the welcome words: "Walk in." Conversation was on farming interests, politics, religion, neighborhood gossip, the "district school," and now and then a bit of folklore received their attention, and that, too, without any reserve.

My father's house stood on the west side of the main road, on a broad interval; east of the road rose a high hill partly covered with evergreen trees, among which, only a few years before, roamed deer, black bear, and howling wolves. One of the most memorable and pleasant occasions in my youthful days was one winter evening, when some of our friends came in for a visit. The family occupied one large room, on one side of which was a large brick fire-place; in this was a good roaring and snapping fire, which afforded sufficient light without any candles. Our family and friends sat in a semi-circle around the fire. There had just been a heavy snow-storm, and the trees were covered with snow. The full moon rose through the snow-laden evergreens, and shone brightly into our room through the east windows. Over the hard-wood fire, on the crane, hung a pot of bean-porridge, from which we all commenced our supper, each one stepping up and dipping out what one wished, and returning to one's seat in the semi-circle; the last course being pumpkin-pie and cheese. Later in the evening we had popped corn, butternuts, apples, and cider. In the course of this rural visit several ghost and witch stories were related, half to keep up the conversation, and half to make those stare who might take stock in their genuineness. Some of those that were related, on that occasion and at other times, I will relate as I heard them.

A woman of the neighborhood was at my father's house one even-

ing, when some singular noise turned her attention to the subject of witchcraft, and I heard her relate, in substance, the following account: "I was out alone in the door-yard¹ one bright moonlight evening last summer, gathering up some chips to build a fire with the next morning, when I heard several female voices, talking and laughing merrily, apparently coming down the road. They seemed to be rapidly approaching, and I waited to see who they were; when they got near me, I could see no one, but they were heard directly overhead in the air: I looked up and saw nothing but the bright stars. I could hear their talking and laughing as they passed along overhead. Their voices grew fainter and fainter as they passed off in an opposite direction from whence they came, until I could hear them no longer."

This woman was free to state, with perfect confidence, that these voices were a company of witches going through the air to some unoccupied house to hold a frolic and have a dance. She believed they could go invisibly in spirit, separate from the body, and were possessed with muscular power, equal if not superior to that in the body, to perform any diabolical acts they might fancy. And, however decrepit they might be in the body, they were as lively and bouyant in the spirit as they ever were in their youthful days. She believed that witches had the power to disengage the spirit of an individual from the body, when found asleep or unawares, and could take that spirit along with them, when it would be perfectly under their control, and could be made to perform any service they desired; and sometimes such stolen spirits were made the butt of fun at their evening's entertainments at some haunted house. The spirits of those individuals would in all cases be returned to their own bodies before morning; and although the subjects may have slept soundly all night, they would be either sick or affected with great lassitude the next day. I have myself heard the question asked, both in sobriety and half in jest, if one "was rode" by witches the night previous. I have heard related that the witch throws the bridle upon the face of the sleeper, and then repeats an incantation before the spirit will disengage and be ready for a journey, and if the sleeper will only awake and throw the bridle upon the witch's face while she is repeating the incantation, her spirit is subdued, and must obey the will of the sleeper, and continue in that service until the bridle is taken off, or as long as her master or mistress shall remain silent; but if one word should be spoken aloud the witch is freed from servitude, and she is gone.

¹ Front yards were called "door-yards" in the rural districts in the country. They were large enough, so the wood was left there and chopped in the spring. The chips were left till the following summer, when they were picked up and burnt as they were wanted.

I was well acquainted with a farmer who had a large family of children: all believed in witchcraft. I have heard him relate the following story several times: One day in March he and his sons went to one of his neighbors, with a yoke of oxen, horse, and sled, for a load of hay. On their return they came to a bad place in the road, where the horse refused to go farther and laid down in the road. They tried various means to induce the horse to get up, but all in vain. After spending over one half day in the attempt, they suspected her being bewitched by a certain old woman who lived in the neighborhood, and the man seized an axe and attempted to kill the horse by beating out its brains. The skull was broken, and the horse was left upon the roadside till the next morning. Just at that moment the old woman had a bad spell, her head dropped to one side, and a doctor was sent for. She lived only a few days. In the mean time the family of the old woman sent down to the man's house for some favors, but they were all refused. He believed, if he should accommodate them in the least thing, that the old woman would recover, believing that he had struck the death-blow to the witch when he struck the horse. The next morning after, he went down to the horse and was surprised to find it alive. This survival he attributed to blows of the axe falling upon the witch instead of the horse. This man firmly believed that he struck the death-blow to the old woman when he struck the horse, and that she would have recovered had he accommodated the family with the least favor. He told this story with evident pride in his skill in gaining advantage over the witch.

BREVITIES.

Ringling in the ears or burning of the ears indicates that somebody is talking about one. (Northern Vermont.)

The birth of twin calves indicates death in the owner's family within one year. (Western New Hampshire.)

To cure hernia in a child, split a small tree, pass the child through the opening, bringing the halves together, and fasten with a string; if the halves grow together as one tree, the hernia will be cured, otherwise it will not. (Vermont and New Hampshire.)

If a death occurs in the family of an owner of bees, they must be informed of the fact by addressing them in a loud voice in front of the hive; otherwise they will die off, make but little honey, or produce no swarms. (New Hampshire.)

If one kills a snake by shooting it, that gun will ever after be likely to miss other game. If the first snake seen in spring is killed, that person will have good luck in killing others met with during the rest of the year. (Grafton County, N. H.) This last sentence alludes to the custom among early New England people of killing every snake that is met with.

When one is troubled with cramps, the toes of the boots should be turned towards the street at night, to cure the disease. (Orleans County, Vt.)

Timothy Boardman was an early settler of Rutland, Vt. He was engaged in privateering along the Atlantic coast during a portion of the Revolutionary period. On his cruises he kept a journal of important events and of the ship's log. After he settled in Rutland he used the blank leaves of these books to keep various accounts and note down various memoranda. The following rule for clearing land we copy in full:—

“Janr^y 1782 How to Clear Land. Girdle y^r Timber in the full of the Moon in June & full of Moon & Sine of the Hart in August To kill it Quick Jacob Safford.”

John McNab Currier, M. D.

ON THE EASTERN SHORE.

CONSIDERING all sorts of possible vacation trips coastwise, into regions where good collecting-ground for the student of folk-lore might be had, we selected, this summer, the famous "Eastern Shore" of Chesapeake Bay. To the popular mind, the mention of that part of the world brings up only visions of terrapin and soft crabs, of unending peach-orchards, washed by the oyster-breeding waters of the Bay.

To the curious student of our national types, it is, however, a well-known fact that this same Eastern Shore of Maryland is a region hardly less peculiar and interesting than Miss Murfree's Tennessee Mountains, or Mr. Cable's Acadian Louisiana. Like the denizens of Cape Cod, and for the same reasons, that is, from their semi-isolated positions, their long-settled and somewhat homogeneous populations, and a certain pride in their local peculiarities, the dwellers in the peninsular counties of Maryland represent a totally diverse type from that of the people of the adjacent mainlands, from which they are respectively separated only by a few miles of much-navigated bay. It is a matter of familiar remark in Baltimore that one can pick out at sight an "Eastern-shore man" in the city streets. Yet we found on reaching the peninsula itself that, while the remark was true enough of the typical oysterman, or the dwellers in the more remote inland portions of the region, it could not by any means be applied to all. One meets fashionably dressed and cultured people, living in tasteful, even elegant homes, and the more substantial farmers throughout the portion of the Eastern Shore which we visited live in a most comfortable and hospitable fashion.

It was of course impossible, in little more than a fortnight's stay in this interesting region, to gather more than a specimen sheaf of the characteristic superstitions, and in this hasty collection I chose to concern myself for the most part with the beliefs and sayings of the colored people. Of course, no definite dividing-line can now be drawn between the superstitions held by the negroes and those of their white neighbors and employers, nor is it easy or even possible in many instances to ascertain the history of some interesting superstition, usage, or myth. Colored nurses and house-servants undoubtedly taught white children hosts of superstitions of African origin; while on the other hand the blacks, with their natural credulity and love of the mysterious, have been ready to treasure up every whimsy that they have heard from the whites. But without doubt many superstitious beliefs and customs of the negroes are peculiar to themselves. In individual cases I met with a shyness, or rather a stolid

reserve, that made it utterly impossible to elicit information concerning their folk-lore. But in general the colored farm-hands and servants with whom I talked seemed rather pleased than otherwise at the interest shown in their stories, and talked very freely as soon as they came to feel that sport was not being made of them. Even the production of pencil and block for note-taking did not seem to discompose the story-teller once fairly embarked in his relation of the marvels which he, or some equally credible witness, had seen and heard.

It is but fair to add that much of the rapidity and success of my collection depended upon the enthusiastic and intelligent coöperation of one of the members of the family with whom we boarded during our stay in Maryland.

I was not a little surprised to find how far back in the history of civilization one turns on entering into the state of mind of the country negro. The disorderly host of ghosts and spirits, the witchcraft, charms, spells, and conjuring against which Reginald Scot brought to bear the whole arsenal of his learning, in England in the sixteenth century, finds its counterpart here within a half-day's ride of one of our foremost American universities. I shall here insert a few examples taken somewhat at random from the collection of folk medicine, animal lore, songs, divinations, folk tales, ghost stories, and tales of witchcraft, numbering some two hundred items in all, gathered in less than a fortnight of available collecting-time.

My little son observed that nearly every colored man employed on the farm wore a narrow leather strap or thong fastened about one wrist or forearm, usually the right. I asked a boy of perhaps fifteen what was the object of these straps. He grinned in a very sober fashion, watching intently his bare feet, one great toe all the time scraping the floor of the piazza, and insisted that he knew nothing of the practice, though I am fully persuaded that at the very time he wore under his ragged shirt-sleeve such a strap on his own arm.

Further inquiry in other quarters, however, informed me that these leather straps are believed to give one strength, and are also efficacious in relieving rheumatism or a sprained wrist. Another common custom in Chestertown is wearing a leather string about the neck to prevent taking the whooping-cough when that epidemic is prevalent. The whites also to some extent use this prophylactic.

The most pleasing thing in our intercourse with the colored people was their singing. We were fortunate enough to be on the farm at the time of the wheat-threshing, and were greatly entertained by the singing of the hands after supper, as they gathered in the roomy kitchen or on the benches out-of-doors. It was most interesting to see the abandonment with which they swayed the whole body back

and forth, sometimes keeping time also with feet and hands as they sang. One of the men was at another time sent in to sing to me, when I had much difficulty in getting him to vocalize at all. He had a cold, was going to town in a few minutes, and so on. Evidently the surroundings were not favorable, and it was hard for him to sing away from his fellow-workmen and the familiar atmosphere of the kitchen. At length, however, he managed to get through with one characteristic selection, but when I suggested another, a favorite song among the men, he declined, saying that that was a song, and the church-members could not sing songs. "But would n't it be all right for you to sing it to me, Will?" "No, ma'am; it might be all right for anybody out in de fiel',¹ but ef you is tryin' to serve de Lord, ef you is in de fold, then you mus' only sing hymns, or what they call the sperichul songs." And this distinction between worldly songs and those that church-members might rightly sing I found to be carefully observed by the latter. The song or hymn that follows is a fair specimen of many to which we listened: it was often difficult to secure the words, as the enunciation of the singers was frequently indistinct, and so much was usually improvised that some of the longer songs were hardly ever sung twice alike:—

LAND OF CANAON.

Canaon, Canaon, 't is a my happy hom,
I 'm a huntin' fo' de lan' of Canaon.

Let a me tell you 'bout God himself;
Canaon is a my happy home.

I 'm huntin' fo' de lan' of Canaon,
'T is a my happy home.

My po' mother has gorn befo';
'T is a my happy home.

Canaon, Canaon, 't is a my happy home;
I 'm huntin' fo' de lan' of Canaon,
'T is a my happy home.

To show how indefinable was the quality which distinguishes the "sperichul songs" from the secular ones, I insert two fragments, the former overheard at a negro camp-meeting by a white minister of the Methodist denomination who had gone to the meeting with the hope of lending some assistance in the exercises, — a hope which the character of the proceedings soon dispelled. The latter selection was the only bit which I could secure of a song which all church-members refused to sing on account of its worldly character.

¹ Meaning evidently one of the world's people — not a church-member.
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Jesus died for you an' me,
 Hang yo' bonnet on a tree ;
 Ef you want to save yo' soul,
 Get yo' bonnet with a pole.

Way down yander to de sunrise,
 The Devil thought he'd torture me ;
 He burnt down my ole apple tree,
 Way down yander to de sunrise.

Dancing, too, is considered a very wicked amusement for a church-member, although more than one of the colored people told me that it was no harm even for a "member" to dance if he did not "cross his feet." Rigid as are these people in regard to their amusements, very many of them, alas! are exceedingly lax in matters of greater moral import. For instance, it is by no means an unusual occurrence for either a man or woman to have at least two living wives or husbands, without having gone through with the form of a legal separation. A farm-laborer one day asked his employer for leave of absence, that he might attend the funeral of his first wife, remarking casually that he wanted to show her all the respect he could. He was at the time living with a second wife, for whom some years previously he had deserted the deceased woman.

A volume of ghost and witch tales could easily be gathered in this single locality, but I will not here occupy space with the narration of more than a single one of several which I recorded exactly as related to me.

"About two years ago, I reckon, an ole man died in the place whar I useter live.¹ He lef' a heap o' proputtty ter his heirs; the' was a right smart head o' childun, an' he give 'em ev'y one a farm, an the' was one mo' farm yit lef' over. 'T was a good farm, an' the house all furnished up, but no one did n' keer ter live thar, fer they all said the house was haanted. But one of the heirs, he said he did n' feel no way feared but he could lay that ghost, so's ter live thar. An' they tole him the farm was his ef he could lay the ghost. So he went ter a man of the name of Peacock, that lived neighbor ter him, an' 't was a church-member, an' offered him a heap o' money ter go an' lay that ghost. Mr. Peacock he went that same night ter the house, takin' his Bible along, an' he set thar a readin' it backwards an' forwards; he did n' mind none whether the ghost come a-nigh or not.² Sho nuff the ghost come along while he was a-readin',

¹ The dialect of this story, though not that of the ordinary efforts to reproduce the talk of the Virginia or Maryland negro, is at least an attempt at a facsimile of what I heard. Many words are variously pronounced by the same speaker at different times. The sound of the preposition *to* may best be compared to that of the French *e* in *de*; there is no sound of *r* in it, though I have spelled it *ter*.

² Reading the Bible backward is supposed to prevent ghosts from entering; reading it forward, to keep them (if already in the house) from harming one.

an' it went all about thoo the house, so 's Mr. Peacock could hear it goin' inter the diffunt rooms an' a-movin' things this-a-way an' that-a-way. But he did n' let on ter heah the ghost, no indeed, but he kep' a-readin' away ter his Bible. Atter a while, the ghost blowed out his lamp, but he jes lit it an' read on 'n' then he went inter the bedroom an' lay down. That sorter made the ghost mad, so 's it come inter the bedroom, an' he see it like as ef 't was an ole woman. Fer the' was an ole woman's ghost that haanted the house anyhow; they said it could n' res' nohow 'count o' the murder the ole lady done whilst she was alive. Anyhow Mr. Peacock see her reach out her arm, long an' skinny-like, under the bed, 'n' she jes' turned it over *so*¹ with him on it. But he on'y crep' out fum under it 'n' went back inter the kitchen an' begun ter read away in his Bible. An' thar he stayed all night, on'y afore day the ghost come once mo' 'n' said, 'Ef yo' come back yer again, yo' re a dead man.'

"Well, nex' night Mr. Peacock come back again, yes indeed, and he'd got two preachers ter come, too, 'n' try ter lay that ghost. One was a Methodist' 'n' the other was a Catholic, an' they both brought their Bibles, 'n' all of 'em kep' a-readin' forward 'n' backward. 'T wan't no time at all tell that ghost came again, an' then it jes' went on mos' outrageous. The Methodist', he didn' stay ter hear much o' the racket tell out he run, an' never come back that night. The Catholic, he held out a good bit, but 'fore long *he* run an' lef' Peacock ter stay it out by himself.

"Well, they say the ghost never spoke ter him no mo', but sho' 'nuff, in the mornin', thar was Peacock a-lyin' dead, with his head cut clean off, — yes indeed, sir! — an' the' ain't no one never tried ter lay that ghost sence."

A unique bit of animal lore is that a jaybird is never to be seen on Friday, as these birds are always engaged on that day in carrying wood to the Devil.

The Chestertown negroes say that this bird makes a trip to hell every third day. According to the lore of these people, the jaybird plays much the same part in the infernal regions that Mercury did among the Olympian deities, as he is reported to carry messages to his satanic majesty whenever any one on the earth yields to temptation or commits a sin. One of the colored people explained to me in some detail the method of this messenger: "Why, s'pose, mam, that somebody comes 'long an' asks you ter go ter a dance, an' you's a church-member an' knows you ought n't ter go: you say, 'No, guess I better not go,' but t'other feller says, 'Oh, come go 'long, it's no harm goin' down standin' lookin' on; you need n't dance yourself;' and you say, 'Maybe thar 'll be drinkin' too;' an' he'll say,

¹ With a graphic imitation of the ghost's action.

'Oh, maybe they 'll have liquor thar, but you need n't take none; it's no harm standin' by and watchin' the rest enjoyin' themselves.' So by and by you go 'long with the other feller an' go ter the dance. When you git thar somebody says ter you, 'Come an' take a step now;' an' you think, 'Well 't won't do no harm just ter take a few steps on the flo' with the res'; 'n' befo' you know what yo're about yo're out dancin' with all the rest of 'em. Pretty soon some feller 'll come 'long an' 'll say, 'Won't you have a drink?' an' you think, 'Well 't won't do no harm just ter take a sip if you don't drink too much;' so maybe you 'll go an' drink a whole glass o' liquor, an' all the time you were doin' these things, which no Christian oughter do, ef you only knowed it, thar's Mista' Jaybird sittin' outside the winder a' peekin' in at you; all the time he's been listenin' ter ev'y word 'n' watchin' ev'ything you do, an' when he sees you've yielded ter temptation he flies right back ter the bad place and tells the good news ter his master, the Devil."

The jaybird not only is accredited with this malevolent disposition, but with great wisdom and cunning. Here is a very brief animal folk tale:—

"The jaybird made him a house all nice and comfortable, but the buzzard did n't have none. One col' winter mornin' on a Friday, as the jaybird was a' goin' ter the bad place, he saw Mista' Buzzard a-sittin' on a bare branch of a dead tree all huddled up with the col'. Jaybird said, 'Good-mornin', Mista Buzzard.'

"Mista' Buzzard did n't answer.

"'Mhm!¹ all summa' a-ridin' roun' with yo' pink-white shirt on an' stiff standin' collar an'—Good Gawd!'"

A young woman from Quaker Neck, Kent County, in good faith gave me the following love-divination:—

One or more girls place some eggs to roast before an open fire, while they seat themselves in front of the fire on chairs. Each one who is trying her fortune rises to turn her egg when it begins to sweat; it will sweat blood!

As she is turning the egg the person she is to marry will enter through a door or window (all of which must be left open) and take her vacant chair. If she is to die before she marries, two black dogs will enter, bearing her coffin, which they will deposit on her chair.

Mrs. Fanny D. Bergen.

¹ A peculiar, sarcastic exclamation, delivered with an extraordinary circumflex inflection.

✠ SOME WORDS ON THIEF TALK. ✠

In the earliest notice we have of the language of the English thief, it is called "Pedler's French," or "Canting." Its first appearance as "Flash" may be seen in "The Regulator, or a discovery of the Theeves, Thief-Takers, and Locks, *alias* Receivers of Stolen Goods in and about the City of London," 1718. Both of these terms are now used.

Cant is from the Latin *cantare*, which signifies to enchant as well as to sing, and so the original thief may have been a singer, who stole the brains of his victims — not always the least valuable part of human possessions — through their ears.

In "A Caveat or Warening For commen Cursetors vulgarely called vagabones," set forth by Thomas Harman, 1567, to "cante" is defined "to speake."

In "Il Modo novo da intendere la lingua Zerga cioé parlar furbesca," 1549, to talk is expressed by *cantare*, and so the first English as well as Italian rogue must have been a talker; this much, at least, would seem sure.

Thieving without secrecy could hardly exist. Thief talk was invented to secure this. As another means to the same end, changes in its words are frequently made. Karl Weinen, one of the Prussian Criminal Commissioners, tells us in a little book entitled "Aus dem Berliner Verbrecherleben," published during the present year, that a new vocabulary is constantly appearing in Berlin. The same testimony is borne respecting thief talk in Suabia, which Schäffer, in his "Abrisz des Jauner und Bettelwesens in Schwaben," further declares to be more liable to change than other tongues.

The first vocabulary of the language of thieves that appeared in Europe was written in German, and printed about the year 1504. It bears the title "Liber Vagatorum. Der betlerorden." The professional beggar was then a thief, and is frequently such at the present day.

Copies of this first edition of the "Liber Vagatorum" are rare, and often not to be found even in some of the largest libraries of Europe.

In the second edition of this work (1528), which must be even more rare, since Avé Lallemonet ("Das Deutsche Gaunerthum") informs us that only three copies are known: the editor, no less a person than Martin Luther, gives the honor of having invented thief talk to the Jews. How does the reformer prove this? Out of their vocabulary. This, he declares, contains many Hebrew words. Now, the list he gives us, out of two hundred and sixteen words and phrases, we find only sixteen which, by any reasonable stretch of the imagi-

nation, can be construed as Hebrew, — hardly enough, it seems to us, to establish this claim.

Henri Estienne, in his "*Traité de la conformité du langage François avec le Grec*," s. l. et a., p. 136, tells us that the largest part of *jargon* or thief talk was evidently taken from the Greek. How is this shown? By only three words, all, we must presume, which he was able to give, namely: *Arti* from *ἄρτος*; *cri* from *κρέας*; *piot* from *πίος*; and so the Greek claim looks even worse than that made for the Jew.

"To the Gipsies, beggars, and thieves," says the compiler of the "Slang Dictionary, Etymological, Historical, and Anecdotal," 1873, "we are in a great measure indebted for the Cant language." How far is this true? The earliest extended notice we have of the Gipsies, or "Egyptians," as they called themselves, may be seen in Andrew Borde's, "*Fyrste Boke of the Introduction of Knowledge*," issued, it is said, in 1527. But a careful examination of Borde's Egyptian goes to show that it is more Turkish Romany than English Gipsy; and another more important fact may be added: it does not contain a single word of English Cant.

Cant is not only not Gipsy at the present time, but never has been such. In the first English thief lexicon, "Harman's Caveat," we find but one solitary Gipsy word. In the first American glossary, that of Tufts, in his "*Life and Adventures*," written 1793-98, we have none. In the first French Canting vocabulary, entitled "*Le Jargon ou langage d'Argot reformé*," 1634, none. In the first Italian, "*Il Modo novo da intendere la lingua Zerga*," 1549, none. In the first German, "*Liber Vagatorum*," 1534, none; and in the first Spanish, "*Romances de Germania*," 1609, not more than a dozen out of a vocabulary of nearly twelve hundred words.

Slang and Cant words peculiar to each country, as we are told by Smart in his "*Dialect of the Egyptian Gipsies*," have become incorporated in the different Gipsy dialects, sometimes probably through a want of discrimination on the part of the reporter, who, hearing them used, has confounded them with the genuine Gipsy tongue. . . . "That's not a *tatscho lay*" is a frequent Gipsy comment on hearing a Canting phrase imported into conversation which is being professedly carried on in their own proper dialect. Cant words are intermingled with Gipsy in the same way, and on exactly the same principle, as ordinary or provincial English, but to nothing like the same extent. Possibly some words of this class may have inadvertently found their way into our vocabulary; but if so, they do not occur in Hotten's "*Slang Dictionary*" (London, 1864), and we leave them to be relegated to their proper place by those who may detect their real character (see Introduction, p. xxii.). And so it would seem that, so

far from Cant being in a great measure indebted to Gipsy, Gipsy is indebted to Cant.

The fact is, rogue talk is old talk, generally made up from old words of every country, and we owe most of these neither to the Gipsy, Greek, nor Jew. This appears not only in the *Cant* of England, but also in the *Argot* of France, the *Germania* of Spain, the *Kjeltringelatin* of Denmark, the *Fantesprog* of Sweden, the *Geiler* talk of Holland, the *Kochem-Loschen* of Germany, — all of which teem with archaisms. Even the *Ramasee* can be assigned to none of the existing languages of India.

This will explain how it is that some thief talk is largely Hebrew, especially that in use along the boundary lines between Germany and Poland, where the Jew swarms, or once did swarm. And this, too, well explains why the thief of that part of Italy once known as Magna Grecia still mingles classic Greek and old Phœnician words with his Italian, and why this Phœnician is still heard on the streets of Malta in the *lingua punica* of to-day.

This is the history of all tongues; the more degraded does not often appropriate the language of the more cultivated, while the latter borrows from the former without stint or measure; and our English is no exception to this rule. Indeed, much of our existing slang was once Cant, and one is oftentimes puzzled to distinguish the one from the other; only it should be borne in mind that, while Cant frequently arrives at being Slang, Slang seldom if ever becomes Cant. Even our *O. K.* seems to be an invention of American thieves; and stranger still, *Tye*, a neck-cloth, first appears in "The Names of the Flash Words now in vogue among thieves," to be found in "The Regulator, by a prisoner in Newgate," London, 1718.

The language of thieves does not generally present a figurative character in different and widely separated countries, as Barrow ("The Zincali," vol. ii. p. 132) states it does. Some thief talk, to be sure, — that of Spain, for example, — teems with figurative expressions; others have very little or none. Very little metaphor appears in the Cant of Teutonic countries; where Neo-Latin languages are spoken it abounds. Have climatic influences anything to do with this? And here is another curious fact. New York Cant abounds in abbreviations, while the *Germania* of Spain, the *Calao* of Portugal, and all German thief talk, have none at all. Can climate explain this, too?

In these days of higher education, taste for languages would seem to be especially developed among thieves, and here the American would appear to lead. *Venite* (come), Italian; *palaver* (talk), Portuguese; *sans* (without), French; *egrotat* (he is sick), Latin; *virtue ater* (virtue), English, (*ater*, without) Greek; *cocum* (sly), Lussnekodesch;

schofel (paltry), vulgar German ; *quemar* (burn), Spanish ; *shero* (head), Gipsy ; *clink* (*klinken*, to clench), Dutch, — with many more that we could name, are to be found in New York thief talk to-day.

But in spite of foreign education, the American uses much more Old English than his English *confrère*, and a reason may readily be assigned. The American took most of his words from the oldest English thief vocabularies, or supplied his wants with English provincialisms, which, for reasons that are obvious, the Englishman could not use. So the dialect of the younger country would seem to be, by many hundred years, the older of the two.

Perversions abound in the earliest Cant vocabularies, and in many of our recent ones, too. Some of these perversions we may allow were the results of design, but this can hardly explain all of them. The greater part doubtless originated either through the ignorance of the transcriber, printer, or thief. And so we find in Harman's "Caveat," 1573, *askew*, which should be *a skew*, and *morts*, which should be *mots*. In Tufts's "Glossary of Thief Talk," as spoken in the Castle in Boston Harbor, now Fort Independence, 1793-98, we see *glin*, which should be *glim*, a star or light ; *trick*, a watch, which should be *tick* ; *kin*, which should be *ken*, defined "a stone" instead of "a store," etc. In the next earliest glossary of American Flash Language, used about the beginning of the present century, as the same appears in the dying confession of Thomas Mount, executed at Little Rest, R. I., we find *ken* written correctly, and correctly defined "a house." But as a set-off for this, we have in the Mount vocabulary all of Tufts's absurdities, with the exception of *ken*, just given, with other novelties besides, *e. g.*, *garf*, instead of *gaff* ; *kinicher*, instead of *kinchen* ; *sercen*, instead of *screen* ; *beck*, instead of *beak* ; *wile*, instead of *vyle*, etc. But perversions of this kind are not confined to the older Cant vocabularies.

In Matsell's "Vocabulum" we have Captain *Topor*, which must be meant for *Toby*, a smart highwayman ; *donnez* for *donner* ; *poney* for *pones*, *parncy*, explained "ring" instead of "rain," etc. Such are some of the minor difficulties which an attempt to explain Cant involves.

Thief words consist of only three parts of speech, and all of these in their simplest forms. It has no declensions, no conjugations, no syntax, no grammar. The "Thieves' Grammar," by Captain Alexander Smith, n. d., 1719-20, is no grammar at all. Therefore, if the thief is obliged to have recourse to grammar, — as, for example, in comparison, — he goes to the grammar of his native tongue.

It has been generally assumed that the talk of the thief is composed entirely of his peculiar words which go to make his language utterly incomprehensible. This, however, is not the case, Thief

talk, as well as correspondence, — for the thief can sometimes write, — shows less of this *patter* than might be supposed. The most voluminous of all forms of thief talk is doubtless the *Argot* of France. In specimens we have seen, contained in letters, — and several such have been brought to our notice, — the average of the words would not, we are sure, exceed ten per cent. We doubt whether if the general average of the peculiar words contained in the thief talk of any country would much exceed this. Of course we do not speak of the Rommany which is a regular language.

It was the fashion, when the classics were most in favor, to trace derivations to what were known as the *learned languages*, as if language in general began and ended with these. It would almost seem as if the scholars did not know that in every country, at a time not quite so remote, there did exist an old language from which the modern vernacular might have come. In many recent attempts at derivation we find something similar, only it is in modern instead of ancient tongues that origins are sought. Both Cant and Slang have suffered in this respect. We find words assigned to Gypsy Hebrew, Hindoo, Turkish, etc., to anything and everything, rather than to the English mother-tongue.

In 1566 or 1567, probably in 1567, our first vocabulary of English Cant was published, under the title of "A Caveat or Warening for Common Cursetors, vulgarly called Vagabones, set forth by Thomas Harman, Esquire, for the ptilite and propfyt of his naturall cuntrey."

In his "Epistle to the singular good Lady Elisabeth, Countes of Shrewsbury," — certainly a strange patron for a somewhat peculiar book, — Harman tells us, as far as he could learn from an examination of a number of these "vacabones, their language, which they termed 'peddlers' Frenche or Canting,' began but within these few years or little above."

William Harrison, in his "Description of England," prefixed to Holinshed's Chronicles (1586), writes: "It is not yet full threescore years since this trade began, but how it hath prospered since that time, it is easie to iudge; for they are supposed, of one sex and another, to amount into above 10 000 persons, as I have heard reported. Moreover, in counterfeiting the Egyptian rogues, they have devised a language among themselves, which they term *Canting* (but other pedlers French), — a speach compact thirtie yeares since, of English and a great number of odd words of their owne devising, without all order or reason, and yet such is it as none but themselves are able to understand."

This shows how little was known of this talk, even at that early period.

The "Vocabulum or Rogue's Lexicon," by George W. Matsell,

Special Justice, Chief of Police, etc., (New York, 1859), asserts that the language of the rogue in New York is the language of the rogue the world over. This is not so. Even the Cant of England and America is not one and the same. Many terms to be found in the one do not appear in the other, or else they are entirely changed. In the matter of enumeration they do not agree. And the same differences everywhere exist. The Spanish Gitano and the *Germania* of Spain have only some words in common. The talk of the German Jew rogues and the *Lussnekodisch* (literally holy language — the commercial and business language of the Jew), although the groundwork of both is largely Hebrew, are far from being one and the same dialect. If we go to Farther India, we find precisely the same condition of things: the speech of the land and river thieves of Hindostan are two different and entirely distinct tongues.

Must we offer an apology for these words on thief talk? Here it is. The importance of thief languages will appear more clearly when we turn our attention to the manner of their construction and the elements out of which they were formed. The one shows the mental progress of the men — rude and totally devoid of all education — who made them; while the other often holds fragments of old languages fallen into oblivion, which it would be in vain to search for elsewhere (see Biondelli, "Origine, diffusione, ed importanza delle lingue furbesche," in his "Studii linguistici," Milan, 1850).

What is the origin of our English Cant?

At the time of the Conquest, under Norman oppression, many of the Saxons became outlaws and thieves. The language of these vagabonds was the language of the conquered, because they knew no other speech, and generation after generation simply continued this, with little or no change. And so, when the first vocabulary of this "unknown tongue, this lousey language, this peusche speeche," as old Harman calls it, was given to the world, more than five centuries after the Conquest, almost every word of it was Anglo-Saxon. Even now, it is more Anglo-Saxon than our English, — and this is English Cant.

William Cumming Wilde.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF POPULAR TRADITIONS.—A meeting of folk-lorists belonging to different countries, entitled "Congrès International des Traditions populaires," was held in Paris on the 29th of July and days following. The meeting was opened by Mr. C. Ploix, who delivered an introductory address. At the sitting of the second day Mr. C. G. Leland presided. The subjects of some of the papers submitted were as follows: C. Ploix, on the Interpretation of Mythic Tales; H. Carnoy, on the Collection of Esthonian Folk-lore; J. Fleury, Influence of Ancient Slavic Paganism on Russian Popular Song; P. Sébillot, Oral Literature in France from 1789 to 1889; J. Karłowicz, Folk-lore of Poland; W. Webster, on Popular Improvisation; M. Zmirgródzki, History of the Svastika Sign, illustrated; C. G. Leland, Influence of the Gypsies on European Folk-lore, their magic, exorcism, and rites; C. de Varigny, Survival of Biblical and Chaldean Myths in the Archipelago of Hawaii; E. Cosquin, on the Theories of Andrew Lang; Kaarle Krohn, on the Theories of the Origin of Popular Tales. Papers were also presented by E. Blémont, H. Cordier, and Dragomanof. A dinner followed the congress, at which Mr. C. G. Leland represented both America and Hungary, as well as the Gypsy Lore Society. A desire was expressed that similar meetings should be held in different countries at intervals of two or three years. The proceedings are to be printed *in extenso*; we will therefore not here give any outline of the papers, some of which will have general interest for all persons interested in the study of popular traditions.

INDIAN TOBACCO AMONG THE MODERN IROQUOIS.—In Mr. De Cost Smith's interesting paper on "Witchcraft and Demonism of the Modern Iroquois," vol. i. p. 193, some remarks are made by the writer on the tobacco used as a burnt-offering in their religious ceremonies, not being "the ordinary tobacco of commerce, but the original tobacco of the Iroquois, which they still cultivate for that purpose," etc., etc. It is noteworthy in this connection that Adair, whose personal experience was among the Southern Indians, says ("General Observations of the North American Indians," London, 1775, p. 408), "And they plant a sort of small tobacco, which the French and English have not. All the Indian nations we have any acquaintance with, frequently use it on the most religious occasions."

Bragge's "Bibliotheca Nicotiana, a Catalogue of Books upon Tobacco, 1881," may give a further clue to information on this subject.

The "Pennsylvania Magazine" for October contains an article on Pierre Eugene Du Simitiere, who was the projector of the first American Museum. His collection exhibited in Philadelphia, antedating that of Peale, contained numerous Indian relics. One of those described in the foregoing paper in his own words, which he received in "November, 1779," was "a vizer or mask of wood representing a ghastly human face, the color of an Indian with a mouth painted red, the eyes of yellow copper with a round hole in

the middle to peep thro', the forehead covered with a piece of bear skin by way of a cap, found with several more to the number of about 40 in an Indian town called *Chemung* which was burnt by the Cont^d army under Gen. Sullivan in his expedition last Summer into the country of the Six Nations, these visors are commonly called *manitoe faces* and serve for the Indian conjurors or Pawaws, in their dances & other ceremonies, there is also a long horse tail that belonged to it with a coat of bear skins but this was destroyed by the Soldiery. N. B. All these masks were different from each other." — *William John Potts.*

SUPERSTITION CONCERNING DROWNING. — The paragraph printed below was received with the following explanatory letter : —

PATERSON, N. J., *August, 1889.*

To the Editor of the Journal of American Folk-Lore :

DEAR SIR,—I find the inclosed paragraph going the rounds of the newspapers. I had never heard of this superstition until a few weeks ago, when a little colored girl of this city, aged about seven years, fell into the river and was drowned, the river being very high and the current strong. All efforts to find the body were naturally unavailing, and the mother finally threw a skirt of the child into the river at the point where she was last seen, I think. Of course it had no effect, the body having been swept down stream by the swift current: the body was found some days later five or six miles down the river. I have not the slightest idea that the newspaper slip inclosed would bear investigation.

Another curious superstition here was recently mentioned in one of our local newspapers. Some weeks ago six persons were found suffocated by escaping gas, in a horrid den. The circumstances were peculiarly horrible. Recently one of our policemen said he would not think of entering those premises until after the first full moon in October next, as before that time the ghosts of the dead were likely to wander the earth !

These items may be of interest for the " *Journal of American Folk-Lore.*"

Very truly yours,

W. Nelson.

A Story from Pennsylvania. — August Melching was drowned on a recent afternoon in the Codorus Creek, near York, while swimming. His body could not be found for some time, when one of the searchers suggested that his shirt be thrown into the water, claiming that it would float to where the body was. The suggestion was acted on, and the garment thrown into the water where it was thought that he had disappeared. It instantly shot out, then stopped, circled about a short time, and in another moment disappeared under the water.

A young man present on the creek's bank then dove to where the shirt was seen to sink, and found the body of the young man where the shirt had disappeared. The singularity of the incident consists in the fact that the shirt was found clinging to the dead man's body. Two gentlemen who were on opposite sides of the creek at the time this occurred corroborate the truthfulness of the incident. This gives credence to the ancient idea that the clothing of a drowned man thrown into the water will float to the body. — *Philadelphia Inquirer.*

NOTES ON SIX NEGRO MYTHS FROM THE GEORGIA COAST. — While reading the stories gathered by Col. Charles C. Jones, Jr., in his interesting collection, "Negro Myths from the Georgia Coast" (1888, Boston and New York, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), I noticed about half a dozen which bear so striking a resemblance to traditions current in Europe that one can hardly help thinking that they were borrowed.

Here is a list of them, and further investigations will no doubt increase the number: —

No. III., "How Buh Cooter [= Land Terrapin] fool Buh Deer" is the story of the race of the Hare and the Hedgehog. See Grimm, "Kind. u. Hausmärchen," ii. p. 296, ff. — Not necessarily borrowed. Cp. "Vech. d. Berl. Gesellsch. f. Anthrop. Ethnol. und Urgesch." 1887, p. 340; 1888, p. 121.

No. XXIX., "De Two Fren and de Bear," is, in precisely the same form, found in almost every German primer.

No. XXXI., "De King an eh Ring." "Doctor Allwissend" — Grimm, "Kind. u. Hausmärchen," ii. p. 52, f., — is, though slightly differing, essentially the same. Comp., also, No. XXXV. of Jones's collection, p. 90, lines 11 and 12, with Grimm, o. c. II. p. 53, lines 11 and 12.

No. XXXII., "Buh Lion, Buh Rabbit, Buh Fox, and Buh Raccoon" is — *mutatis personis* — the story of the two brothers and King Rhampsinit, told by Herodotus, ii. 121, ff.

No. XXXIV., "De Debble an May Belle" = the German fairy-tale of "König Blaubart."

No. XLI., "Buh Rabbit, Buh Fox, and de Fisherman." For the first part comp. "Le Roman de Renart, publié par Ernest Martin, vol. i. Première Partie du Texte: L'Ancien Collection des Branches" (1882. Strassburg. Trübner), p. 131; Grimm, "Reinhart Fuchs," p. cxxii. Laplandish version in Germania, xv. (1870) p. 162.

No. IV., "Buh Wolf, Buh Rabbit an de Tar Baby." Almost identical is "Tio Conejo (= Uncle Rabbit) and the Watermelons." (Venezuela) cp. "Verh. d. Berl. Gesellsch. f. Anthrop. Ethnol. und Urgesch," 1888, p. 274.

Does "Chanticleer," p. 58, point to French influence (cp. Grimm, "Reinhart Fuchs," p. ccxxvi.) — *Hanns Oertel, New Haven, Conn.*

WEATHER SAYINGS OF SALEM, MASS. (See Journal of American Folk-Lore, vol. ii. pp. 203-208.)

1. There's ne'er a Saturday of the year
In which the sun doth not appear.
2. The last Friday's weather governs the next month.
3. Cobwebs on the grass in a wet or foggy morning are a sign of a fair day.
4. A storm will last but a few hours in the moon's first quarter.
5. In winter, a heavy snow-storm comes only on the wane of the moon.
6. Corns ache just before a storm.
7. Open and shet
Is a sign of wet.

8. Candlemas Day,
Half your corn and half your hay.
(This applies also to wood and coal.)
9. If it rains when the sun is shining, it will be rainy the next day.
10. When wood on the fire makes a peculiar hissing noise, it is said to tread snow, and there will soon be a storm.
11. If a storm clears off in the night, pleasant weather will last but a few hours.
12. There will be as many snow-storms during the winter as the date on which the first one of the season occurs. For instance, if the first snow fall of snow occurs November 25th, there will be twenty-five snow-storms.
13. If the stars are remarkably clear and bright, it is likely there will be a storm the next day.
14. Fog in winter is always succeeded by cold and wind.
15. If the first Sunday in the month is rainy, the succeeding Sundays will also be rainy. — *Henry M. Brooks, Salem, Mass.*

CUSTOM OBSERVED IN PLANTING A FRUIT-TREE. — In planting a fruit-tree, it is important to have a growing child jump over it! Some mysterious sympathy in growth is alleged as the explanation. This proceeding seems to have died out in this neighborhood, if indeed it ever generally prevailed, but was common and traditional on the Eastern Shore of Maryland not very long ago. — *W. H. Babcock, Washington, D. C.*

GAME OF THE FARMER AND HIS WIFE. — In a school on Long Island, composed almost entirely of German children, a favorite play is one they call "Heigho! A Cherry, O!" The children stand in a ring. One within it represents "the farmer." The children go round and round, singing: —

Heigho! a Cherry, O!
A Cherry, O!
A Cherry, O!
Heigho! a Cherry, O!
The farmer takes a wife.

Here the farmer chooses one from the ring who stands by his side.

In succeeding verses "the wife" takes "the nurse," "the nurse" takes "the child," "the child" takes "the dog," "the dog" takes "the cat," but on the cat's coming into the ring, the verse is sung as usual until the last line is reached, when the children substitute,

The cat shan't stay!

and violently clap their hands. All change places, with the exception of the cat, who now becomes the farmer. This is somewhat different from the version of this game contained in the "Games and Songs of American Children." — *Julia D. Whiting, Holyoke, Mass.*

LINES FROM THE COVER OF AN OLD BIBLE. — In Mr. R. A. Grider's valuable antiquarian collections of the Mohawk Valley I find the following lines from the inside of the cover of an old Bible. From the spelling of the names it must have been quite old: —

Sefrines Deygerd his Book
 Got Give him Grace thair in to Loke
 not alone to Looke but to understand
 that Learning is better than house and land
 When Land is gone and money Spent
 then Learning is most Axelant
 When I am Dead and in grave Laid
 When I am gone and Rotton
 if this You Se Remamber me
 When others is forgotton."

Warner Deyger's name appears by the ornamental work below this, but the family name has long been contracted to Dygert. — *W. M. Beauchamp.*

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF ANTHROPOLOGY. — Professor A. Hermann, editor of the "Ethnologische Mittheilungen aus Ungarn," published at Budapest, announces a plan of a very daring nature. This is nothing less than the replacing of the magazine above mentioned, after the close of its first volume, by a weekly international review of researches and ethnologic studies, designed to constitute, in the words of the programme, a "central review," critical and literary, of this department. The publication of such a journal in Hungary is, in the opinion of the writer, justified by its central position among European ethnic groups. Articles will be contributed and printed in the language of the authors, whether, French, English, German, Italian, Spanish, Russian, or Hungarian. The appellation assumed will be the now consecrated title of "Folk-lore;" the subscription is to be fourteen francs a year. The editors will be A. Hermann and L. Katona. The size will be at first of the modest proportions of one sheet for each number, but will be enlarged as means are obtained. With regard to this project, we may remark that it does not appear to us desirable that extended ethnographic communications should be printed in a weekly journal, which could produce them only in a disconnected form, but such publication may be of great use as an index and means of communication, and it is not a little interesting to observe this attempt to make the capital of Hungary a centre of ethnological research. — *W. W. N.*

A MOHAWK LEGEND OF ADAM AND EVE. — In this legend, as printed in No. VI. (vol. ii. p. 228), the conclusion does not appear. The following paragraph should be added: —

"After their fall, Adam and Eve were punished. They were taken up a high mountain and suspended from a precipice by their forefingers, and are hanging there at the mercy of the winds. They are there to this day. — *A. F. Chamberlain.*

ACKNOWLEDGMENT. — The thanks of the editors are due to Mr. J. Ben Nichols, of Washington, D. C., for the contribution of a paper containing a full collection of the folk-lore of Cazenovia, N. Y., the object being to gather, with as much thoroughness as possible, the lore current in that particular district. The material of this communication will be hereafter used in articles on "Current Superstitions," or otherwise.

RECORD OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE.

FOR NATIVE RACES.

ESKIMO. — In the "Sixth Annual Report of the Bureau of Ethnology" (pp. 409-669), Dr. F. Boas gives an extended account of "The Central Eskimo," describing the geography of Northeastern America and distribution of the tribes, their methods of hunting and fishing, manufactures, social and religious life, tales and traditions, poetry and music, etc. The paper is accompanied with maps, a glossary, and a list of titles of authorities quoted. The account contains the results of the author's own observations, made during a journey to Cumberland Sound and Davis' Strait, in the years 1883 and 1884, supplemented by extracts from the reports of other travelers. A few traditions, considered unsuitable for publication in this paper, have appeared in the "Verhandlungen der Berliner Gesellschaft für Anthropologie, Ethnologie und Urgeschichte," 1887. In a chapter on "Religious Ideas and the Angakunirn (Priesthood)," he relates the myth of Sedna (Supreme Being of the Central Eskimo, dwelling in the ocean, creator of animals which serve for food, and mistress of the lower world of Adlivun; see text of a legend relating to her in the "Journal of American Folk-Lore," vol. ii. p. 129). He also describes the *Tornait* (spirits of objects); *Angakut* (sorcerers); Religious and Secular Feasts; and Regulations and Customs respecting Birth, Sickness, and Death. The chapter on Tales and Traditions contains only a part of the author's collections, the remainder of which will hereafter be printed elsewhere. Eskimo music makes the subject of a chapter, and is illustrated by a number of melodies.

OSAGES. — In the same Report (pp. 377-397) Rev. J. Owen Dorsey makes a communication respecting "Osage Traditions." When in the Indian Territory, in the year 1883, the author learned of the existence of a secret society of seven degrees, in which the traditions of the people are alleged to have been preserved. He was able to procure two fragmentary versions of a legend used in the ceremonies, which is printed in the original text, which has a rhythmical form. This poetic character makes the paper of especial interest; it is noteworthy that the rhyme has ballad characteristics, both in the repetition which abounds in it, and in the refrain, a single word, *Tsikà* (O grandfather!), concluding every line. The song gives an account of the existence of ancestors of the gens, at first in a bodiless form, beneath the lowest of the four upper worlds, whence they ascended through three parallel worlds to the fourth and highest (represented as in hemispherical form) their successive appeals in this world to the several stars, of whom they beseech a body in vain; their final reception of corporeal form from the Red Bird (the name of the gens being one which might be translated as the Red Eagle gens); and the descent of their forefathers to the lower world of man, where they alighted on a tree, the Red Oak. This mythology is illustrated by a drawing. It is much to be desired that the collection of these sacred songs should be made as complete as possible, and that their an-

tiquity and purity should be determined. Apart from their great mythological interest, they have no small positive value as literature.

SNANAIMUQ. — Some notes on the customs and religion, not yet systematically studied, of this Salish tribe of British Columbia, are given by Dr. F. Boas, in the "*American Anthropologist*" for October, 1889. He remarks on customs relative to delivery, marriage, and burial, and gives a history of one of the wars in which they were concerned. Their religion seems to consist primarily in sun-worship. They pray to the sun, and give thanks for fair weather, but do not make any offerings. As a sign of their regard, they delay their breakfast until he is well up in the sky. Their prayer is: "O chief, show us the road, have pity on us!" Sickness is supposed to be produced by the touch of ghosts, which appear as owls; and healing is effected through shamans, whose art is acquired through encounters with spirits.

KWAKIUTL. — In the Proceedings of the United States National Museum for 1888, the same writer gives a description of the construction and ornamentation of the houses of this people, accompanied by illustrations representing heraldic columns, carvings and paintings on house-fronts, settees, and masks. Characteristic traditions are given showing the connection between these decorations and the legends referring to the ancestors of the gentes. It is made clear that every single carving in the houses of these tribes has some relation to the traditions of the gentes. At the present time, combinations are often made of the emblems of both gentes of the house-owner, and legends of ancestors introduced, resulting in a great variety of forms.

HAIDA. — In the "*American Antiquarian and Oriental Journal*" for September, 1889, Dr. James Deans, in a third paper respecting the "Raven Myth of the Northwest Coast," gives a story called "The Death of Choacuh" (creator in the Haida mythology). Choacuh, having loved the wife of the Eagle, is killed by the latter, and swallowed by a fish, but picks his way out, and is tended during the cold season by his friend the Wolf. According to the Thlinkeets, Yehl (the Raven, answering to Coacuh of the Haida) lives in a high mountain near the source of the Nass, whence he flies over the face of the earth, accompanied by his messenger, the Butterfly, attending to the wants of his creatures. Some tribes mix with this tradition Christian ideas, affirming that a son has been born to him from an unknown mother, who has devoted his life to help mankind.

DAKOTA. — In the Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution, 1886, Part I. P., Beckwith gives some interesting notes on the customs of this tribe ("Notes on Customs of the Dakotahs," pp. 245-257). Among the dances he enumerates is a medicine dance, embodying the religion of the tribe, kept up by an order of which women may be members. The priest, who is always a chief, uses legerdemain in this rite; a claw, or another

object, supposed to contain the spiritual power, being thrust through an assistant, who is supposed to be killed thereby, but brought to life again through the dance, as a proof of the efficacy of the ceremonies. In the sun-dance, a rite of propitiation, the partakers undergo self-torture at sunset, the eyes of the devotee being fixed on the descending luminary, taken to be a living deity. Scalps, used in the scalp-dance, are buried after being several times painted. We remark also his account of the virgin's lodge, where a girl accused of unchastity defends her innocence by an ordeal and various oaths. The account creates a strong desire for fuller information, and a complete investigation of the lore of the tribe.

QUAINAIELTS. — Of this Salish tribe, numbering about four hundred individuals, an account is given by C. Willoughby in the Smithsonian Report above mentioned. The chief deity of this people is said to be the Soccali Tyee bird, who lives in a mountain, and seems to answer to the Raven of the Haida. A very interesting tale is given, describing the various trials to which a suitor, who wished to get for his wife the daughter of this bird, was subjected, and how he succeeded ("Tale of the Soccali Tyee Bird," p. 279). The writer, not an expert and not understanding the language, has a mistaken contempt for the intelligence and religious beliefs of these Indians; but his remarks serve to show the fresh treasures of mythology still to be gathered in the domain of the United States. We remark here that a paper on the Ray Collection by Prof. O. T. Mason, in the same report, contains a myth of creation and sun-stealing of the Ubie Indians of Round Valley Reservation (p. 221).

WABANAKI. — The Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada, Section II., 1888, pp. 41-46, contains notes on "Some Indoor and Outdoor Games of the Wabanaki Indians," by Mrs. W. W. Brown, of Calais, Maine.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

BOOKS.

[Books relating to folk-lore or mythology will receive notice, provided that a copy be sent to the editors of this Journal. Such copy may be addressed to the care of the publishers directly, or to the General Editor.]

A GROUP OF EASTERN ROMANCES AND STORIES FROM THE PERSIAN, TAMIL, AND URDU. With introduction, notes, and appendix. By W. A. CLOUSTON. Privately printed. [Glasgow.] 1889. 8vo, pp. xl, 586.

We have already had occasion to speak in this Journal of Mr. Clouston's interesting and valuable contributions to the science of comparative storiology. Those dealing with Oriental stories, such as the "Bakhtyar Nama" and the "Book of Sindibad," have been especially useful to those engaged in tracking popular fictions to their Eastern home. The volume

before us is of more general interest, and while not devoid of scientific value, will prove agreeable reading to those who have not lost their fondness for the marvellous. The book contains thirteen stories, eleven of them from the Persian work, "*Mahbûb-ul-Kalûb*," translated and published at Bombay in 1871 by Mr. E. Rehatsek. Of the two others, one, "*The King and his Four Ministers*," now appears for the first time in English, being translated from the Tamil; the other, "*The Rose of Bakawali*," was originally written in Persian in 1712, and translated into Urdu at the beginning of the present century. Mr. Clouston has used for his version the French abridgment of Garcin de Tassy and the English translation by Manuel published at Calcutta in 1859.

The collection, as the editor says, comprises fairly representative Eastern tales; some of them are of common life, and have nothing in them of the supernatural, while in others may be found all the machinery of typical Asiatic fictions: gorgeous palaces constructed of priceless gems; wealth galore; enchantments; magical transformations; fairies and jinn, good and evil. Mr. Clouston has given all needed information about the sources of the stories in the introduction, and has elucidated many obscure references in his copious foot-notes. The comparative references and variants are reserved for an extensive appendix.

A few additional references which have escaped the editor may be mentioned here: one of them is of general literary interest.

A certain number of Boccaccio's novels are of undoubted Oriental origin, although it is impossible to specify the exact literary sources he used. Most likely he drew only upon oral tradition. This view is confirmed by the story of Mitridanes and Natan (Dec. x. 3), evidently of Oriental origin, but for which no source could be found. As early as 1818, Dr. F. W. V. Schmidt, in his "*Beiträge zur Geschichte der romantischen Poesie*," called attention to the resemblance between Boccaccio's novel and the "*Arabic story of Hatem*." In Mr. Clouston's work, a Persian version of this story occurs as an episode in the "*History of Nassar*," where it is entitled, "*Story of Hatim Taï and the Benevolent Lady*." In this story Hatim travels in disguise to China to see a lady said to be more liberal than himself. She tells him she is envious of Hatim's fame, and asks him to kill him. Hatim answered: "I am myself Hatim, and my head is at your disposal," and drawing his sword he laid it before the lady. She was touched by his nobleness and married him. Boccaccio took from this story only the idea of the rivalry of two generous persons, and the desire of one to kill the other. This idea he wove into a story of great power, and full of the noblest feeling.

The third story, "*The King and his Four Ministers*," is interesting as containing the famous story of the "*Lost Camel*." The story in general is represented in Western popular tales by Grimm's "*Faithful John*." The story is treated by Benfey in the introduction to his translation of the "*Pantschatantra*" (vol. i. p. 417).

The following story, "*The Rose of Bakawali*," contains the fable of the Brahman and the Lion, which has an interesting parallel in Italy (see Crane's "*Italian Popular Tales*," pp. 150, 354).

Of the nine Persian stories which complete the volume, the first, "The Three Deceitful Women," is one of the most popular in the whole range of Oriental tales, and has numberless parallels in the West. Additional references to those given by Mr. Clouston may be found in an article by F. Liebrecht in the "Germania," xxi. 385, republished in "Zur Volkskunde," p. 124.

Mr. Clouston's interesting volume is privately printed, and the few remaining copies may be had of W. Hodge & Co., 26 Bothwell Street, Glasgow. Three hundred copies were published at ten shillings and sixpence, and fifty numbered copies on large paper, at one guinea.

T. F. C.

CANTI POPOLARI DEL PIEMONTE, pubblicati da CONSTANTINO NIGRA. Turin: E. Loescher. 1888. 8vo, pp. xl, 596.

CANTI E RACCONTI DEL POPOLO ITALIANO, pubblicati per cura di D. COMPARETTI ed A. D' ANCONA. Vol. viii. CANTI POPOLARI DELLA MONTAGNA LUCCHESE, raccolti e annotati da GIOVANNI GIANNINI. Turin: E. Loescher. 1889. 8vo, pp. lii, 334.

In no country has greater care been bestowed of late years upon the preservation of popular literature than in Italy. The vast collections of Dr. Guiseppe Pitrè, of Palermo, and the "Canti e Racconti del Popolo Italiano," edited by Comparetti and D' Ancona, are models of scientific research. From an early date, the remarkable lyrical poetry of the people was a favorite subject of study at home and abroad, and the Italian *rispetti* (*strambotti*) and *stornelli* (incorrectly termed *ritornelli* by some foreign collectors) are well known from German and English translations. These two classes of popular poetry are purely lyrical, and for a long time it seemed that Italy had nothing to place by the side of the ballads of other countries. In 1855, however, the collection of Marcoaldi ("Canti popolari inediti umbri, liguri, picini, piemontesi, latini," Genoa) revealed the presence of a considerable number of interesting ballads in the north of Italy. Since that time, ballads have been found sporadically in the centre and south of the country, but they are evidently indigenous only in Upper Italy, and have spread thence to the rest of the kingdom. The many interesting problems suggested by this fact were first discussed by C. Nigra, the accomplished Italian diplomat, for many years ambassador to England, in the "Romania" for 1876. This remarkable article was intended as an introduction to a collection of Piedmontese ballads, which had already been partly published in the "Rivista Contemporanea" (Turin, 1858-63). This periodical was practically inaccessible to scholars outside of Italy, and the separate and complete edition of Nigra's collection has been anxiously awaited for over twenty-five years. It has appeared at last in a worthy typographical form, and, it may be said at once, has more than fulfilled the high expectations formed of it.

The introduction is, with slight changes, the same that appeared in the "Romania" thirteen years ago, and is too well known to be discussed in detail now. The results of Nigra's researches may, however, be briefly

alluded to here. The popular poetry of Italy falls into two classes, — lyrical (*rispetti* and *stornelli*) and narrative (usually termed *canzoni*). The former consist of one strophe of the same metre (except in the case of the first short verse of the *stornello* and the short verse *ritornello*, sung by way of refrain at the middle or end of the *stornello*, *rispetto*, or *canzone*) ; endecasyl-labic, with rhyme. The character of this poetry is amabœan, lyrical and subjective, not uninfluenced by cultivated poetry, and having its source in the ancient pastoral (alternate) song of Italy. It is thus entirely Italian in its origin. One other feature demands special mention. The tonic accent of language of this lyrical poetry is (with rare exceptions) on the penultimate syllable. On the other hand, the narrative poetry of Italy consists of several strophes in various metres, with partly assonant and partly consonant rhyme, not amabœan, narrative, objective, uninfluenced by cultivated poetry, and of a different origin from the former class. The accent of the language of this narrative poetry is generally on the ultimate syllable. Now it is a fact that the lyrical poetry prevails in the centre and south of Italy and the narrative in the north, and the peculiarity in regard to the tonic accent is precisely what distinguishes the dialects of North Italy from those of the South. This distinction rests, according to Nigra, upon the difference of race. The ethnic basis of North Italy is the Celtic, that of South Italy, Latin (Italic). These same peculiarities of language and popular poetry are found among the other Romance peoples having a Celtic substratum, *i. e.* Northern Italy, Provence, France, Romance Switzerland, Walloon Belgium, Catalonia, Valencia, and Gallician Portugal. In all these countries the distinguishing feature of the language is the predominance of endings accented on the last syllable. These countries, according to Nigra, constitute not only a linguistic, but also a poetic unity, — so far as the poetry of the people is concerned. In other words, the popular poetry of these countries is in the main the same, not only in contents, but also in form. This leads Nigra to examine the interesting question of the birthplace of the various ballads, and the mode of their transmission from country to country. We cannot dwell here upon this point, or examine in detail Nigra's hypothesis that the majority of the Celto-Romance ballads had their origin in Provence, although many arose in other countries and were transmitted from land to land. That some ballads are of local origin cannot be denied, and in some cases is shown by the subject itself ; but Nigra, in our opinion, does not give sufficient weight to the probability that ballads as to their contents are nothing more than versified folk-tales, and their similarity is not necessarily due to transmission. Still more doubtful, it seems to us, is the hypothesis of the Provençal origin of the majority of Celto-Romance ballads. That there was in Provence from the earliest times a popular poetry by the side of the artificial poetry of the Troubadours cannot be denied ; but that this popular poetry was of a predominating epic nature seems to us very unlikely.

Perhaps the most interesting pages of the introduction are those (xxxiv.—xxxvi.) in which Nigra discusses the formative epoch of the ballads. Except for the historical ones, this is only a matter of conjecture. The same is true also of the period of transmission. Here again, we think, Nigra is too

much under the influence of his hypothesis of an early French and Provençal origin. Even the supposed historical character of some of the ballads (the famous *Donna Lombarda*, and *La Sorella vendicata*, for example), it seems to us, may be explained on a theory analogous to that of popular tales. However, this is not the place to discuss this difficult point, and we must be content to wait until Professor Child's treatise on the ballad in general lays the foundation for a critical study of the whole subject.

The remainder of Nigra's book must be briefly dismissed. The texts are given with the utmost exactness, the first and most important version being accompanied by an Italian translation. Then follow the variants and the notes upon the origin and diffusion of the ballad. Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon these notes, which sometimes, as in the case of the two ballads mentioned above, assume the character of historical disquisitions. The student of comparative literature will find a mine of information in this part of Nigra's work. An extensive glossary of the dialectic forms of the text concludes a book which is remarkable in all respects, and worthy to be ranked with the monumental labor of our own Child.

We have left ourselves but little space to notice the latest volume of the "Canti e Racconti del Popolo Italiano," devoted to the popular poetry of the mountainous district of Lucca. This volume has all the merits of the others of the series in the way of bibliographical and comparative notes. The contents consist of the usual *stornelli* and *rispetti* and a large number of ballads (*storie e canzoni*), which are to be added to those mentioned in Nigra's notes. These ballads confirm by their form (frequency of tonic accent upon ultimate syllable, contrary to the usual accent of the Lucca dialect upon the penultimate) Nigra's theory of the North Italian origin of the ballad. Otherwise Giannini's collection presents no novel features, but is an additional proof of the extraordinary capacity of the Italian people for poetic expression. The *rispetti* and *stornelli* are full of gems of poetry, and the possibility of their ultimate literary origin does not at all impair the fact of their present popularity.

T. F. C.

LES CONTES D'ANIMAUX DANS LES ROMANS DU RENARD. Par HENRY CARNOY. (Paris.) Aux Bureaux de la Tradition, 33 Rue Vavin. 1889. 12mo, pp. xi, 106.

This little work forms the first volume of a collection entitled "Collection Internationale de la Tradition," under the charge of MM. ÉMILE BLÉMONT and HENRY CARNOY, editors of the monthly journal "La Tradition." The design of the author is to give a brief synopsis of the episodes of the "Romans du Renard" of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The several romances, "Reinardus," "Reineke," "Roman de Renart," "Couronnement de Renart," "Renart le Nouvel," "Renard le Contrefait," are exhibited in six chapters, a separate section being devoted to each adventure. An account of editions of the various romances is prefixed under the title of "Notes sur les Romans du Renard;" while in a brief

prefatory notice, "avant-propos," M. Carnoy points out the popular origin of the romances, observing that the traditional tales which served as their basis were as well known in the eleventh century as they are to-day, . . . are common to many countries which the romances never reached, and very probably constitute the most ancient popular literature, forming the basis of traditional narrative among savage peoples. The *résumé* of M. Carnoy will be found exceedingly convenient by students of tradition. The number of copies printed is three hundred.

W. W. N.

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EDITED BY

FRANZ BOAS

T. FREDERICK CRANE J. OWEN DORSEY

W. W. NEWELL, GENERAL EDITOR

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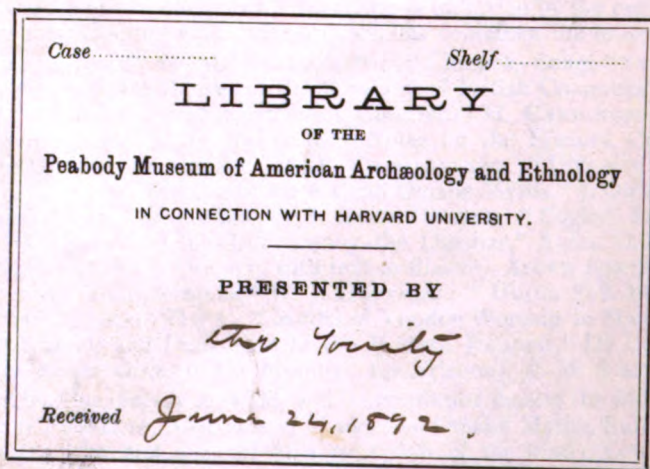
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In addition to the writers already named, articles will be contributed by FRANCIS LA FLESCHÉ, of the Omaha tribe of Indians (second article on Omaha customs), C. G. LELAND, WASHINGTON MATTHEWS (a Navajo Myth), HANNS OERTEL (Notes on Japanese lore), and others.

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Among articles which will appear in following numbers may be mentioned: "Cosmogony and Theogony of the Mojaves of the Rio Colorado," Capt. JOHN G. BOURKE, U. S. A.; "Courtship and Marriage among the Omahas," ALICE C. FLETCHER; a second paper on Omaha Customs (see "Death and Funeral Customs among the Omahas," No. IV.), FRANCIS LA FLESCHE (of the Omaha tribe); "A Legend of the Haidas of Queen Charlotte Island, B. C.," JAMES DEANS; "Some Notes on Thief Talk," W. CUMMING WILDE.

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